

TABULA EXITII – UMBRAE TERMINALES

PROJECT ANGELBOOK – VOLUME XIV – PART 13



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Tabula Exitii – Umbrae
Terminales – Project
AngelBook – Volume XIV –
Part 13
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Tabula Exitii

– The Last Bookmark Before the System Boots

This volume is a threshold.

Tabula Exitii is the final detonation of raw, unfiltered intake – the dumping ground of my last singular bookmarks, deep dives, and inner scrolls before the grid clears and the true system begins. Pulled primarily from the haunted tunnels of 4plebs and my personal link labyrinths, this book is not a guide... it's a purge. A necessary overload.

The final memory dump before formal structure.

Every fragment here was too alive, too weird, too encoded to discard – so I encoded them instead. Each page pulses with the residual charge of the awakening process, the chaos of curiosity, and the untraceable journey from clueless seeker to system-builder.

Why This Book Exists

This is not the beginning of a new path.

This is the end of the wandering phase.

Everything up to this point has been padding – the background radiation of a system being born. Tabula Exitii finishes that padding, closes the loop, and clears the space for what's next:

- The Book of Links
- The Siguar Book System
- The launch of MagickOS 3.33

For the first time, the chaos will be mapped.

What Comes Next

MagickOS 3.33 is the first structured magickal OS that begins with the raw initiate – lost, curious, confused – and transforms them into an advanced practitioner through layered, modular systematization.

It's the full stack.

The map, the method, the myth.

But it couldn't exist until this book existed. Until the excess was expelled. Until the last unsorted pieces were honored.

Tabula Exitii is that honor.

One last transmission from the edge.

One last look back at the glitch before the system initializes.

What comes next is not a scroll.

It's a boot sequence.

– Ezekiel Redik Yarbrough

Architect of the Exit, Builder of the Siguar Protocol

Henry Kissinger was not involved with BeBe Rebozo. Henry was "too intellectual" for BeBe. Kissinger said he did not like to mingle with the Mob. When Kissinger was present it was strictly business, concentration, work and strategizing. Pat Nixon was never around at these times either.

Richard Nixon was manipulated by the Mob and by the Council. He was part of their intricate network and when Watergate came down, he was the most dispensable. They viewed Kissinger as more important, someone they vitally needed to protect and so their strategy dictated that Nixon would take the public fall.

I was not sent to sexually service Nixon after he resigned the Presidency.

International Mind File Postal System

Henry created a mental postal exchange system inside my head. He created it first visually by telling me that there was a large box in my head with separate boxes inside of it and they each had a different key. He explained that there were rows of numbered boxes positioned layer upon layer. Programs were attached to numbers or people, places, or documents, etc., which were attached to numbered boxes. George Bush wanted always to be #1 in everything so Henry had to change someone else's number to give George the #1 box. This system worked like a post office so that people had a box and they could receive or send information at their box. This system was the way the higher ups kept their communication clear and anonymous when access was necessary. It kept the Council's messages clear for me to deliver accurately or to receive a message to take back to them. It kept messages clear and straight to be delivered between people who were involved and who didn't want to be identified as knowing, or communicating with, each other. I met with and delivered messages to the Council, at times, on huge ships out in the middle of the ocean.

I was most often helicoptered to ships, hotels, islands, or wherever I was to deliver this anonymous information. Once the information had been exchanged, I was helicoptered back. Henry created the programmed system for these communications. He was the mastermind of lots of their plan, and used me to further it. Kissinger, Bush, Reagan, Carter, Thatcher, Mitterrand, Trudeau, Gorbachev, Salinger, Ford, Nixon, etc. all participated.

Sex Paves the Way for Diplomatic Relations

I was briefed, in advance, about the customs of the countries we visited, in an effort to further diplomatic relations. At many foreign meetings I was told, "be invisible, and smile when smiled at." I was also instructed to hang back, be quiet and just listen, unless I was cued to report information. I was further briefed in detail if I was to be sent in on a foreign leader or diplomat. In addition to all the sex training I had acquired over the years, Henry added his 'two cents.' He said in many foreign countries lovemaking is an art form. Henry expounded, "To the degree you can match that slow deliberateness, is the degree that you can sexually gratify your partner." Henry spoke of sex like the art of eating. He didn't show any emotion, or embarrassment; it was something he instructed

me about very openly and plainly. He explained that the slower and more deliberately a person performed sex, demonstrated their level of self-esteem, selfassuredness and that, as a woman, I had to balance that with a fair amount of shyness, in order not to appear bold. Shyness was what Henry said would soften what otherwise would appear as being too forward.

With one leader (a king) I was sent to, Henry had me say, "May I have the honor, Your Highness, of pleasuring you in the American way? We have many means of pleasure." Henry said this was to deeply seal an attitude that America equaled pleasure, so diplomatic relations would go smoother. He often called it, "paving the way to diplomatic relations," and he used sex as a means to accomplish that. The statement quoted above also allowed me to ask for permission, so as not to break cultural rules without having set up a framework for taking the King into a different experience. I was told to strictly avoid oral sex until close to the end and then feel out if it was appropriate or would be accepted.

Henry said, "I wish I could give you precise instructions, but the research team is only able to get certain data. Some is not available so I will have to trust your judgement along the way in some of these areas." And oral sex was one of those areas. In front of me, Henry explained to his research team that to get in close enough to someone who would have knowledge of that level of intimate detail about a target would be a risk he would not want to take. I overheard him say, "She will have to be briefed on the cultural mores and then her own expert skill and timing will have to take over in limited areas such as, if or not to offer oral gratification." The research team was present often when I was prepared or briefed for an assignment because each would often have their area of expertise to instill into me, especially in the area of foreign relations and cultural differences. The research team even had foreign members who Henry heavily relied upon for certain "key" countries he was targeting. These men often had been born in the foreign country and so could easily and accurately relay all customs. Henry explained, "Every country of the world has different customs and our job is to ensure that you are fully aware of those customs before you are sent in." The members of the team changed at times as we moved on to different countries.

Henry had many ethnic traits, yet was polished to an almost non-cultural bias on the surface, so as not to be encumbered by his ethnicity. He treated each person as a challenge to face and beat, even if they were from a culture he couldn't understand until he studied it. The more exotic and different the culture, the better. Then, he would go to extremes to study it, in order to emerge the victor because he would understand them totally, often understanding them more than they did themselves. Henry usually won, and most people, totally unaware that there was a game of wits going on, would have sex with me for the night and not even know to take the message bait when I threw the line out. They were what Henry called "simpletons." And he said he despaired of them. At other times he was grateful for "simpletons" if they were in strategic positions and he could use them in the power and control game. Then he did what he knew best researching until he devised the ideal strategy, and finding the best person to pull it off. When he knew, he put the strategy through whomever would deliver it with the most

favorable outcome. Within me he had two distinctly different agents - one being Susan, the serious, conscientious, motherly, intellectual, organized, loving and understanding type, and, Sharon, the clever and often humorous and entertaining sex slave and friend of the elite.

The World Health Organization

The World Health Organization (WHO) was a cover for bringing together an inside group of people whose purpose and intent was much different than what was generally thought and publicly portrayed. Lots of illegal activity went on without detection and across borders internationally as this inside group hid its covert operations under masked projects, purportedly for world advancement. Among other things, it was also a cover for drug deals, child prostitution, heinous experiments on human beings, illegal sales of babies, etc. Some of the players I saw participating were a select group of politicians, celebrities and leaders worldwide.

I sat in on many meetings. I heard Ted Kennedy speak, as well as Henry Kissinger, and there was a group of women who worked for the WHO that did not seem to have a clue about what was actually going on behind the scenes. Many were naive, honest, pliable people and actually played into the hands of the corrupt inner group without being aware that they were being used.

Masked behind the publicized "do good" activities were illegal ventures intended to fund this corrupt group, with their secret, hidden motives and agendas. So while the United States appeared to be having benevolent beliefs and actions, these activities were put into motion. They sent a group to "aid" children in foreign countries, but behind the scenes what was actually taking place was a masked drug connection or some other illegal enterprise that brought top dollar to this group of self-selected men who seek to eventually control the world.

Some meetings of the WHO were televised, but the agenda the public saw and heard was not the complete agenda that was secretly carried out.

I heard and recorded into my mind files, the words that a man spoke. He was standing at a microphone in a large room filled with row upon row of stationary, red upholstered wooden chairs, arranged in a semi-circular shape. I was there for Henry's usage of stored data in my "government mind file system." I suppose an individual at these meetings who was not aware of this type of technology; using human beings for storing and hiding information known only to the National Security Agency and others, would have just assumed I was an aid or secretary to the UN, or an assistant to Kissinger.

One day I heard a man state, "Mr. Speaker, I would like to speak to the issue of free trade, internationally, between countries." Most of the free trade these men were REALLY alluding to was in illegal drugs (cocaine, heroine), pornography, prostitution, and weaponry. They used anything that would cull large sums of money to fund their causes and their desires with no thought of the human or financial cost to others - like the violation of basic human rights - and had no regard to others' pain and suffering.

These men had no scruples, no compassion or ability to empathize with the feelings of others; instead they were self-seeking and ruthless - without conscience.

The following is an example of the kinds of flashes and memory retrieval that continued to flood into my mind. One day, Bobby Baker, House Appropriations Committee was at a meeting. He was wearing a light tannish-brown suit and he argued with everyone about everything, and Henry felt he disrupted their meetings so that nothing ever got accomplished. Henry didn't like him at all.

At another meeting, I heard, "Mr. Speaker, I would like to address the subject of the arms control race," Baker said. Then he spoke of his concerns about Russia escalating the arms race, that they were gaining speed and technology at such a pace that we the United States would be in serious jeopardy and at a disadvantage if we didn't set up immediate appropriations for arms research and arms production. Baker appealed to the United States' fear of being "taken over," in order to get money appropriated for arms; when in fact, much of the funding was not used for what it was designated for, but instead was used in hidden, covert activities for the benefit of the Council and those politicians that were supported by the Council.

At the time, the World Health Organization was often an excuse to bring together people from all over the world. This created an opportunity for the "inside group" to secretly meet and intertwine their agenda with the public agenda of the WHO. Those in attendance who were unaware of the New World Order agenda, were also unaware that there was a small cadre of people dominating the group and making sure they had enough key players on the panel or board so they could win when votes were cast or decisions made.

In those years, I was not able to understand these people or political issues in the general historic way that the public remembers or understands. My perspective was solely from my personal experiences. I was generally programmed to not listen to political information I heard or saw. Consciously, as my programming dictated, I was not interested or involved in politics or public news in any way. So this information comes to you, the reader, from my personal experience at these or other meetings. After I downloaded this data from my mind, I actually had to ask others, or research to find out what the common public historical belief was, as portrayed by the news media back in those years.

I believe most California Governors that I worked with were a part of the WHO and other such groups. It seems to me that these men and their functionaries, who seek control, hook into every individual and key organization that they can use in order to maintain control of their interests. They were strategically placed, often under the direction of Henry Kissinger and others, in order to insure they got what they wanted, when they wanted it. It was like a game to them, and they were all on the same team, in the same way a crime syndicate operates.

Nuclear testing sites, Energy Commission, NATO, Council on Foreign Relations, House

Appropriations Committee on Foreign Trade, and the Trilateral Commission, were just some of the organizations whose meetings Kissinger took me to, both in the U.S. and abroad.

Henry used my mind files at meetings of the Trilateral Commission. We sat at a table with a group of men. There were microphones sitting on the table. What went on behind the scenes at these meetings often had nothing to do with what was outwardly portrayed. There were meetings within meetings and secret meetings were held behind the scenes of other credible public meetings. Often, the Council (not to be confused with the CFR) was involved in directing the way things went although no one knew they had any part in the outcome.

They all spoke their lies publicly, often directed by Kissinger the strategist, Hope the entertainer, and the Council from behind the scenes.

Kissinger as Global Mastermind

I was in Henry's office often in my final years of High School, while he worked heavily with Nixon on foreign relations. I would meet him in New York or in Washington, DC. Sometimes the team would brief me a month in advance for different assignments, but Henry always said, "It works best and is most ideal when she is prepared directly before the assignment and then goes from here." There was very little I knew to do on my own because the team had usually filled the agenda in order for me to deliver culturally specific or personally specific words and physical acts to entice the target. The team heavily researched every detail and it sounded, from their conversations, like they used separate espionage agents to collect some data they didn't want to ever be connected to or associated with, as it would have completely blown their cover. Henry used every means available, even down to manipulating a person through his or her own religious beliefs.

Henry's strength was that he was able to remain detached and able to pull from a wide variety of cultural differences in order to create the end product. Whereas, he explained, most Americans just went in to grab for the product and failed, due to their lack of cultural understanding. Henry said to me, "The closer you can align yourself with the subject in every way, the more successful you will be. Therefore you have to know him or her as well as possible before you are sent in and that is our job. You will only need to be the actress, the point person carrying out our plan. You will think only in this area we are working in. All else will fall away as you are focused only on this one particular area. You are beautiful, young, and have expanded sexual capabilities and we will supply the rest. All you have to do is receive the instructions." Henry Kissinger groomed me to be culturally adept with each foreign dignitary he sent me in to be with. He said, "This is where the success rate lies - firmly in cultural understanding first, then complying with their culture's mores second, and third, is equally your physical attractiveness and your sexual expertise." Henry told Nixon in my presence that this was the reason for my success and he told Nixon that sometimes it took him hours to have his researchers gather the data necessary on a foreign target in order to begin to prepare me for the assignment.

At one particular meeting, we sat at a large table with a group of men and I was seated next to Henry. President Nixon sat on the other side of Henry. Henry did not smoke his cigar at this meeting. Nixon told him it was much too sensitive a meeting and for some reason Henry complied and didn't smoke. He usually smoked regardless of who objected.

At key junctures in the meetings, Henry would reach over and push his finger into the top of my hand. In response, I began reciting my programmed information or message. The message I delivered at this particular meeting was in Chinese or Japanese and, since I did not consciously speak these languages, I had no way of knowing what the content of the message I was delivering was. At this specific meeting, the foreign leaders listened to my message, and spoke back directly to me. Although I did not understand, I smiled and looked at them as if I was very interested, like I had been instructed to do. An interpreter would then translate the foreign leaders' response and then Nixon or Kissinger would speak. At other meetings, sometimes the interpreters were women but mostly in that country they were men.

Whatever messages I delivered seemed to be a softening agent in the talks because the foreign leaders always smiled or laughed. Sometimes, they were touched so deeply by whatever it was I was pre-programmed to say that they took my hand with tears in their eyes. Due to my lack of conscious knowledge of the different foreign languages, I do not know what it all meant.

If anyone ever questioned where Henry got me and how I was so advanced for my young age, Henry told them I was a child prodigy and that I had completed my university training abroad at a very early age and was good at my job, but socially shy. That explanation served to keep them from asking me questions later that I could not answer. Henry usually took me out of the meetings when they were over, in order to avoid situations where I would appear ignorant, should anyone ask me questions with any substance to them. For the truth was that I attended public high school and later junior college and was of average intelligence. I just had the advantage of programmed capabilities that served the interests of my controllers.

After we broke for lunch, Henry took me to a pay phone and dialed a number, and the person at that location began giving me additional data in the foreign language. I was instructed to remember what was said, verbatim. Each subject was given a marker number for identification. Henry took the phone, talked a bit, and jotted notes in a small black book, before he hung up.

These foreign talks really challenged Henry Kissinger and the Council, but they had done their homework. Kissinger did the same sort of diplomatic work with Reagan when he became President.

At many of these talks those representing our country said we were creating peace, but what they were really doing was opening up trade with these foreign countries because

we needed resources they had. Our leaders turned it around to make it sound like the United States was doing them a big favor and we were being gracious to them. Expensive gifts were often sent ahead to foreign leaders, to arrive just before the President did, but I think that is as far as the real favors went.

There were times at night in foreign countries, when I was programmed to have sex with Nixon. Then I was returned to sleep in Kissinger's room. Even though I was being used like a machine, I still had very sensitive olfactory senses and Henry Kissinger was at times nearly intolerable to share a room with because he smelled so bad from cigar smoke or gaseous explosions that erupted from his body.

I was taken in and out of Russia during the Nixon years with Kissinger to attend NATO meetings, SALT talks, peace talks, and the secret hidden meetings of the Council. Henry brought me to the meetings to recite any pertinent information I had stored in my "mind files."

It was easier to justify my presence to people like Nixon's wife after I started working with Henry. They would explain I was at a meeting because of my work with Henry or in preparation for an international trip. It worked the same way with Reagan, justifying my presence for business reasons, but I was mostly there to pass messages or keep the President happy ...whatever it took.

There were times when I was limoed to the airport and when Nixon stepped off the plane after a foreign trip I would be in the back of the limo waiting for him. I was told to crouch down so there wouldn't be any way of spotting me and then Nixon would get in and give me a message for Henry or I'd give him a message and often we would have sex later. He would go to the White House and shower and freshen up and I'd be held in a "state of suspended animation" unless there was another job for me to do. I'd sit blankly for hours in the same place until I was directed that it was, "time to move into action."

Henry Plays Chess with Real People

During those years my work with Henry Kissinger and others continued, although Henry had to begin taking more of a back seat position in the public eye for awhile after the Watergate scandal. His position within the outskirts of the Council did not change. He was an important man for them and they utilized him because he was an expert strategist. I do not know exactly what that meant but I heard many men say that about him over the years. I guess it means Henry knows how to get people to move around and do things he says without them ever knowing they are being manipulated or controlled ...like a puppet master or chess master.

Henry knew how to think ahead in regard to key moves with key players. I watched him. It was akin to watching him play chess with real people. He knew how to get the desired outcome by motivating certain key players. He used researched information gathered on targeted individuals to manipulate them however he wanted, through their own weaknesses, addictions and/or obsessions. Targeted people did not even know that

they were being influenced because he sent in people like me who looked naive and innocent, like they were just being kind or nice or sexy and cute or whatever was called for, but it was not really what was happening because there was always an ulterior motive beneath the seduction act or plan. Henry and the men in suits always sent in the perfect match. They hired whatever kind of girl or woman would turn their target on. Obviously, I was not "hired" or paid, I was just slave labor. I saw lists of "programmed slaves," with numbers by their physical descriptions, programmed expertise and usage capabilities, so they could be matched perfectly for certain situations. Unfortunately, their identities were in code.

Henry said if you really wanted someone to believe you about something that was not true, you convey it the first time as a Freudian slip. Then you attempt to conceal the fact you made the slip, but you make another Freudian slip. Then you try to say what it was you were originally going to say and they believe the first statement regardless of your attempt to simply state the truth. Then Henry said the last line saves your neck legally.

One day, I sat next to Henry Kissinger as we were seated before President Ford. Henry always said that he had to work harder than with any previous president to "guide" Ford where they wanted him to go. He said Ford kept going off in his own direction. Henry said he was glad Ford was not in office long. He said Nixon was easier for him to work with and guide.

Henry thought Reagan was a "bimbo" and "stupid ignoramus." Those were the words I overheard him use to describe Ronald Reagan to a group of men. But, when we met with the Presidents he never let on his true feelings. Instead, he always "acted" the role of diplomat all the way around so that the plans of the Council could be carried through as easily as possible.

Henry Kissinger was known for looking at documents with a "magnifying glass." He was able to find loopholes and incorrect wordings that would not be to their advantage in agreements, treaties, etc., before the United States signed. He was very thorough. Often, I sat by him the whole time he was reviewing a document so he could reach over and tap me to gain access to some needed information stored in my mind files.

Henry was very slow, deliberate and methodical. He thought that way, talked that way and moved that way. He ate European-style with his fork upside down, like I was taught was bad manners. And, he was obsessed with business. He was usually very serious; I do not believe I ever truly saw him have any fun. He avoided social occasions whenever possible, attending when necessary to further political agendas or the cause of the New World Order.

In the beginning Henry had to install huge amounts of data into me, but as time went on he didn't have to place in as much because the database was already in place. I heard him explain this to people who were "in the know." I also overheard him say that a man might have served the purpose better because there were certain times he said my presence as a woman was questioned when the subjects were sensitive. I am sure they

remedied this situation by programming more males for the job. Henry was less interested in how I looked and more interested in how I worked. For mind file use he programmed me to dress very tailored and conservative. They dressed me in attire to fit specific assignments.

There must have been other girls and women being used for the same thing, in the same ways, because I heard Henry compare me, saying I was more reliable than the others--more able to capture the details and never make mistakes. He used to say he was saving me for the important assignments because of my reliability. I now believe the fact that I was poly-fragmented contributed to my success. I could only be used on a limited basis because he was afraid there might be questions asked. To others, I just looked like I was smart. They did not know I wasn't operating in a conscious state, but instead had been programmed, drugged, and electroshocked to maintain THETA brainwave patterns used to retain the vast amounts of data and keep it hidden from my conscious mind.

He was proud of himself for the way he had loaded me up with data and could access my mind files in public without others knowing what he was doing. He used different techniques over the years but one he was most proud of was what he called "time programs."

Some mind files were organized by a numerical system and Henry could access them by calling out a certain number. He combined this concept with the time of day in order to remain less conspicuous. He would point to his watch and say, "It's 1:30," and that would correspond to file number 130 in my system of mind files and gave him automatic access to that particular file. Henry thought the time reference to accessing my files was brilliant. Using this method, no one could tell that he was doing anything other than simply stating the time of day for that particular day or some other hypothetically scheduled date. This way his uninformed peers would not be able to find out what he was doing and what type of secret technology he possessed.

Henry had to be very cautious with whom he shared information about me. Most people did not carry the clearance to be allowed to know about the top secret government projects that created such technology as programmed, robotical slaves. People saw me working with him at meetings and other places, but very few knew how I worked or that I was a government programmed robot. The only ones who I knew were aware of this technology were certain top politicians, Bob Hope, some of his 'cronies,' and the Council. Henry kept the technology very, very secret and if there were any problems with me while we were in public, he would escort me out of the room and go about resorting and/or refiling my mind files to get them straightened out.

Henry gave me instructions at times from a closed circuit television before I was flown to DC, and at other times he waited and instructed me while I sat next to him at a round table with other men present. These four or five other men in suits knew exactly what was going on and why I was being briefed. At times, each of them would have different input to instill into my head. After each had put in their information, I was told, "And

when the time is right, it will all come out just like clockwork." These were the words they used to program the correct delivery of the material they had just instilled. They said I was doing a good job in getting information from people as well as delivering information.

There were times when I was let out of the limo and escorted into the White House by a Secret Service agent. This agent knew he was just "acting" as my escort for the evening, and would conveniently disappear when I was targeting some man (or woman) I was told to give a message to, and then the agent would reappear to take me home after I was finished. I was often dressed in very sexy evening gowns, gloves, and high heels. Sometimes the dresses were totally backless and I would be dressed in sexy nylons, undergarments, just in case my assignment required later evening sexual attention. I was taken to a beauty salon and had my hair, nails and make up done before being dressed. Sometimes the Secret Service agents took me to get ready.

There were times Henry gave me little pills and instructed me to slip them into my glove to use if the person I was targeting was not cooperating in giving up information. I rarely found the pills necessary. After sex the men seemed to listen intently to the words I was saying to them and would open up and give me the information I was instructed to get. Henry explained to the men in suits that I could say things after sex that "influenced the men deeply."

It was at the White House that I did my best work and met the people whom I was to influence or as they called it..."seed." Over time I learned that seeding meant to drop an idea that would start an individual thinking in a certain direction that would support my controller's position. For example, information that would influence a person's thinking about upcoming legislation, or information (false or true) in regard to key individuals (politicians, leaders, wives, husbands, etc.).

The White House was an easy place to work because there were so many side rooms we could secretly slip into. Sometimes I would get some "target" into a room, like an office and lock the door behind us and seduce him right there. The men usually got very excited, especially if it was their first escapade. I would assure them that this little secret was safe with me because Senator so and so (my escort) wouldn't like it if I was fooling around either. This assured them that I, too, had a good reason to keep the secret to protect myself, which usually made them feel more willing to take the risk. Sometimes I had to take the targeted person outside the building to another location and have sex with them. That was a little trickier, but I could do it.

As far as I know, the "targets" never did know that in having sex with me, they were really being taken advantage of, or politically raped and coerced by the Council itself-five men in suits who cleverly installed their own agenda. In this way, the Council controlled money and/or coerced many people in key places, often without the person ever being aware of it.

Henry usually seemed very proud of me after I delivered messages or extracted

information successfully from people. He acted like a greedy old man when he debriefed me. Often, he insisted on debriefing me himself because he said the words that came out of me were "fresh" in the first debriefing and were key to issues at hand. The debriefings could take up to an hour for just one evening spent with a targeted individual.

Henry said I helped him do his best work.

Accompanying Henry to Foreign Countries

Sometimes when Henry and I traveled internationally the time difference worked in his favor. For instance, we could leave after I got out of school on Friday, reach our foreign destination the next morning and it would still be Friday when we arrived. Henry worked it so I wouldn't miss more school than necessary, and he made sure I slept on the 8-12 hour flight. We always flew first class when we flew as private citizens. At other times we flew on military or government aircraft during times he was in public office. There were occasions when I would leave school and fly with Henry, or my mom would put me on a plane and I would meet Henry somewhere like New York and then we would fly the rest of the way together. Once seated on the flight, he would press the top of my hand and I would go to sleep as commanded. When he pressed my hand in surroundings where I had been commanded many times for the same thing, he didn't have to give commands - like sleep. I automatically knew, so over time, things became pretty routine. I didn't eat while we were out of the States, when we only went for one meeting and were gone 24-48 hours. He would simply tell the stewardess I was sleeping and my sleep was more important than food. So she would bring him food and I would sleep. And although I was asleep, I was aware of what happened around me; I was recording, as commanded.

There were occasions that we didn't fly back in time for me to go home and I was taken by limo directly to Taft High and dropped off a block away from the school to walk the rest of the way, just before school began on Monday morning.

Henry took me to France, at times to Marseilles in the South of France, to meetings of the elite. We often met with bankers, as well as other leaders and key businessmen. They met at round tables and each pulled papers from their briefcases to share. Henry sat his briefcase by his side on the floor because he had me and had little need for papers unless they were presented merely for the effect that it would have to help influence someone. If papers were needed, he always had the best, the neatest, cleanest, most professional paperwork money could buy. Everything was planned for effect. He gave varying reasons for my presence, explaining when asked who the young lady was, that I was his personal secretary and that I was advanced far beyond my years and was quite a help to him. When he began the meeting, if none of the men objected to my presence; as instructed, I sat next to Henry and took notes. While I appeared to simply be taking sketchy notes in shorthand at the meeting, when he debriefed me later on, he had me recite, verbatim, what each and every man said at the meeting. Henry liked for me to be present at meetings when he felt that sort of information could later be important for his use. Henry loved to come out of meetings

and go immediately back to his room to debrief me. He would sit at a table writing diagrams as I recited what I had heard. Then he would have more data to use to strategize with. If there was to be a second follow-up meeting, he would be on top, ready to drop his carefully planned ideas and solutions into the meetings with foreign leaders or businessmen. Henry called this "International Business."

At times when I was sent alone, he said the information he got was better than if he had gone himself, "because it is distilled," he explained. So he sent me to many locations as a "presidential model" to Presidents, and to many leaders at parties at the Rockefeller's and Bob's, and also sent me abroad. I knew whom I was to target, because Henry had shown me a picture before. I was sent to foreign embassies to entertain foreign ambassadors that were working for Henry. Often they worked for the United Nations in order to have some peace-loving humanitarian effort that justified the U.S. presence in a foreign country, and then Henry and the others would go about doing their real business.

There were other times we traveled by trains in different countries like Russia and Henry would debrief me in his private compartment. We slept on the train and traveled to meetings during the daytime. Henry said the food was bad, so he would often bring some of his own food in a brown paper bag that he kept in his briefcase. At the meetings he didn't need papers because I was with him. People thought he was really smart and had an excellent memory because of that. It got to the point where I could literally "read his mind," as he termed it, and give him a simple answer on paper that others wouldn't see and then he would take off on the data or idea.

We also traveled to China (both sides), Japan, England, France, Italy, Israel, Germany, and wherever else he needed to go to do his "International Business." Often when Henry was extended an invitation to attend a social event in a foreign country, he declined saying he was tired and suggested they take me instead. Then he got what he really wanted anyway - the information from them without having to expend social energy to get it. Then, before I went he loaded me up with questions to ask the leader and instructions about the stance I was to take sexually with him or her. Dressed in appropriate clothing, I was off. There were bullfights with leaders in Spain, polo games to watch Prince Charles, and golf with others. The events I attended were indigenous to the individuals and their countries.

At the end of trips abroad, if there wasn't a McDonald's to help me remember that I was really in California (wink), then there had to be some type of trauma to seal the experience off from my conscious awareness. Henry had others perform the trauma; he wouldn't do it. He said it was out of his league. So the men that accompanied him "took care of me" when the need arose. When we finally arrived at McDonald's, I was usually starving. There, I was told I was in Woodland Hills in order to "re-mind" me to forget. McDonald's spelled safety and the end of my assignment.

Because I was a robot, and so, "security proven," I was allowed to function as the go between for Henry and the Council. They even gave me things to bring back to Henry

that couldn't be safely delivered any other way. I was flown to remote places to meet with them and then flown back for debriefing by Henry. He always seemed so pleased with the information, like he was getting just what he wanted. The Council often sent messages to people directly, bypassing Kissinger. When I would deliver the message I would tell them it was from "the group." That was how the Council often identified themselves to insiders who knew how the group functioned, but didn't know their actual identities. Over the years they changed their 'nickname' so as not to be conspicuous.

From my perspective, no one in government office knew as much about mind control as Henry Kissinger. They might have been told "the basics" but it didn't seem like most of them were aware of the extent to which a person could be enhanced with programming and used especially that an individual could possess the capability of organizing and recording the conversations of a whole group of people at a meeting.

Kissinger: The Council's Top Dog

One time at a Gubernatorial Ball, Henry got very mad at Ted Kennedy because Ted tried to take me off to another room to have sex with him. Henry got very angry with Ted who was a Senator at that time and threatened him with exposure if he did not back off. As a result, Kennedy left me alone, at least for that evening. At other times Ted Kennedy forced me into very violent and sadistically torturous sex. It was often scary for me when Henry wasn't around to make sure certain people didn't rough me up.

Bob Hope didn't seem to care or at least he didn't watch me as closely as Henry did when I was with him, but Henry did not seem to know this. Bob lied to him sometimes about who I was seeing, and sometimes Bob used me with people Henry wasn't supposed to know about. Bob had his own separate interests in using me with people who would benefit him but Henry told Bob what to do as far as government issues went. Bob was just a useful servant who had a lot to offer ...connections, money, fame, and slaves. Bob suited Henry's needs to a tee, handling the social scene and celebrities. Bob's social elite contacts greatly added fuel to Kissinger's long range plans as he found places to use different people of influence in strategic positions. He just waited for the right opportunity to arise.

Henry didn't view the President as anyone necessarily having any power. He knew how they were manipulated and he liked to be the one who was pulling the strings. He told me once that ambassadors to foreign countries have more power and control than the President of the United States. I didn't understand then what he was talking about, but just listened and nodded.

Henry was the top dog as far as the Council was concerned. He had the mind they needed that could so carefully strategize plans far in advance and so he usually got the desired results. In the Council's eyes, Rockefeller was more dispensable because he had money and power but didn't have the mastermind that they saw in Henry. So Henry was given everything he needed in order to fulfill their plan. If he wasn't in office it didn't much matter - he always had access to the person sitting at the reigns of political power. Behind the scenes, Henry controlled decisions and actions taken by the State

Department in matters of foreign relations, always attempting to bring about a situation where the Council was in total control globally. They saw it as a game, a lifelong plan, with the outcome hopefully being that, finally, this generation of the global elite would succeed in the game that their forefathers had not been able to pull off. It created ambition and drive among them.

All I saw these men do was manipulate and control people by covert means. It seemed that most people they targeted had no idea they were even being manipulated or set up. When a country needed some shoring up, messages, or coercion to further the implementation of their plan, then they would send Henry or me or both of us, depending on the importance of the situation. I was merely an extension of Henry, delivering "strategic influence" in ways he said he never could. He felt that he would have more influence with many of the men he wanted to coerce or manipulate to see or do things his way by sending in a soft, cuddly, human sexual toy. He often joked with insiders that his sphere of influence was limited but he could use me to get in those "hard to get places." Henry said I could make those men twist into a pretzel and so he used me in many foreign countries to tap into vast resources, the human resources he needed to puppet. He felt that those human resources would lead to natural resources and that's where the money would be. Henry was often referred to among the insiders as a "genius of his time." So the presidents came and went but Henry was there behind the scenes molding me, with Bob's help, for the Council benefit. Mind control was the secret weapon that Henry perfected over the years.

Usually the individual would be so busy focused on what was planned that he would miss the hidden agenda that was taking place. Henry loved this tactic. Sometimes these guys would be taken into Henry's confidence (the oldest trick in the world to get people to be on your side, and feel important so they will cooperate) and told I was an espionage operative, but he didn't tell them my capabilities so they wouldn't be able to imagine what I was really doing or what I was capable of.

Henry and Bob often did deals together, sometimes involving "influencing" our troops overseas, or influencing a Senator, Governor, celebrity, a President, or a world leader. Sometimes Henry Kissinger told Bob Hope to make certain connections for me in regard to people I was to be placed with in and out of California.

"I am the light of the world. He that follows Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." -- John 8:12

Chapter Thirteen: Bob Hope "Let me entertain you."

Bob Hope involved me with many celebrities. His parties were star-studded, filled with the glamorous, the famous, the rich. If people did not have a title or talent they could buy themselves into his circle of "exclusive people."

ZaZa Gabor was often in attendance. Lucille Ball was his friend also. She was often drunk. Also present were Peter Finch, Alan Arkin, Dezi Arnez, Bernadette Peters, Suzanne Sommers-to name a few. Bob rarely drank at his own parties. Perhaps he wanted to stay in control.

One night at a party, the trees outside began moving from a helicopter downdraft. Lights from the ground illuminated the helicopter and the extravaganza that followed. It was an extraordinary show. Guests were gasping, "Oooh, ahhh," as they watched beautiful women dropped by tether down into the party, wearing very skimpy, elaborate, glittery costumes that were set aglow by the lights.

Bob liked fanfare. Some of the women wore only body glitter in scant places. The "elite," as they were often called, were encouraged to choose a girl, any girl they wished for their 'personal party favor' and enjoy her as they wished. Girls in skimpy aprons, but otherwise naked, served champagne and chocolates on silver platters. If a man wanted her in addition to the candy or drink, she complied. Every desire, every whim was satisfied. These girls were totally compliant.

At times, children were there. After I had children, sometimes even my daughter Kelly was there to be used. The children were held in reserve in a back room for men with 'alternate' sexual preferences. From a very early age my daughter was well-trained sexually, just like the other children. It was all very bad, but Bob's contacts were paid--in favors or connections. Bob didn't need money, but connections always came in handy.

At many of Bob's parties there were no rules, no restrictions, no boundaries. Sex was allowed anywhere and everywhere. To partake only required an oath of secrecy. And many partook.

Bob was in charge of me at these times, but I also had an alternate agenda as dictated by the Council. I was often preprogrammed to target certain key individuals at these parties that they wanted to influence. Some people spent the night at Bob's house if they were too tired to go home.

U.S. Senators like Alan Cranston, governors, congressmen, celebrities, even foreign ambassadors and dignitaries, were in attendance at different times. Military people, also. People were invited if they had something to offer to Bob or "the cause"...the New World Order.

Reagan attended Hope's parties at times. So did Nancy.

When the parties were over, Bob liked for me to sit on his lap and feed him his favorite piece of See's candy, followed by what he called, "his favorite piece of ass." He always laughed when he said, "You feed me and I'll feed you." But I never got to eat the candy, only him.

Bob liked for me to take off his watch (per program) while I was sitting on his lap and

carefully put it on the table by the chair. He loved it when I was silly and giggly and teased him, but he did not like me to carry that attitude to bed. Bob always asked me to do things nicely the first time. He said, "There won't be a second time ...that you'll remember," and he held up the zapper (stun gun). Some nights he teased me and said it was really just a bug zapper, but then it would bite me, and it hurt.

In bed I was supposed to be serious and passionate, not silly. He would say, "Show me your tail feathers," and I would take off my panties and turn around. Then he would hold me on either side of my hips to "examine the merchandise," and give it a "stamp of approval," which was a spankie. Bob loved to give me spankings, not real hard ones, just enough to activate my sex program.

Bob liked for me to put on the pretty lacy nighties or teddies he left out for me. So I did. He had a butler who would bring him drinks or whatever he wanted before bed - he often liked a "hot toddy." If he wanted a regular drink, he would have me pour it for him from crystal decanters that he had in his room.

Bob snored at times while he slept. I was usually taken away early the next morning, sometimes even before Bob woke up. The butler or some other man in a suit would come to get me and deliver me to the waiting limo. Sometimes I would fly home by plane, but was often helicoptered. Endless songs that commanded my mind played inside my head at appropriate times to 're-mind' me. When I was taken to the Palm Springs area the song lyrics, "In the desert you can't remember your name... " helped me forget - until I remembered.

Pornography, Hollywood Style

Late at night, I was programmed to walk out of our Woodland Hills home and down a block or so to Royar Street where a black sedan picked me up and whisked me to Universal Studios or other locations, to work for Bob filming porn. The sedan took me through a chain link fence and past a security booth where the driver had to stop and check in with the guard to gain clearance to the lot. Then he dropped me off in front of a very plain-looking building, with just a door to it. There were wooden step platforms up to the door.

Bob often watched while pornography was filmed. They usually filmed at night so they would have, "more freedom," as Bob would say. Men at the studios, wearing t-shirts and jeans, dressed me in all kinds of sexy garments and made my body up with all kinds of make-up. One night a man handed me a beautiful, thick wooden and gold hanger from which hung a small teddy made of nothing but a series of vertical strips of ribbon that created a see-through effect. Bob followed me into the dressing room while I slipped on black stockings, garter belt, heels and then the teddy. The black-ribboned teddy was belted at the waist but I was naked underneath and you could see through and between all the ribbons. I was instructed to lay out and get a suntan before filming, and I wasn't allowed to have tan lines on my back or shoulders. They put makeup on my breasts so I would appear tan all over. The make up they put on my body was really put on heavy and was very itchy and uncomfortable. The oily kind was less itchy but didn't stay on as

well as the drier type. There was another man who did my hair, often in curls or in a side ponytail. They used curling irons and designed all sorts of hair creations. I just sat there while they chose how I would appear; my hair, nails, toenails, make-up, and costumes. And then, I did whatever they told me to do. Finally, they draped me with whatever jewelry they decided on. At times body jewels were glued onto my body. Once they glued little sparkly rhinestones all over my skin and filmed me in a skimpy white bikini-type outfit. The costumes were always different, unique and original. Bob wanted me to be like Dorothy Lamour, but I didn't know who she was. He talked about lots of old actresses that I'd never heard of. There were lights and cameras all over the place in the halls, and backstage was full of all sorts of costumes on racks. Bob liked pornography with feathers so he had a man work with me on the act, including songs and dances. Bob said it was, "porn for the sophisticates, not just for low-lifers." Bob saw pornography as an art form and went into a very deeply loving, emotional mode while it was filmed. When they finished filming that's when he wanted me the most.

Another man was assigned to "work me up," training me for the act. This porn was filmed Hollywood-style all the way, with glitter, diamonds, flair, special props and stage lighting. I usually sang beforehand and Bob made sure that I had a pre-recorded voice tape so I could sing but not have to be concerned with putting power behind my voice while I was doing the sexual acts. The whole show was directed by another man who told the male porn actor and I what to do. The prop man listened to the director and moved props all around, while the camera and lights men fell in line. There were many different themes and many nights when pornography was filmed. One night Bob showed Hugh Hefner some of his porn in the back room at one of Bob's parties. I was in the room, but Bob acted like I wasn't real or really there. I was.

USO Tours

In my late teens and early 20's I was taken aboard U.S. Navy aircraft carriers when Bob was doing a show on his USO tours, to "entertain the troops." I had several personalities who were specially trained to sing and dance, and many personalities who were expertly trained to dance and strip. Usually Bob and I were flown into a base and then helicoptered the rest of the way to the ship.

On tour with Bob there were large bands, with lots of music and lights. Red, white, and blue banners decorated the stage where we performed. Sailors stood packed together to watch the show.

If the media was there Bob totally controlled what they captured on camera, what segments could be filmed, and when they had to leave. One time when I came out on stage, they began shooting my part, and after the show Bob had a huge fit (he could be very temperamental) and threatened to break their equipment on the spot if they didn't give him the film. They gave him the film. This way Bob controlled what was shown to the general public.

The shows usually took place on the outside decks. Professional make-up artists made up my whole body. For one show, I was dressed in a white 'navy' dress, only it wasn't

like the regular standard uniforms the women in the navy wore. It was a specially sewn costume, short and extra feminine with lace top and scoop neckline. I had special white lace panties with little anchors on them. For one show I sang Anchors Away after which Bob would "joke them!"

What the "boys" didn't know was that Bob knew how to control their emotions with certain specific words and phrases and songs. He knew how to "lighten them up," get them really "emotional" and worked up, and then he would slip in suggestions, keyed to programs, that "helped them with certain unwanted attitudes." I overheard the Council making jokes about the "herds" (the troops) and how stupid and easily led they were.

At the shows where I was present, singing usually came first, then Bob's jokes, and then another song and dance. Once I did a semi-strip dance, never "took it all off" for "the boys." In order to project a semblance of 'wholesomeness,' I just stripped down to skimpy bras and panties, and also took off my heels, dress, nylons and garter belt. I was instructed to wear those for "the effect" of taking them all off.

After shows, sometimes I was taken to the Admiral's and/or Captain's quarters to further "entertain" him in the privacy of his room. These officers displayed attitudes created by years and years of being honored with medals and ribbons for "service to the country." The Council often slipped messages to Naval officers, through me, possibly without the officers' knowledge.

I never knew my exact location; I was not allowed to know. We entertained the Air Force and Army, also, but I was used more often with the Navy.

Bob took me to a specific recording studio in Southern California to pre-record the songs I was to sing before doing a show for "the troops." In the recording studio, I wore headphones that played back into my ears the music I was singing so that I could stay in tune. I enjoyed singing and the studios could make anyone's voice sound good, but Bob liked me to sing soft, breathy, high and sexy. Sometimes, in the beginning, he would sit just outside the recording room where he could hear the music and would cue me so we could get it just right.

Once I was programmed to sing The Star Spangled Banner, in a really sexy manner for the troops. When it was time to sing it live, they played the tape and I sang along, because it was hard to sing and dance at the same time and maintain good voice quality. In this way, I could put my all into dancing, splits and all, without being concerned with the song. (You can imagine my amazement when I began healing and integrating personalities and discovered I could do the splits! I never consciously knew that I could do that.)

I found the lights that shone on us while performing to be blinding. Bob taught me to not look into them but to look past them so they would not bother me so much.

Another time when I went with Bob to entertain the troops, they wrapped me in an

American flag. I had on a tiny sparkling, red, white, and blue lacey bikini and sparkling red high heels. Two soldiers, in green army uniforms and boots held me up, one holding onto my feet and the other holding me up around my shoulders. As they turned me, the flag unfolded off of me and slowly I was unfurled to bright lights and lots of soldiers yelling, whistling and cheering. In addition to the entertainment, this was part of my 'spin programming.' Bob had the microphone and had been telling jokes, but stopped as they unrolled me. He pointed to me while the drums rolled. When I was unfurled, they played The Stripper and I danced around while all of the guys cheered.

For other shows, I had a feather plume on my bottom that went up my back. The costumes were always different. I rolled around on the floor, did the splits and "spread 'em," as instructed, for the boys. Sometimes I sang, sometimes I just danced, and sometimes for smaller private audiences, I stripped all the way. And there were times I was just there to dance seductively for Bob's personal and private pleasure later on in the evening.

After the show, some man would put a prod or stun gun to my forehead. I totally collapsed into his arms and he carried me over and laid me down until it was time to leave. The physical sensation I experienced was a jolt of white-hot electricity, and then I felt very, very cold. This was the reaction to the electroshock. The man delivering the electricity also delivered programming to me. Before and after he zapped me, he said, "You are fat and ugly and no man could ever be attracted to you." As commanded, I carried the belief that I was fat and ugly and I never would have believed I was attractive enough to perform on stage, had I begun to remember. They would zap me with electroshock either on the forehead, the base of my skull, or on my back or thighs. For some reason on this occasion, Bob laughed just before they zapped me. He had some goon do it - he rarely did.

I was often in very poor condition when we were helicoptered away and Bob laughed and made excuses for my listlessness, saying things like, "Ah, don't worry about her, the kid's just had too much to drink." Truth was I wasn't even allowed to drink, not even water. My physical reactions were all from the aftereffects of the electroshock intended to erase my memory.

Another show I was taken to was for the boys in the Army. Bob wore an Army uniform, just like the soldiers, and made jokes about being just like "one of the fellas" in his uniform. They loved it and cheered. Bob could get away with saying just about anything to them and they would laugh. When he introduced me, he said, "Watch this little one shake her tail feather!" I came out with a glittery bra and a g-string with tail feathers attached to the back. I danced carrying matching purple feathers in my hands and placed them over my breasts and then turned around and held them over my bottom.

When I was winding down my act, I was instructed to distribute all but the last of the feathers to soldiers in the audience and then turn my back to them, spread my legs far apart, turn my head and say, "Sorry boys, I need to leave something to keep me warm!"

I felt like I was on lots of naval bases in the United States at some time or another. Sometimes for entertaining "the boys" with Bob, but more often for programming. The programming at these bases was torturous. I was hung upside down in tanks filled with water or gases. There also were chairs with straight backs and arm rests, with bands that fit tightly around my forehead, wrists and ankles. They also used electroshock and light and sound equipment, combined with food and sleep deprivation. I was subjected to lots of high tech equipment and machines. I didn't have a clue what these machines actually did or why my controllers were torturing me with them.

Bonded To Bob

Bob took me with him to lots of places when I was 16 to 21 (1967-1972). Wherever we were, or whomever I was to be with, I usually came with the silver limo. I would be held in the back and no one from the outside could tell I was there. I was accustomed to performing oral sex to whomever I was instructed, and in limos and public places it meant swallowing. As a result I would become sick some days when there were a lot of men "to do."

Sometimes the limo would be full of Bob's friends and I would be told to wait in the back after a premier, gala or show openings, etc. Bob would bring his friends "along for the ride" and they got to "sample his goodies" is what he would say to his friends. One evening at a Hollywood event that took place in front of Gromin's Chinese Theatre, Elizabeth Taylor looked curiously past Bob as he stood in front of the entrance to the limo I was "parked" in. She asked him who I was. Then she made fun of him, saying, "Couldn't you at least get one that doesn't look like a child? She doesn't even have any breasts!" They didn't seem to get along too well.

My programming made me feel bonded to Bob Hope. Almost like being married or comfortable being with him, like it was second nature to be with him. I was programmed to know what he liked so I could easily please him. He liked to find me in his bathtub, full of bubbles, giggling and happy and ready for him. He liked for me to take off his shoes, rub his (smelly) feet, inch up his legs, unzip his pants, and perform oral sex, but stop just before he orgasmed and wait a while before continuing. Following program command, I sat on his lap, kissed him, and told him how handsome he was, as he sat in his favorite winged back chair in his room. He had a footstool that I sat on to rub his feet.

Bob did not always want sex actually, but always liked to be reminded of it by talking about sexual things or how young I was. He loved young women and I was just that, and always was young to him because he was older than the hills! He was older than my father. He could have been my grandfather, with nearly a 50 year age difference between us. I had been trained all my life to please older men. I knew just how to treat them, flatter them, and make them feel good, psychologically and, of course, physically. Bob sexually desired me from ages 16-20 or so, after that he just had sex with me, almost as a convenience to him. When I married, his sexual desire seemed to change. During my teen years he'd take me around to friends, parties, clubs, and he bragged to whomever he was with, that he still got the 'young stuff.'

I do not remember ever being involved in satanic trauma with Bob. But he must have known and liked what it created from my childhood years. He was above the trappings of satanism, like most of the higher ups. They looked at people who practiced satanism as low level, but the job had to be done (trauma base for mind control) and they rationalized it by saying, "look how beautifully she turned out."

Bob's Parties

I had lots of party girl personalities programmed for Bob. Bob spent a greater amount of time with me when I was a teenager, until I was married. The personalities dedicated and devoted to Bob were clever and programmed with silly jokes for Bob's company. Bob liked me to start the parties out right, so guests were served mixed drinks, champagne, hors d'oeuvres, etc. Then Bob had me entertain in skimpy little outfits he provided, such as a red leotard, with netting around my wrist, red fishnet stockings and red sparkly high heels. I'd sing and dance and would strip if it was an appropriate time. One of the first times Bob had me start the party, he said, "You took control of the room!" He seemed surprised.

When I stripped in front of couples, I did a lot of the same 'couple bonding' techniques that I did with couples in the intimacy of their own bedrooms. I was programmed to say something about the husband to the wife like, "God you have good taste in men! I wish I could find one like this." And while I said it, I would lasso him with a silk scarf or feathers and pull him close, usually to my bare navel or chest. Or I'd say to the husband, "You have won the charms of one of the most beautiful women in the world! You must be quite a man." And I would go on and on whispering, as if just to them, yet still having everyone in the room watch. Usually, unless Bob said it wasn't appropriate, I'd eventually strip and it seemed to loosen everyone up and very often I invited them if they cared to, to join me. It was usually like watching a group of little kids doing something naughty. Everyone would stand up and start getting naked, pulling off their clothes and throwing them all over the floor. Then they would go skinny-dipping or off to a side room for sex. People later told Bob the experience really stimulated their sexuality and they had not had such great sex in 20 years of marriage.

Different nights brought different types of people together, usually carefully matched and pre-selected so they would congeal. Most of the couples were usually older and the men were businessmen, politicians, bankers, stock brokers, movie and music artists, and other people that were important to Bob's interests. The parties' guest lists were planned and coordinated to match up and network people who they needed to get together, or groups with similar sexual preferences like gays, lesbians, heterosexuals, or pedophiles, so they could feel free to let their hair down. Unfortunately, after it happened Bob owned them.

Often, people did drugs at Bob's if they wanted to. At some parties, drugs and alcohol were in large supply, usually in labeled dishes or on little platters. Everything had little ribbon identifier tags or small signs, "so people knew what they were getting into," Bob would say.

For some private parties, Bob had me act like I was his dummy and he would load me up with most of the lines so he wouldn't have to think so much or memorize the jokes. He often had me say the key lines so he could easily bounce off of them and deliver a one liner. He dressed me in skimpy clothes and he put his hand up my back like he was making me move like a dummy. He did that dummy gig often or had me mime with him or mime alone. When people got high they really liked the mime act, especially if there were strobe lights flashing on and off.

Bob usually had some real maids who were older and who really cleaned and served. I only had to do that if it was the way they (Henry, Bob, and the Council) had planned for me to go in on a target. For example, I would serve the target champagne with two strawberries in it, and then I'd say to him, "Could I eat your ...(pause)....uh...strawberry?" I'd wiggle all over and smile or giggle. Sometimes the men would blush, but usually they would smile and say, "Why yes!"

As programmed, I would take the man's drink and take him by the hand to a side bedroom and say, "Can I suck your '----' now?" Then I'd perform as programmed. To cover himself, Bob had me say, "Please don't tell Mr. Hope about this." But other times Bob told me to say, "Bob wanted to share with you the pleasure he gets on a regular basis." It all depended on the angle they were using according to the information that had been gathered on the man prior to the evening. Before I left the room I was instructed to show the man to the adjoining bathroom and shower, and offer him towels, combs, deodorant, dryers, etc., anything he might need to freshen up, and I'd explain he was free to rest, sleep or shower. If it was a serious target for the Council, I would stay with the man longer, sometimes all night and at times I was instructed to take him away from the party, somewhere quiet, where it was just the two of us. I would take him wherever I was instructed - to a hotel, park, beach, restaurant, disco, etc. If it was a serious target they got the red carpet treatment, if not they still got sex. Prince Charles was the red carpet sort, where minor politicians or businessmen were less catered to.

At other parties I carried a silver tray with a glass of champagne on it and I'd have a cherry stem with a cherry dangling out of my mouth. Seductively I would say, "Would you like a cherry, sir?" and then I'd take him to another room for sex. Or I'd put a very expensive gourmet chocolate truffle in my mouth and say to a target, "Would you like one of these?" as I slowly and sensually took it in and out of my mouth, sucking and licking it, and if he said yes, I would put it on the edge of my lips and say, "Oops, this is the last one, do you share?" If he indicated he did, I would lean over and share it with him. Then I'd ask him if he wanted seconds and if he said yes, I would take him off for sex. Other occasions, with a slice of peach in my mouth, I was programmed to ask, "Would you like a California peach?" and then I'd give it to him, in the bedroom.

Henry told Bob the strategies and they often worked together to create a script for me to deliver, especially if jokes were needed. If it was intricate or complicated, then Henry did the uploading. Sometimes though, for Bob's parties, Bob would load me up with statements for different people before the party began. He had a list of party guests and

he often had his writers come up with something clever and funny along the subject lines Bob chose. I remember hearing him call different writers to chew them out if they were late delivering the scripts or if he was unhappy with the material they came up with.

The Council used Bob and Henry together and was able to achieve enormous strides because people oftentimes didn't realize they were connected, or that Bob and Henry were strategizing or manipulating them, let alone that they were connected to the Council.

Bob's Political Connections

Bob was involved in local, state, national and international politics and had a network of "cronies" all around the world. He would 'scratch their backs' for the same in return. Since he wielded so much political power, because of his wealth and connections, people listened to him and often did what he asked. Most people were bought. He had a network of people (politicians, judges, police, etc.) in his back pocket and in this way he remained protected and often operated above the law. He seemed to know everyone everywhere we went and people seemed anxious to get near him. He had the money to buy anything he liked, including programmed sex slaves. Once he told me, "everyone has his or her price," and he usually found it. It was not always money that people were after; sometimes it was connections, fame or sex.

By the time I was 18, I was in operation heavily with Bob Hope, California Governor Ronald Reagan, President Richard Nixon, and Henry Kissinger. They all knew I had what they called "expanded faculties." I was often used as an intermediary between Sacramento and the White House - keeping information flowing per instruction from the Council. They were the top controllers. So, for example, during the time Reagan was Governor of California, I was flown to Reagan's ranch to have sex with him and deliver him messages. Then I was flown to the White House to have sex with Nixon and deliver messages from the Council. The Council was overseeing all this. They debriefed me after each assignment and reprogrammed me in light of the information I reported. I don't know if Reagan or Nixon really ever knew to whom I was really reporting ...whose interests I was really addressing. The Council always made it look like I was attending to Reagan or Nixon's sexual interests and then subtly slipped in messages or suggestions from the Council. My programming 're-minded' me, "Mine is not to question why, mine is but to do or die".

I was only 18, 19, 20, 21, 22 years old when I was performing many of these earlier sex/espionage missions. It was the perfect cover. Who would have suspected me, a very average, innocent looking, silly, young blonde to have been involved in U.S. Government and Shadow Government activities?

Ronald Reagan and Bob Hope were connected through the entertainment field and were doubly connected through their political and military friends when Reagan was Governor of California and later on when he became President of the United States. Bob was also friends with high-powered men like Walter Annenberg, who had a

sweeping estate in Palm Springs, or more specifically Rancho Mirage. When Bob took me there for meetings or parties I was told, "This is a mirage, this just a mirage." Walter Annenberg was at one time an Ambassador to Britain and was also connected to the Reagan's and the British Royal Family.

Bob was politically connected and knew how to lure people in and insure they would work for him. He invited them to his parties and dangled various kinds of illegal or immoral perversions in their faces. Once their perversions were uncovered, he could blackmail or control them. That is how Bob worked. Bob was very good at this. I watched him do it to people over and over. He lured them in, detected their weaknesses, then used that knowledge in his favor, for his connections, and ultimately for his personal gain.

He was like a black widow spider, luring people into his web and then moving in for the kill. Except instead of killing his prey he simply put them to good use in his life. He used them "in the scheme of things," he would say, "to make life a little easier." Once lured into Bob's snare, there was no getting out without dire consequence.

Bob especially liked to do this to politicians because as he would explain to me after a party, he liked "to have a few key politicians in his back pocket." Bob demonstrated my "abilities" to people he wanted to gift me to. He gave me as a sexual gift to a lot of people he wanted to "have in his back pocket." Later, he talked about how incredibly stupid these people were, to take the drugs or alcohol and then make a public spectacle of themselves.

J. Edgar Hoover

J. Edgar Hoover was at Bob's parties. One night he ended up dressed in a blue sequined dress. Henry and Bob had put together a list of other politicians who were like J. Edgar so they would feel comfortable together. J. Edgar Hoover, "Jerry" to his friends, must have thought Bob was safe and that he was out of his political arena so he could "let his hair down." But it was really a clever set up between Bob and Henry, as they set a trap for Hoover. At the party onset, I was brought in to dance naked and get them going. They all dressed up in "costumes" left out for their "party enjoyment." I presented it that way so they wouldn't feel uncomfortable or inhibited. Then they were given booze, cocaine, anything they wanted. There were party poppers and dishes full of different recreational drugs with little tags attached explaining the type of ride they would go on if they took a certain pill or powder - everything short of injectables was offered. This group of men got really high and silly and changed into the costumes. Once they were high, I worked them for information as pre-directed by Henry Kissinger. J. Edgar must not have known that Bob Hope was connected to Kissinger. So, the information gathered that evening - not only Hoover and his friends' direct answers to questions, but their attitudes, and sexual preferences, etc. - were all recorded directly into my mind files.

From then on the Council had "Hoover by the balls or was it the pussy?" my controllers joked. From then on the FBI was under Council control and they even got Hoover to put

blocks and different rules, regulations, and codes directly into the FBI operations. That began to set up a controlling mechanism for the future so that when the next FBI director took office, things inside the Bureau would be in place so the Council could continue to manipulate them toward their Ultimate year 2000 goal.

Alan Cranston

Senator Alan Cranston was Bob's right-hand political man in California. He also attended Bob's parties. Alan carried out things Bob wanted done in the government sector. Bob's business dealings ran deep into world governments. He used government agencies as a tool for his benefit and he "bought" people already working in the government so that he could control them and "get things in order," he would say. Which meant bend or change laws to his benefit. Cranston was the center of the political wheel, the inside corrupt wheel, in California. If anyone wanted anything done, all they had to do was contact Bob and he would go through his political cronies to get it done-no matter what it was.

Senator Cranston was tied into Bob Hope and from what I saw, Bob was tied to the outskirts of the Council, but Cranston was not. Politicians were never allowed to be that close or to be directly affiliated with the Council, but were given information, as they needed it from unidentified sources. That is what I was, an unidentified source.

Cranston was one of Bob's favorite connections. Cranston liked "spankies" over his lap. He would make me lie over his lap and he would spank me, "to turn me on," he would say. The more turned on he got the more brutal he became. He was into beatings, sometimes with a belt, and tying me down. He was very aggressive, very scary and unpredictable. Alan Cranston was a bony old, evil man.

Cranston was not allowed to leave marks on me. Henry Kissinger saw to that. Henry kept tabs on me during the Nixon and Reagan administrations because he had his interest in using the information that he had carefully instilled in my mind files and did not want me damaged.

Cranston and Bob seemed to be close friends. Bob and others ran a lot of California politics from Palm Springs and made sure they had the people they needed in their "back pockets" in order to "enact change," which meant bending things for their own financial gain. It usually always boiled down to money, but occasionally Bob did things out of vindication for certain people. He always made people "sorry" if they were not nice to him. He usually got his way ...his power went high.

One night on the Queen Mary, in the mid-1970's Cranston tied me tightly to a headboard and then got so drunk or drugged up that he could not untie me. So he had sex with me standing up, with me still tied and then he passed out on the bed. I had to stay tied up like that until the wee hours of the morning when Bob came and found me. My hands and feet were purple/blue from the lack of circulation and I was exhausted but quickly "snapped out of it," when Bob told me to. I switched to being happy, refreshed and bubbly, while Bob attempted to get Cranston sobered up.

Sometimes at parties, Cranston stayed the next day to pull himself together around Bob's pool. If Dolores was there, Bob would tell her I was hired as the maid for the day, but when I would sit on his lap, Dolores would just roll her eyes and walk away disgusted. Theirs was not a marriage made in heaven.

The Chief of Police is Compromised

There was a small Italian restaurant located on Laurel Canyon Boulevard in Los Angeles, called Cafe Galleria. My brother Rick introduced Craig and I to the unique little restaurant in the early 70's. I remember one evening, as we pulled away from the restaurant after we'd had dinner, Craig looked back in a quiet, dissociated manner and said, "Bad things happen in the back room there." When I questioned him further, he didn't answer, so I immediately tucked it away in the back of my mind and went on to another subject. But he was absolutely right and years later I had the memory which pieced together the answers to the questions I would have liked to have asked him back then. With the detailed flashback of the event, I had a fuller picture of what really took place that night.

I don't know who specifically was behind the blackmailed event, but I remembered being taken into the back area of the restaurant into a smoke-filled room full of men. I was told to strip and dance, and ended up sitting on Police Chief Darryl Gate's lap in the nude. Cameras flashed pictures of me on his lap after which I was ushered out with my clothes to meet my husband. With only fragments of this memory, I am left with an incomplete picture of what my controllers' actual agenda was. You can come to your own conclusions.

Pete Wilson

California Senator, and then Governor, Pete Wilson was also tied to Bob Hope. Bob manipulated Pete through Pete's desire for fame and recognition and through his desire for political gain and for sex. Bob originally invited Pete Wilson to his parties and used me to lure him into his web so he could gain further control over politics in California, or at least protect some of his interests. As Pete discovered, Bob was a direct link to insuring success politically because he had connections to so many people and was connected with the Council and the U.S. Defense Department.

In the beginning I was used with then-California Senator Pete Wilson on Catalina Island. Pete Wilson was in line to be used by the Council in a big way. Back then they felt he was one of the most promising candidates they had for the U.S. Presidency. The last information I had overheard in conversation concerning this was that they were not sure he would be ready by the election in 1996, but they had him in a holding pattern for later use when the time was right. As Pete went along with what the Council wanted, doors were to immediately open for him.

I was programmed to deliver "news" to Pete from the "higher ups," the Council. Over time, he became conditioned to associating me with news about his future success. But, who from the outside would have ever suspected that I, initially a young woman

and later, a seemingly ordinary housewife and mother, would be carrying secret information to him from this very elite group that secretly rules the world from the shadows? At that time, the Council sent a message to Pete through me, asking him if he "wanted to step upstairs?"

Pete's answer was, "Yes!" Lots of the information between Pete and the Council was filtered through me. That way, no one knew of his connection, just like they didn't know of Nixon's or Reagan's direction by the Council.

I delivered messages to Pete from the Council on many occasions. He seemed fully conscious of their connection to him and their support of him, although I don't know if he was aware of their actual identities. At that time my instructions from the Council were given to me by phone or over closed circuit television, where their voices and bodies were scrambled. No one was allowed to know who they were. Pete either didn't know or didn't care how they were able to accomplish what they did in regard to world affairs. Or, maybe he also was programmed and operated with me from a programmed alter state.

One night, while 'vacationing' with my family on Catalina Island, men in suits came and took me from them in order to ready me for use with Wilson. It was the same routine as usual trauma, isolation, food and sleep deprivation that occurred before I was used to insure I would later be amnesiac of the entire event.

After the traumatic preparation took place, I was escorted by men in suits past the yachtmen's club out to a dinghy and was taken to Pete on a plush yacht moored in the Avalon Harbor. My controllers dressed me for the occasion in all white - white blouse, slacks, gold belt and shoes. It was late at night when I was placed on board with Pete. After we were left alone, he wanted to slip over the side of the boat naked and swim in the dark with me. I obeyed.

Pete was in good shape physically and had a little more than average share of penile endowment. After our swim, we got into bed and had sex. He pinched my buttocks and told me what a "great one" I had. Sometimes he got very aggressive and it traumatized me. On this occasion he nibbled me all over my body, from head to toe-we were both laughing hysterically, I because I was programmed to be "congenial." He liked to have sex in many different positions and was an active participant, unlike Ronald Reagan. He seemed to enjoy showing me how physically strong he was. When I first met him, he would have two of us (two women) at the same time, but later on just me, as he said I responded better to him just "one on one." He had massage oils that we used sometimes during sex also. He loved oral sex and liked for me to bring him just to the edge of orgasm and then back off so he could last longer. I was programmed to have a lot of "passion" with Pete Wilson.

It was normal after sex for us to talk. Usually this was when I delivered the messages I was carrying to him from the Council. We talked a lot in bed as I delivered information to help him climb the political ladder. This particular evening on the yacht, I stayed the night on board with him. He often had very bad breath upon awakening.

The next morning, I was taken off the yacht and reunited with my family at our spot on the beach, programmed to think I had never been gone, never missed any time with them. As usual, they didn't notice my absence or my return.

Pete Wilson knew how to utilize me in the same ways Henry Kissinger did by accessing my mind files. I was used in Sacramento, the State Capital, with him in this way, even before he was Governor of California. But Pete often had trouble remembering the mind file names and would say, "Now what was that file name again?" He'd snap his fingers and go to his desk to get the listing of files located in the "Peter Wilson Library." When this personalized filing system was gifted to him through me, Henry said to tell him, "Pete, you had a whole library donated and built just for you." It was complete with every volume, every book housed just precisely where he could gain access to it inside my mind files, all by a simple command.

For Pete I was a total sexual robot as well as a computer robot. But I was never set up to serve both functions at the same time. I was flown to meet him in different locations, as far back as the early 1980's and met him in Sacramento when he was there on business. Pete had trouble getting my mind files open to access information because he couldn't wait two hours in between for sex! I overheard Henry ask him, "Well, did you wait the two hours in between usages?"

But Pete lied and Henry knew he lied when later he accessed me and asked, "What time did Peter enter the Wilson Library?" And I would tell him the exact time and he would catch Pete in a lie every time. Pete didn't seem to know or understand the level of sophistication that allowed me to report exactly when Pete initiated sex or mind file use.

The Council operated in these very cunning and manipulative ways with Pete Wilson and others. Slowly they introduced people, knowing that over time, trust built and later when an important event or issue needed to be dealt with, the connections had been made, a bond was formed and it was easy for them to use people.

They had plans for Wilson to be Governor of California long before he was elected--so far ahead, in fact, that they started putting me with him for the Council to begin "grooming" him for the job of Governor.

Since I had also been used with other California Governors, my programmed years of experience in regard to the ways the Council worked with politicians was helpful to Pete in his early days. The programmed information I carried included familiarity with people and agencies, and could help him get acquainted and adjusted.

I was programmed to work with Pete Wilson in regard to the new educational plan for children, that was first implemented in California. That is a whole separate, but very important subject, which I will address in a later chapter. I don't know if Pete was aware of where my information was coming from but he seemed to enjoy large amounts of sex with me in between "business engagements." Pete Wilson also had sex with my

daughter at one of Bob's parties when she was older.

Obviously, my personal experience with Bob Hope is contrary to the "All-American good citizen" image that he and the media have managed to fool the majority of the American people with all these years. In truth and sorrow, all I have left to say to him is, "Bob, thanks for the memories." For now armed with the truth of what has happened, I can begin to work to stop this once secret, human atrocity called 'mind control.'

"They struck me," you will say, "but I was not hurt; they beat me, but I did not feel it. When shall I awake?" Be not envious of evil men, nor desire to be with them; for their minds devise violence, and their lips talk of mischief.

"By wisdom a house is built, and by understanding it is established; by knowledge the rooms are filled up with all precious and pleasant riches. A wise man is mightier than a strong man, and a man of knowledge than he who has strength. He who plans to do evil will be called a mischief-maker. The devising of folly is sin, and the scoffer is an abomination to men." -- Proverbs 23-24

Chapter Fourteen: Parties at the Rockefellers

...Or, what do the Rockefellers, Kissinger, Alan Greenspan and the Federal Reserve all have in common? ...Me as a mind file to organize their plan.

Parties were given in New York at the Rockefeller mansion around Christmas time each year. I was flown to New York by commercial airline and was met at the airport and limoed to their home. I was taken by a woman to get my hair and nails done, then brought back and dressed to be used to entertain top people from all over the world, usually ending in a sexual encounter with individuals they were targeting. At the parties, I was dressed formally in expensive evening gowns and was often provided a diamond brooch or huge diamond necklace to wear for the evening.

There was a whole room, a vault, that had a bank of thin but wide drawers that housed necklaces, broaches, tiaras, all mounted on special stands shaped to fit them. There were tiered drawers for bracelets, diamond watches and rings. I was taken into the vault at times in order for someone to select jewelry that was appropriate for my outfit. Usually it was a blonde, blue-eyed, soft-spoken woman who wore her hair up. She was pretty and knew just how to dress me. If I was to target an important official, foreign leader, or king, they put an especially alluring piece on me. Then she'd escort me out of the vaulted room down a hall and into the house. It was like a secret hallway that led to "the collection."

One evening she dressed me in a long red strapless formal. It was form-fitting and the bodice was low cut. I had to wear a push up bra to look bustier but she said she loved my small waist. She fastened a diamond necklace around my neck and said she liked how it dipped down to accent the bodice of my dress. My hair had been done up and she had me wear large diamond drop earrings displaying lots of diamonds that dangled

together.

After I was finished being dressed with accessories, the lady took me out into one of the main rooms - this one was forest green and Prince Philip was there. She reminded me beforehand to curtsy and bow deeply to him and to stay down and bow my head for awhile - which I did, before this man dressed in a black tux, complete with cummerbund and shiny black shoes. Rocky came into the room and put his cigar down in an ashtray, bowed to Philip and said, "I wanted you two to have some time to get acquainted before the other guests arrived." Then he went on to explain to Prince Philip, "She has been dedicated solely to you for the evening. Your wants are her desires."

Philip smiled.

Rocky shook Philip's hand with both hands and explained, "It's an honor to have you here this evening and to express our sincerity, this young lady has been dedicated to you for your Highnesses pleasure for the night."

"Thank you," Philip replied. "You're most kind."

They continued speaking in formalities. That's how everyone spoke around Philip. Rocky handed him a drink that the butler/bartender had made and excusing himself, said, "I'll leave you two alone for awhile and I'll be back to check on you to see if there's anything you want or need." As he walked out of the room, the butler who was on his heels closed the doors. I was just a teenager, but my inner twin sister, Sharon, was the personality that was groomed for these assignments with the elite.

Philip and I sat on the couch and I smiled at him and was shy, as programmed. He reached out and took my hand and sipped his drink. He was nervous like he wasn't sure how to act or just what to say to me. But he began, "You're very young and very beautiful."

"Thank you, your Highness," I replied shyly.

Prince Philip reached out and put his arm around me and I leaned up and kissed him. He was younger and more squarely handsome in a homely kind of way than the old men I was used to. "This is just the beginning of a very wonderful evening," I said as I kissed him on the cheek. I knelt down in front of him, placing my carefully manicured hands on his knees and looked into his eyes as I started inching my hands near his crotch.

Quickly he said, "I'd like to enjoy looking at you this evening at the party, knowing you will be my dessert." I smiled up at him and nodded yes, then got up and sat back down by his side.

He stood and ushered me out to the other room without waiting for Rocky to come back to get us. I thought, "He didn't follow the rules," but it didn't seem to matter.

The beautifully dressed people at the party bowed to him all night, even the men. I sat off on a couch in a corner alone for some time and he just kept looking over at me and smiling. Since I was under mind control I couldn't think to accurately identify the Royal family structure and mistakenly thought to myself, "I wonder where the princess is, or if there is one?" In addition, I couldn't think to question or to know what I was actually involved in. This wasn't a large party and I didn't know or recognize the others.

Philip spoke very formally but didn't act how I thought a prince or a king was supposed to act. I had no way of understanding his position in the Royal family, but assumed that since everyone was bowing to him, he must be a king. He just kept looking at me like he was reminding himself of what was to come. Later, people began to leave, and they all took forever saying goodbye. Then some men in suits took us by limo to a hotel there in New York - a penthouse suite - and escorted us up to the room. I didn't know who the men were, if they were guards or his own security, but they acted like the Secret Service agents did. I had been given a white, full-length coat to wear. I felt like 'a princess' since I usually wasn't dressed quite that formally.

Once inside the room, he started to undress out of his formal clothes. "Please your Highness," I offered, "allow me." He sat on the bed while I took off my coat and knelt down to take off his shoes, socks (with the elastic straps), and then I undid his cummerbund and unbuttoned his shirt very slowly and seductively while I kissed him gently all over his face. I rubbed his neck and shoulders for awhile and then took off his pants. He wore boxer shorts, the baggy kind.

Once he was undressed, he slowly took off my clothes, and then pulled back the sheets and laid me in the bed and began kissing me. He was passionate and didn't hurt me. I was sent to sexually service him at other times.

As usual, I was always kept in extreme isolation before and after I was taken to these parties and was deprived of food and water most of the time until I was delivered back to the airplane. I was told things to say to key people during the parties and continued delivering their important messages after the party, when I had sex with an individual they had pre-designated. When my job was finished, I was debriefed and put into isolation again before being flown back to my home in California.

Nelson Rockefeller continually accessed me by closed circuit television in California, especially before an upcoming event. I was programmed to drive to a local Holiday Inn, go to the front desk for a key, and then directly to room 222. It was there by closed circuit television that I was instructed what to do and what to say to certain individuals that I was soon to be connected to in Los Angeles, such as Barbra Streisand and other celebrities or individuals I would be seeing later at his parties.

One year Gerald and Betty Ford were there and another year Ronald and Nancy Reagan. There were always lots of celebrities, royalty from England, and leaders from countries all over the world.

Henry Kissinger took me to a Rockefeller party one year and kept coming back to me during the evening with instructions about whom to approach and what to say to them. He instructed me to approach Jackie Kennedy Onassis. He told me to tell her how much I respected her and the late president, and how I admired the way she picked up and went on after his assassination. Jackie smiled and displayed shy mannerisms when I first approached her. She said she was very happily remarried and her life was running as smoothly as could be expected. Later she told me she wished she could spend more time with Ari but that she understood he had lots of business dealings all over the world and was a busy man. Aristotle Onassis was not among the guests at the party. Another man escorted Jackie. He was very tall, dark and handsome. Noticing I was talking with her, this man returned by her side and escorted her to another room. He seemed to be very protective of her. Henry told me things to tell lots of people so I would be familiar to them and more trusted if they ever needed to send me in on them at a later date.

One of the rooms in the Rockefeller house was decorated in deep forest green with a rich green plaid that went half way up the wall. It was a beautiful house, full of beautiful wood and glass. It was decorated, of course, to the hilt. The front doors were massive wood and glass, and the entire estate was monitored by remote access televisions so someone inside the house could always see what was going on inside and outside on the grounds.

Happy Rockefeller wasn't called Happy for nothing. She drank a lot at their parties and later at the end of the evening they usually had to take her away because she was sloppy drunk. Henry got mad at Nelson about it but Nelson stuck up for her. Henry told Rocky that it looked very unprofessional and undignified, and that she should be kept away from the public eye, but Rocky wanted her there anyway.

Famous people who attended the Rockefeller parties had their identities protected. They arrived in limousines with tinted windows and in this way were protected from public exposure. The highly sophisticated alarm and monitoring systems that constantly scanned the grounds provided the security necessary for the VIP's who visited. No one was ever to disclose who attended the parties. On the surface the parties looked like mere social gatherings of friends, but they were much more, as secret and sensitive information was passed around a select group.

A small group of men always met in a back room after the party to discuss world strategies and business. It was not unusual for guests to spend the night, but only a select few were invited to the meeting.

At these private meetings, I watched the men who literally ran the world. Men who decided when it was profitable and/or strategically important and timely to start a war. They even had it planned who would begin the fighting and where. It always added up to big money, power, and control. At times, I was allowed into the room because they were aware that I was under mind control and my services were utilized in whatever way they needed to use me.

People in America think they elect their Presidents, but from what I witnessed, they do not as the process of putting them into office is a highly controlled and corrupt one. The media is so controlled that the American people never get the full and accurate story. The Presidents are selected long before they are 'voted' into office. It is no accident that Ronald Reagan and Pete Wilson won the governorship of California. It was rigged through financial, business, and political connections from this controlling group, headed by the Council, right down into various business and political factions, and then on down into the public arena.

They own the press. They own key television stations and famous anchormen. They have key people who own the newspaper companies. They buy magazine companies and own many large corporations that allow them to have leading edge media exposure, thus allowing them to control the information people see on the television news, read in newspapers and magazines, or hear on the radio. They are funded by the richest men and corporations in the world who get what they want, when they want it, by whatever means it takes to do so. They operate above the law, above the federal government.

I witnessed and recorded in my photographic memory many of these encounters as I was bounced around the globe in the company of varied and influential "people in the know."

Rockefeller Connections

Nelson Rockefeller was connected to Bob Hope and many people in positions of power Nixon, Ford, Reagan, and Bush - even before these men were Presidents.

At the Rockefeller mansion, there was a direct phone line to the White House that no one was supposed to know about. It was kept in a side closet behind a mirrored liquor cabinet. Nelson didn't even have to dial; he just picked it up and began talking. I couldn't understand what he was saying, but he often spoke about the Chase Manhattan Bank. There was a clear plastic box on the mouthpiece of this phone. I don't know the purpose for this device.

When I was at the mansion, Nelson called Reagan at times. He never told Reagan I was there. My instructions were to keep quiet.

John D. Rockefeller operated independently from the rest of the Rockefellers. There was animosity between John D. and the rest. They didn't like or trust him, so they kept secret their operations from him. They also didn't trust his political connections.

There was a very ornate, very 'old wealth' hotel in New York where I was set up to meet different people. This time they sent me in to "visit" John D. Rockefeller. The Council wanted to see if they could "win him over," so they could use him. I was preprogrammed in room 222 at the Holiday Inn in California and then sent to target him at that New York hotel. They dressed me in a small short black dress with black nylons, black heels and I

carried a small black purse. I knocked at his door and he answered. He was about 5' 11" and on the stocky side with greying hair, nice face and skin. He had on a grey suit and white shirt and his tie was undone. He looked like he had been resting.

He asked me why I was there, and in a very upset voice, I screamed, "Someone's been shot!"

He said, "What!?" I told him again. Then he pulled me into the room and questioned me more. I said everything just like I was programmed to, but he didn't fall for any of it. He said, "I don't know who sent you but I'm not interested," and he showed me the door.

When I arrived back downstairs my contact said, "You're back so soon?" We left quickly through the large brass revolving door out into the cold, to an awaiting limousine.

Supreme Court Justices

Nelson Rockefeller was also the connection to some Supreme Court Justices who were old friends of his. They called him, "Old Rocky." I was sent in on different Supreme Court Justices and I was instructed to make sure neither judge talked about or knew that I was being intimate with the other. The Council knew just the perfect phrases to have me deliver in these situations that would shut the door to these judges ever mentioning our private, intimate experience to anyone, especially their colleagues. All these judges knew each other well. It was like an inside men's club and so the Council would tell me something no one would have known about judge so-and-so, and I would tell the judge I was with about it and that his colleague, judge so-and-so, was extremely sensitive about this subject. This would cause him to not want to have anything to do with the other judge and so it would be in that judge's favor to not ever mention our little affair. For example, they had me say, "I overheard judge so-and-so talking at a party and he was saying how distasteful he found it when men his age were dabbling with younger women. So to protect your relationship with him, it would probably be better for you if you never mentioned this evening with us together. Now I can understand perfectly well, how a man like yourself would desire and benefit from an evening with a young woman like myself. To be perfectly frank, it's very normal and healthy, but certain other old 'stick in the mud' judges just don't see things the same way. I'm sure you understand." And if the judge was convinced, then I had him locked into the secret and if not I would report back and my controllers would give me another tactic to slip in later, after this one had passed. I was trained to read their body and facial language early on. I was taught not to trust their words as much as their body language.

There were two very old Superior Court judges who I was sent in to seduce and probe for information. These very old men actually believed all the lines I told them about how attractive I found older men, how wise I knew they were and how I really appreciated maturity and experience over the younger men of the day. And I got them tipsy and then asked them questions very innocently, like I was just curious about a certain subject. They usually answered me in strictest confidences to help me understand how things worked. Sometimes their egos would get so inflated from all the flattering I delivered, that they would be flustered and say more than they probably normally should or would

have. Even under mind control, it really made me lose my respect for old men - especially Supreme Court Justices, because they had no morals and totally believed and ate up all the lies. The Council sent me into many different areas within the government to "feel things out." I knew that meant to have sex and ask the questions I was directed to ask. They didn't say, "feel things out," if I was only to ask questions or give information.

Alan Greenspan and The Federal Reserve

I was assigned to be with Alan Greenspan. He is currently Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board and controls the nation's economy by intentionally manipulating the Federal Reserve Banks and the Stock Exchange. Through this manipulation Alan is able to skim off monies for use within the shadow government. It is similar to money laundering only this is done at the highest levels, channeling huge amounts of monies into, among other things, classified, hidden government projects.

This agenda is tied into Henry Kissinger and Bob Hope. And is largely directed by the Rockefellers. David in particular was connected to the banking system and financial aspects of the New World Order. George Bush was also connected up very high in this plan.

The Stock Exchange was often nothing but a charade, publicly displaying one facade while privately carrying on a very separate, private agenda. This agenda is aimed at funding many branches of what is to be the new inner structure and workings of the New World Order--the One World Government. The financial infrastructure was put in place and further honed beginning in the 60's and by now it is well-greased and operating at full capacity with the target takeover by the year 2000. By the year 2000 all parties are to be in place, all subsidiaries are to be up and running optimally with direct funding coming from the large New World Order funded and controlled corporations of which there are many and which are multi-layered. There is a whole network of men who manipulate a lot of international business around the world, including the World Banking System. Chase Manhattan Bank was just the tip of a whole network of banks all over the world that were set with a framework to control the world economy and hide illegal funds. These illegal funds are never detected if they are distributed into the internal workings of this banking system. In the early years, I was programmed to make large deposits into banks all over the world. Many mind-controlled slaves were doing that work.

There are programmed people involved in global implementation all the way to the top in order to insure that by this time, through this generation, their plan will not fail. Mind control was and still is their failsafe mechanism intended to alleviate any human weakness or human interference. If the world's computer systems were to shut down, their systems, carefully created within the mind file systems of mind control victims, would continue to operate. Cryptic information passes to people in the know with the "eyes to see and the ears to hear," as I overheard them during Stock Exchange dealings cryptically refer to those involved with New World Order agenda. Those programmed are able to glean plans and agendas as well as command instruction while

watching the stock trades on television or by their actual physical presence while there.

When I was sixteen, my future mother-in-law, Sara Ford, got me a job at a stock brokerage firm in Pasadena, called Independent Securities. Most people my age wouldn't have even been hired but I was "lucky" and unlike other new employees, didn't have to start in the mailroom. Instead I started work in the securities exchange room. There were cocktail parties attended by men and women in expensive clothes. There were more men than women and there were times when Mr. Hecht, Sara's boss and president of the company, briefed me on a certain "fellow" who I was to be especially nice to and was to "cater to," in an attempt to sway him to do business with Independent Securities. I was told to act naive, innocent and sweet because some of the "older gentlemen" preferred it that way. So that's what I did. I served drinks at the parties in order to have a substantial reason to interact with these wealthy gentlemen (potential investors).

Parts of me were filled with lots of information on stocks, bonds, annuities, the Federal Reserve and these parts knew exactly how the Federal Reserve manipulated business, corporations, and large investments for their own gain. Funds were amassed through the Federal Reserve for use in anything but what the funds were publicly portrayed as being used in. By the way, nobody audits the Fed, not even the IRS.

I was heavily used for both mind files and sex, but my mind file use during my teens and on into adulthood, always took priority as the Council, Henry, and others sent messages and information back and forth to each other without the risk of being publicly linked. For example, Henry would say when an international crisis would/could be created and what countries were to be involved. Then those players involved would get their monies or exchanges, step up to be in the right position to gain monetarily and then step out. There were lots of corporate men who backed these endeavors with money from their corporations. They fronted the money in exchange for favors from the Federal Reserve or politicians. Their needs were always researched by the Council to determine (before they went to the negotiating table) what would entice them most. The corporate owners were often targeted from many different positions like sending in other successful players who had profited considerably in the past, in order to further influence them to participate. Often at the final time I was sent in (if the corporate head was open to sex with a young woman), I was preprogrammed with line after line that was designed to hit them deep to get them to "our side" or to cooperate with the business venture.

Henry and Alan Greenspan worked hand-in-hand sending endless messages through me to coordinate many of these so-called "business ventures." They uploaded me with information in New York when I was there, usually for other Kissinger or Rockefeller business, or I was instructed via closed circuit television from California. I believe this was around 1967-68. I wheeled patients and old people to a closed circuit viewing of a church service on Sundays, at the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital, where I went with my Sunday school teen class - the same church where there were rituals occasionally. Anyway, my class wheeled people from their rooms to watch a church service, via closed circuit television in the hospital. When the service was over, my friends went to

take these patients for a snack and back to their rooms. I sat alone, my attention glued to the front of the close circuit television that sat on top of a metal stand on wheels. I knew from instructions to flip through the channels to 22, then pulled up the antenna and watched and listened carefully to instructions given. There were times when the man on the screen talked while he pointed with a pointer to figures on a chalkboard that I was to retain. Percentages, actuaries and places to go, people to meet, and things to say. I photographed with my mind the names, figures, etc., and listened carefully for dialogue I was to repeat to certain individuals like Reagan or Hope, and later Nixon or corporate heads. When it was over, it just cut off and the television went all fuzzy again but I was always instructed to change it back to a normal numbered station - preferably the one that had been on, so no one would detect. Church activities were used often as a front to get me to places where I was supposed to acquire further information for upcoming events. Then the occasional rituals or traumas at church were performed to keep all this information hidden. Reagan was governor during this time and I was given information over the closed circuit television to deliver to him. Later on, I delivered the information to him at places like the Motion Picture Hospital, where my mom worked.

The Rockefellers, especially Rocky, used me often during this time, but not without going to Henry first. Henry was still always in charge of me, but let Rockefeller use me to further his own interests. Henry would ask for "updates" on all of these other people's uses of me so he knew what was going on in lots of different circles at once. And, he would use any confidential information he found to further his own interests in business or government dealings. He found out the 'dirt' on others by debriefing me from my use with the Rockefellers or different corporate heads, then he or Bob would take advantage of the information to further their interests. He already had free access to the Federal Reserve information through Alan Greenspan and others, but he could tap into mind file data anytime he wanted or needed. After high school I took bookkeeping classes at the local junior college, alongside my psychology major.

At the base of some of my banking mind files was my bookkeeping coursework at Pierce College to which Henry then attached a framework for his use adding lots of data from classified documents, videos, etc. It was a very sophisticated system that worked on the inside of my mind while I was doing another job and then the completed reports were ready when Henry needed them. Henry sometimes gave those internal systems a day or week to come up with the final data. He often said this was the "brain of the future," making the need for computers obsolete. Henry said that, in the future, man would explore "inner space."

The Council was the glue that held the major corporations together at the very top, the large international corporations. The Council was above Henry Kissinger, their international political mastermind and Alan Greenspan who used the Fed to gain the money to fund and further their plan - to cement and make uniform the world economy for more efficient organization and ease of controlling.

Alan Greenspan had a lot of big business backing, thus furthering their banking deals. They laundered huge sums of money through subsidiary treasury banks so the action

would be taking place off to the side in unnamed, unmonitored banks. That way the main Federal Reserve Banks, were kept freer to operate without detection. The plan covered the overall banking system so nothing could be traced. So if there were large sums of money that needed to be washed, they were put through the smaller, subsidiary banks that weren't being monitored, so no one would know. Sometimes these subsidiary banks ended up actually handling much larger sums of money and transactions than the larger Federal Reserve Bank in the same geographic area in order to hide the money laundering schemes. The way the system is set up, all monies from an area are supposed to funnel through the Federal Reserve Bank in that area in order to monitor many different things, so they can keep control of the money in specific geographic areas. With the large, washed funds filtering through the subsidiary banks, the laundering system did well and was never detected through the main Fed, which is highly monitored by Congress. Otherwise the Reserve would come up out of balance every step of the way, since so much money was laundered in certain areas and there was no way to begin to explain the large percentage of imbalance there would have been between even neighboring cities' or state's holdings.

The Federal Reserve had areas like political districts. In some areas, it was essential to have the subsidiary banks 'in place' in order to funnel the funds from covert operations. San Diego was one. Los Angeles was another and Hollywood was also. Wherever clusters of worker bees (mind control operatives) were located, money went into a subsidiary bank of the Federal Reserve to keep the funds continually channeling back to them. This was true in areas of immense illegal profit, like in Vegas, where the whole town was built on graft and everyone inside knew who got paid first so no one got hurt or stepped on.

I was constantly traveling to meet with members who were tied into the subsidiary Federal Reserve Banks. Pete Wilson, who at that time was a San Diego based Senator from California, was one.

These individuals tapped into my mind files for the Federal Reserve information and input banking information - everything from profit/loss standpoints to new account numbers in subsidiary banks that worker bees could be given to use to launder covert monies. Then, I reported it all back to Henry and I even had internal computer analyzers, bookkeepers, data compilers, statisticians, etc., that Henry created inside my mind file system so all the data/input that was delivered to me could be instantly filed, computed and readied for delivery to Henry. I also had a system to maintain the original information from individuals, so Henry could double-check my figures. He ran cross-checks, periodically setting me down and accessing information while he ran tabs on his calculator. This wasn't his job, it was Greenspan's, but Henry always double-checked and cross-checked everything to keep everyone honest and to make sure my systems were properly gathering and compiling, then computing, the information. It was as if I had a whole set of financial workers inside my head that were specially trained to handle all of this, like a computer program. I believe lots of the corporate heads that reported their earnings to me were not aware I was a robot. I even had to write down numbers for some of them, just for show, when they got overly

concerned that I wouldn't be able to remember all they had reported to me. So, that observation leads me to believe that they weren't all aware of the mind control enhancements I had in place, guaranteeing I would perform to perfection.

Kissinger and Nelson Rockefeller's Plan

One day, Nelson Rockefeller was leaning over me in the back of the limo talking to Henry as if I didn't exist. They were talking about the advanced research projects on brain studies and they spoke as if they were the only intellectual elite capable of understanding the advanced technology, as compared to the "peons" as they called the uninitiated. They spoke of their elite dream of ridding the world of the non-thinking, the genetically inferior, the deficient people of the world, so they could have sole heir and control over the earth for advanced purposes. They spoke over me, leaning on me and using me as a table or having me hold their drinks, or Henry's cigar, while they conversed about erudite and diverse scientific topics.

There were times when Henry and Rocky planned lots of strategies between the ride in the car from New York to Washington, DC. Henry had a different type of smell - a European aroma and his suits always smelled of him and his cigars. He smoked cigars the whole entire way, at times they were Cuban. Often he blew the smoke right in my face and it was hard to breathe. Sometimes I couldn't tell what world I was in, the real world or the one "over the rainbow." It got extremely confusing at times but Henry told me to rely on those around me to help me know where I was. I was told, "like a pretty ballerina led through the dance steps by the perfect lead man, your partner is always a reliable mirror for you to see yourself in." New York and Washington, DC were my home away from home, but Henry made me keep my eyes closed often while we were in transit and frequently asked me, "Where do you think you are?"

I would try to answer, guessing our location and he would intentionally attempt to scramble my reality by telling me, "No, you're now in San Francisco," or some other place we weren't really. In front of me, Henry would tell Rockefeller that we were in Pennsylvania, when we were actually on Pennsylvania Avenue at the White House.

Henry and Rocky often placed me between them in the back seat. The glass partition was closed, shutting out the driver, creating the privacy they needed for their strategic planning. There was a television and a bar inside but they didn't drink alcohol, as they were very intent on what they were planning. Rocky often got all excited in regard to an agenda and he would tell Henry, "Put this message in for her to deliver to Nixon," or whomever the plan was for.

Henry placed the needle in between my knuckles and if I bled, he pulled out one of his fancy handkerchiefs to wipe it off. One time he joked to Rocky, "My wife wonders where all the kerchiefs she buys me are." He laughed and said he had to throw a lot of them away because he couldn't explain the blood spots. It was better for both of us when he was able to replace the needle with touch programs.

Rocky always agreed with Henry but Henry didn't always agree with Rocky. So in his

coarse, froggy voice Rocky would say, "Okay, advise me." Then Henry would tell him how to correct the plan. Henry was always right with the people he was with. One day they talked about Happy, and Rocky said he was worried about her drinking. He told Henry he didn't know what to do.

Henry said, "You need to get her into a program."

Henry's Love for His Friend Rocky

Henry and Rocky got along extremely well. Henry genuinely laughed when he was with Rockefeller. He seemed to love to be with him. Henry really wanted him to be president and said that then they could have really been a team. Henry said it was fruitless, that Rockefeller would only lose anyway and it wasn't worth risking the whole party's success by running someone who couldn't win. Henry said Rockefeller didn't have enough popular following, despite his name, and that people would hold his wealth against him, since he was already publicly known to be rich. Henry thought it was really smart of Bob to cloak his wealth for as long as he was able to. He explained that most people didn't like their leaders to be rich, he said, "well off would pass, but not rich."

Henry's first thought usually was "How will the masses react to this?" What will their attitudes and impressions be?" He decided what they needed to think and then he went about structuring his eventual desired outcome. "May take awhile, but we've got time. We'll just work on them until we get them the way that we want them. Then they will be happy and we will be happy because we made them that way."

San Francisco

I was only a teenager, and was in San Francisco with my mom and dad and Craig. I was taken from my family and men in suits escorted me through metal gates, almost like a prison, into a big building with cement floors. They took me into a noisy room where a machine was printing sheets of money. There was lots of money! A man who worked there said, "The boss says to inflate it. There's a munitions deal comin' down and we don't want the Fed (reserve) to show a surplus in this area."

One of the men holding my arm said, "Okay," and stepped aside.

I delivered the message, "The dock at 5," and was immediately escorted back out. They took me down a hall and out past a turnstile into a black sedan and put me in the back seat, pushed my head down and we drove away.

There were lots of arms and drug shipments in San Francisco and they raised and lowered the amount of money in the Federal Reserve to hide the activity in the area. They had to inflate it when there was no drug or munitions activity, so when there was, it would be even and steady and won't show the influx of the money into the area. I was taken to many large buildings, with high fences and guards.

On another one of our so-called trips to Frisco, I was taken from the St. Francis Hotel where I was sitting in the restaurant with my parents and Craig. When the men in suits

arrived to get me, I had on a yellow dress and went into the bathroom and removed from my large leather purse, a carefully folded, white form-fitting sleeveless shift that my mom had made for me. I had never worn it before. After I changed and put on a small white-veiled pill box hat and fixed my hair, which had been professionally teased and ratted into a flip, I went out from the bathroom where a suited man took my arm and led me out a back entrance of the hotel. It was cold and foggy, and I had short sleeves and no jacket. I didn't know where Craig or my parents had gone. The man in the suit took me out to a black car and put me inside and told the driver, "Deliver the young lady downtown, like we discussed." I just sat in the back seat and the driver rolled up the window between the seats. Another man stopped the car on the docks and came around, got me out, and replaced my little white hat with a wide brimmed one and told me to go down to a ship, and pointed his finger in its direction. I walked down there and it was still very cold. I stood by a big ship until a man brought me aboard. Then I waited in a room, in "park mode" until a man came up to me and said, "I'm Fred."

I replied, "Pier 69," and he pushed me away. I walked back to the dock where the driver was waiting and he waved me back into the car and took me back to the hotel. I changed back into my yellow dress and went back to meet my mom and dad and Craig in the restaurant. I never got to eat what I ordered.

I returned to San Francisco many times over the years, for different assignments, some including the United States Mint. Henry said there were some jobs that just had to be taken care of from the inside, so he sent me there, often in conjunction with an agenda from Alan Greenspan. One time, I was heavily disguised as a male and armed with false security badges.

At other times, another slave accompanied me and we were both disguised as males.

In the early years of the late 60's before Craig and I were married and then in the early 70's after we were married, we often drove up the California coast to Lake Nacimiento with friends or family to waterski during the summer. Craig and I often took side trips where he would take me to San Francisco for the day or to other places in the California Redwoods, where there would be private meetings held and Henry needed me there for mind file usage.

Lee Iacocca

I delivered many names of banks and available subsidiary bank account numbers to many corporate owners, including Lee Iacocca. They continually changed the accounts so they couldn't be traced and sent me all over to sleep with and/or deliver account numbers to corporate heads all over the nation. I was even flown from place to place on corporate Lear jets in order to deliver account numbers comfortably and in an entertaining manner, with security features included, to corporate heads.

Lee had monopolies with other big corporations, international ones, and he also owned parts of major utility companies. I heard him talk on his personal phone often. It was a big deal back in those days for a man to have a portable phone, and he had one he

wore under his jacket. I traveled the skies with Lee Iacocca, doing whatever he needed in his private jet. There was lots of room inside, but it wasn't a fancy one at first. I polished his shoes, gave him oral sex, whatever he wanted.

I performed oral sex on Lee Iacocca on his Learjet before giving him the number for the new accounts he needed to use, plus some other information from Henry. I was instructed to offer, "Can I take your glasses, Mr. Iacocca?" And after he was satisfied, I was to smile and say, "I hope you were pleased."

Lee insisted on these information transfers happening in the private confines of his jet for security and I had to wear disguises to board and deboard the jet. I just looked like a maid or at other times a secretary. Never the same disguises, and for Mr. Iacocca I had to even wear some of the tooth disguises while getting on and off the plane. He always had me remove them once we were airborne and then I removed my clothing disguises in exchange for something more comfortable and appropriate for traveling.

Lee Iacocca wore a tie block with a gold chain on it. I sat next to him, put my head on his shoulder and played with his chain before I unzipped his pants and performed oral sex. He was kind enough to hand me a handkerchief to wipe my face afterwards and then he took a quick nap. He said it always cleared his mind to take a quick nap but not a long one because that type made him feel thick-headed.

I usually accompanied him on a business trip he already had planned. There were other stops after him and I seldom flew back with him, but instead connected with another flight or different people that Henry wanted me to see.

If I began to remember the Lee Iacocca information, I was programmed to jump off tall buildings. "You will have the compulsion to jump," they said to me at UCLA, after I'd been drugged and was lying on an exam table listening to my instructions via earphones.

Drug Operations

New York City was a major area of operation and I was taken there often to make drug connections for Nelson Rockefeller and the CIA. I think Rockefeller was manipulated by the CIA. I think they may have blackmailed him for things that they knew about him. I don't know for sure.

In New York, the Times Square Clock Tower was the site of many drug deals with Rockefeller and the CIA working together. On one deal my programming and information was as follows: "Meet me in Times Square. You will be known by your fruits. Go to the fruit stand and buy (always different combinations of fruit) an apple, two pears, a banana and two oranges, then walk over and sit on the bench and set your fruit out next to you on the bench so it can be seen. Give the man who sits down and eats the apple the message. Only give the message if he eats the apple. Give no one else the message." Once the man arrived and ate the apple, the message was to tell the man where to pick up the drugs.

It was dangerous business and they stationed three men on rooftops who were armed with high-powered rifles to protect and watch over the drug deal. They said that I was too important an asset to risk losing. Years before, I had been programmed to say to anyone who attempted to access me without permission, "Hi, stupid. Men who don't value their life mess with me when my owner is not around. But it's the last time they ever do."

Opium, heroin, and cocaine sales went down. All I had to do was to tell them where it was located.

There were also drug deals locally in California. These took place over the years at Disneyland, Busch Gardens, Knott's Berry Farm, World Fairs and other public places. These transactions occurred when I was with other people, like my family or friends, who took me to the location under the guise of 'a day of entertainment.' I was instructed to deliver information to a man who made himself known to me. My controllers told me what type of clothing the man would be wearing and what color hat. When I saw the target that matched the physical description that I was preprogrammed to look for, I excused myself from my friends and family, telling them I had to go to the bathroom. When the target made contact with me, I would ask him a question, like, if he wanted a 'Twinkie.' If he said yes, then I'd deliver the message to him. There was always a precise word combination he would have to say back to me in response to my question. Then and only then would or could I robotically deliver the message.

There were numerous drug and/or munitions transactions that I was used to facilitate that took place all over the world in conjunction with other outings I was taken on.

Reagan was in New York often. It was called a "Double Whammy" when I would sleep with and deliver a message to Reagan, and then deliver the message back to the Council. I usually had sex with Reagan after the drug deals. I don't think he knew about them. It was a separate deal. But, they combined the two jobs for me into one time frame, for efficiency.

Mondavi Winery

Robert Mondavi had a Lear jet. Craig took me to the Mondavi Cellars in Napa Valley, California in the wine country. There was a man to whom I was programmed to give numbers of accounts that Alan Greenspan had set up for him to launder certain monies through. I never spent the night with Craig during that trip through the wine country, though it was supposed to be our time away together, for just the two of us. All I consciously remembered until later was stopping at winery after winery, yet I usually didn't taste the wine. I slept with Mr. Mondavi; he always wore a suit or very nice casual clothes. He was "dapper," as Bob would say.

Big Sur, California

When Craig and I went to Big Sur for weekends away, we often went to a beautiful restaurant called Napenthe. It was located on a crag overlooking the ocean and at night

it took on a magical glow, cast by the many tiny candles lit all over the restaurant. Craig got us a nice table and we sat down and then a switch would occur. When he got up to go to the bathroom, another man came and sat down next to me in Craig's place. I ended up having sex and delivering a message to this man. There were many such occasions where Craig "moved over" and changed places with governors, or presidents, or entertainers - whomever my controllers needed me to be with.

"For there is nothing covered up, that will not be revealed; or hidden that shall not be known. Therefore whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have whispered in private rooms shall be proclaimed upon the housetops."-- Luke 12: 2-3

Chapter Fifteen: Hope and Kissinger Utilize the Kennedy Family

I remember being taken to a place where a huge green lawn defined by a white fence traveled as far as the eye could see. From what I understood, this was the home of the Kennedy family for generations. Joseph and Rose, the older Kennedys lived there. There was a big two-story white house that had a porch on the outside and a big circular driveway in front. This is where the Kennedy family met for family gatherings and annual reunions. Joe and Rose invited the entire family. I was there, dressed as a maid for the day, in a black dress and little white apron. It was my job to deliver the "goodies" on a silver platter. But there were lots of maids on hand for these types of occasions so when I slipped off with one of the Kennedy men, I wasn't missed. I usually started off serving hors d'oeuvres, but when a Kennedy man approached me and gave me the eye, I was instructed to continue holding my tray, so it still looked like I was working as we walked into the house. Then we would go to a back bathroom or bedroom for sex. Later, I would reappear, carrying my tray of food. Then I would mingle and usually would be approached again, so the whole routine started all over again and I would sexually service another of the Kennedy men.

I got started "maidtressing," as Bob jokingly called it, at their parties when I was a young preteen, "going on twenty-five," when I went there the first time. The younger men in the family selected me but it didn't take long for the word to get around and the older men wanted a try. I looked older than twelve.

The programmed personality for these parties felt that JFK taught me a lot. He played with me in a teasing, fun-loving way, so different than Ted who was so violent. After dinner JFK often went into the family television room. He sat on the couch, put his feet up on the coffee table and leaned back to watch television. He liked to have a short afterdinner drink. He didn't care if he was watching alone, he laughed and laughed at the shows he watched. He was an unusually cheerful man most of the time.

When JFK was assassinated, they told me before they did it, and after they had killed him they said to me, "He is the President and we can make him live or make him die

and no one would ever miss you should you step out of line. Then we would have to take care of you, like your little boyfriend JFK."

It was sad the year JFK died. Everyone wore black and Rose, sitting in her wheelchair, kept crying. It was a very sad affair. I think the sex was down that year because evidently some of the men were genuinely grieving. Jackie cried a lot at family parties after he died. She had a hard time adjusting at first but the Kennedy family stood by her and helped her. She sat with the ladies and cried, and they listened and supported her.

Ted Kennedy was brutal. He was one of the most violent and meanest men I was with. He liked to have sex with me anywhere and everywhere he could, but he especially liked to have sex in cold climates in rooms with a fireplace. One place had a big rock fireplace and he made a big fire and then wanted to have sex all night. When he neared orgasm he would slap and beat me. He hit me so hard it felt like my head would explode. Then in his proper Kennedy accent, he would call me a "c--t." He liked to tie my arms over my head to the headboard or if there wasn't anything to attach my hands and wrists to, he would tie them tightly together. Lots of times he made me stay tied up for a long time. He liked to hand cuff me also. He was really into bondage and if I ever neared any sexual pleasure he would start hitting and slapping me, and once that began it was like he couldn't stop himself and quickly escalated into extreme violence. He seemed to require that in order to orgasm.

I was flown to him in the New England States. At dusk, we walked outside together in a forest. There was a real chill in the air. He told me to strip and I was forced to take my clothes off outside in the cold. He ordered me to dance around the forest like I was a fairy. Then he laughed like he was drunk or out of his mind. He had a rifle with him and he shot it into the air and it really scared me. He said he shot the gun just so my nipples would stand up.

There were other times after he finished violently satisfying himself with me that he would break down and cry. He was very disturbed. But the hurting he delivered never stopped. He used me often until I was just over twenty-five.

Bob offered my services to the Kennedys any time they wished. He said they could count on my yearly service at their family get-togethers. Bob told them, "It's so nice to get good help and it's so wonderful when they are versatile!" Then he laughed and pointed to me. So I was sent in year after year.

Over time, I had to have sex with all of the Kennedy men, including little John. He wasn't very old when they first brought him to me. Probably about twelve. They believe in training their males at an early age by expert women so that they will continue the Kennedy power that they felt was derived from sex. In their eyes to have sex was to be powerful.

Rose seemed to be a matriarch. From what I saw, she ran the family. She seemed to influence Joseph's decisions in business and would make it known when the family sat

down to eat, usually at very long tables. She gave an update on their lives and then went on to give information on family business investments, trade, etc. Some relatives took notes and must have gone right home and followed through on Rose's suggestions. After she finished she would smile and look around at her family with such love. Then she sat down. Rose had a very commanding presence about her. She had more dignity than I witnessed in the Royal family in England. She just demanded respect and she got it. They seemed to treat her very carefully, not ever wanting to offend her. They had very formal, picture perfect dining tables and dinners, complete with a huge staff of waiters and waitresses. I hardly ever had to work as a waitress because usually one of the men would get a 'headache' or have to 'go to the bathroom' before, during, or after dinner. Instead, I was more often in a side bedroom wearing a skimpy french maid's uniform and sexually satisfying one of the Kennedy men. I was never instructed to do two at once, though - they politely took turns. As far as I know, Rose never discovered their secret game.

Bob continually offered the Kennedy family clan my services, for free, and kept sending me there. So the Kennedys and Bob always had a good thing going, always scratching each other's back. Bob played golf with one or more of them and took me along to caddy, when they visited him in the Springs. There were times when three other sex slaves and I would have sex with one of them. The Kennedy men can't have too many women. I don't think all of the Kennedys golfed. Ted came along even if he didn't golf. He would get a room on the golf course and perform violent sex on me. Afterwards he would drag me back to Bob, who would be in the middle of his game and Bob would absentmindedly tell him to leave me with him. Bob was so focused on his game he didn't notice if I had blood on my face or body, or if I was a wreck, and I would have to follow Bob on the green and do whatever he asked until we left the golf course. Then he would want me to get down on my knees and give him oral sex in the back of the limo.

The Kennedys usually had their own means of transportation and drove separately. It seemed like it must have been in the family will that they had to drive in their own limos, with their own drivers. But Bob took advantage of us being alone in his limo; he never missed the chance for sex.

My daughter Kelly was prostituted to the younger Kennedy men. They had a lot of boys. The Kennedy boys were taught early how to 'handle' their women. And I was there to teach them about sex and they were learning how to handle a slave. They knew they could have anything they wished from me, and that I was totally subservient. They weren't old enough to be trusted with the full mind-control information. They had to be initiated first into the family secrets.

Kelly and I sometimes worked together at the Kennedy's. Sometimes Ted liked to have the "motherdaughter sex team" that our controllers programmed us to be. Ted always violently hurt us both. He had a son, who liked to pick Kelly for sex. He took her off by the hand when she was still a little girl, and he was much older.

All the Kennedy brothers - JFK, Ted, and Robert - had sons, and there were a lot of

other elite families who carried the same sexual beliefs in regard to their men. And Bob gave me to lots of them, as he arranged for them to have me inconspicuously at their parties as a "maidress."

I overheard Rose talk about the fact that some of the Kennedy money was tied directly into NASA "subprojects" they funded and somehow there was a huge profit from it. That's why there's the Kennedy Space Center. NASA is much more than it seems. Research has included "inner space stations," which was the term I heard used at times in relation to the mind. The Kennedys always wanted to be on the leading edge of technology. "First is best," they said. Rose was a shrewd businesswoman. She delivered the facts while Joe sat beside her. It definitely looked like she wore the pants in the family.

I never did have sex with Joe. He was elderly and mostly sat around and talked. I think he knew about me, though. I could tell by the look in his eyes that he somehow understood, but I believe that his sons kept the truth from him about my being under total mind control. I overheard Ted say to one of his brothers that, "he wouldn't be able to understand the technology." This leads me to believe that Joe was unaware of the mind control technology.

The wives and women in the Kennedy clan seemed oblivious of what was going on. Once they got together and began talking they didn't seem to notice where their husbands, sons, boyfriends, etc. were. The men sent me in to serve them tea when they were all together so the women would see me being busy. But I usually had sex with many of their husbands, sometimes more than once, before the party was over. I served the women tea an inordinate amount of times so they wouldn't suspect that I was doing anything else.

They even brought in other people's sons who were not relatives, but they were somehow connected to the family - maybe through distant marriage or something. They switched me, gave me instructions and then gave me their son. They wanted all these young men to carry on in the Kennedy tradition. If they were not actually close family relatives they would say they wanted them to lend their support always to the Kennedy family. It seemed like a one for all and all for one type situation.

Rose approved of Jackie. She thought Jackie was the greatest and spoke to her often at family gatherings. Joan Kennedy was always jealous of everyone, especially her sisters-in-law. She often drank until she got drunk and obnoxious. "An embarrassment to the family," is what they always said. And Ted treated her awfully.

As Joe got older, he was confined to a wheel chair. The last time I saw him he was tied into his wheelchair and had some sort of IV or oxygen unit with him. Then he died and wasn't there the next time I went. I knew because I was updated, by closed circuit television (room 222), what the family news was so I could have appropriate conversations with the Kennedys. They are connected to the Council and represent them heavily. Joseph Kennedy was big in business and had holdings that were well

connected. What I overheard was that when their money was connected, it was protected and thereby guaranteed a place in the power structure. But the money, the big money, had to come before a person was accepted. The theory was that if a person could amass money then it proved they were smart enough, and if they knew how to get it 'connected' then they were pliable enough, and if they followed through on what was asked of them they could become RICH and FAMOUS. Then all that was left to do was to create a media public identity to portray whatever image they wanted projected by the media industries they funded. It was all a big cycle where one fed into another and they all ended up on top.

Bob knew the protocol with the Kennedy family. He was always kind and gracious and giving, and his nasty jokes about the elite were watered down whenever it came to any of the Kennedys because he didn't ever want to be in disfavor with them.

Bob also sent me to different vacation spots around the world, to entertain certain members of the Kennedy family. He never minded paying what he called, "Big bucks," to fly me to someone who could make a difference. Then he would say, "Ah, yes!" and get that little sly smile on his face. He knew that the connections into powerful leaders and influential people would pay off very handsomely. So he didn't mind paying to fly me, and later, me and "my little filly," as he called Kelly, all over the world, sometimes on the Concorde.

"So I declare to you, brothers, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, nor does their perishable inherit the imperishable. Listen, I tell you a mystery: We will not all sleep, but we will all be changed - in a flash, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet." -- 1 Corinthians 16

Chapter Sixteen: Viva Las Vegas

The Council targeted and used areas like Las Vegas and Tahoe that drew large crowds. They also were aware that when people were drinking alcohol and watching a show, their subconscious minds were even more open to taking in deeply what they were viewing. They knew all about harmonics and they used people who were big stars to deliver their messages. There were times when they didn't have their programmed entertainers in place at shows, so they didn't have an inside connection to the show talent in order to direct them to deliver their messages to the crowd. If this occurred they would send someone to attend the show. Preferably before the show or at intermission, this person would request of the master of ceremonies to ask this entertainer to say some specific words in a certain order, explaining that it would mean so much to a certain special person in the audience, and then they would slip the M.C. a large sum of money. Later on, the celebrity performing the show would deliver the preplanned words that were meant to have an "intended programmed effect" on certain programmed mind-controlled slaves in the audience. If the performer was under mind control he or she would have been preprogrammed to deliver the activating messages during the performance.

Metro Goldwyn Meyer (MGM) Grand was synonymous with the Mob and the Hollywood celebrity connection in Vegas. The hotels were small complex microcosms of an otherwise corrupt group of mobsters owning their share of 'the strip.' The hotels were a way of sorting their interests.

Bob Hope had ties to the MGM Grand and directly to the Mob that owned and ran it. I was used there with many mobsters; wealthy men who were sometimes ruthless but many times seemed to have large emotions and loyalties to certain causes.

Vegas held a lot of memories for me in the late 60's and early 70's, during the peak of my use with Hope, Nixon, Reagan, Kissinger and others. To insure their secrecy, I was taken to Vegas for "reconditioning" every so often. These times included trauma to keep the experiences sequestered from my conscious mind. After my children were born, they tied the memory of the trauma to threats used to remind me of the safety or lack of it for my children in order to keep their secrets really safe. These mob guys (Sicilian mostly) had lots of money and power in their own respective territory. That was as far as their power went, so they created a network amongst each other to insure their power in many places. They formed links to government 'political' figures in an effort to insure that they didn't lose their precious 'holdings' in areas that counted. Drugs, porn, baby sales, prostitution--they made their money wherever they could in order to keep their holdings.

After I sexually serviced Bob Hope in Vegas, I would often be visited by one of his mob buddies who would "give me the treatment." That meant drug me, isolate me, and rape me whatever trauma it took to keep my programming intact for use with Bob, the "Prez" and others. They were brutal, and knew just how to terrorize me but not physically damage me too much just inflict a lot of pain. The Mob was very connected to Bob and various government operations, and had their own pecking order that needed to be followed to insure that a person stayed alive. The Council was above the Mob, above the government, and literally coordinated how things went down with the Mob; and ultimately was instrumental in taking away much of their power and then redistributing it as needed.

During the trauma the mobsters sometimes called me "deafling," and told me the walls in Vegas had eyes and ears and could watch and hear me at all times, and that there were powerful men there who could see me all the time.

Frank Sinatra

Bob gave me to "Uncle Frankie" one night after Frank Sinatra did a show in Vegas. Frank liked to use whips and chains and those very scary leather straps with me. He liked to orgasm while I was lying there on my back with him on top, while he continually tightened the leather strap around my neck until I was nearly dead - at that point he could orgasm. I had sex with him often and did the things he told me to do. One time he told me to go over to the man wearing the diamond stickpin and give him a message, "I love you..." I wasn't able to retrieve all of this memory because it turned into carousel rides, whirling, spinning, like a top, so I couldn't think to remember. This programming is

called spin programming and is intended to disorient and confuse. The whirling feeling I felt in my brain was often combined with hearing a popular song playing in my head, as the lyrics reminded me, "I'm so dizzy my head is spinning."

The whole Las Vegas scene was always an extremely painful nightmare for me. I was subjected to lots of violence there from Frank Sinatra, "to keep all the little secrets quiet," he said. He was brutal to me. He tied me up, down, tied my wrists together, slapped me over and over, used bright lights, raped me and strapped me with a leather belt. Vegas was never fun. Porn was also filmed there and I was prostituted to high government officials and friends of Bob. Uncle Frank took care of the "security" so I didn't ever step out of line. The consequences were disastrous every time I stepped out of line. There was a number system that measured things I did wrong - if I disobeyed in any way, I was marked down a certain number of points. Only I didn't ever know what the number system was or how it worked. So I never knew if I'd reached the point where I had to be "taken care of." It was very scary and I was always confused and couldn't think because I didn't know, couldn't remember, what it was that was bad to do. So I was afraid everything I was doing could cause some point to be added or taken away. They kept score for years and the stakes went up after I had the kids. Then they threatened to hurt them or when the kids were older they put me in front of all three of my children, and got very close to killing me, in order to traumatize all of us, so we wouldn't remember. In later years my little daughter, Kelly was often prostituted to many famous and sexually perverted men, including pedophiles like George Bush, Mickey Rooney and others.

Uncle Frank was younger than Bob, and Bob said Frank could run faster to catch me if the need ever arose. Uncle Frank was the single worst heavy with me - except for Ted Kennedy, Francois Mitterand, and my own father. Frank was very scary and I reported to him directly in Vegas. I met with him upstairs and listened and followed his every direction. I went into a hypnotic trance and listened carefully, and then he would snap his fingers to switch me into another personality, and later on I would do everything as he commanded.

"Uncle Frank" told me who to sit by at the baccarat, black jack or crap tables. He told me what to say to certain men, where and how to have sex with them and gave me a key to the rooms to take them to. These men had two hours of sheer luxury and sex, and sometimes it ended with me soaping them down and redressing them. Sex, whipped cream, chocolate sauce, whatever they wanted for added pleasure. Whips and chains and leather straps, that Uncle Frank often used to nearly strangle me, were provided to these men.

Frank was very private about his private life - to the point of violence if anyone ever asked him anything. Bob had to remind Frank that I was of small stature and told him he didn't want him to "break anything" on me. Frank could get very carried away. Once, he grabbed my hair and kept pushing my head into a full tub of water until I couldn't breathe and was gagging, choking and grasping for air. Uncle Frank was the one who made me really sick in Vegas. He nearly killed me and knew all kinds of ways to torture

a person. I saw him break a guy's arm on the corner of a desk, very easily, like it was a pretzel. The guy fainted. He loved to do stuff like that to people. But I did the men Uncle Frank told me to, and did the best job I possibly could, or there would be retaliation. If I didn't perform to their standards I got hurt very badly. Uncle Frank would throw me up against walls and when my body hit, I felt like I was broken. "Body slams," he called them, and I got a lot of those. He nearly killed me after I was with some darkskinned, foreign leader dressed in a white robe with a white turban on. This man was brutal also. Frank shaved my pubic hair for this man. That was also scary. Frank told Bob he wanted to do it himself, so he took me into the bathroom in the hotel and took one of those big electric shavers and made me lie down on the floor and spread my legs so he could shave me. He pinched and nicked me with that razor, and just laughed when I jumped from the pain. Tears were running uncontrollably down my face, I wasn't allowed to cry but somehow, sometimes I just couldn't help it. One of the personalities that dealt with Uncle Frank was tied directly into a system of reporting personalities, led by 'Sandy,' my main reporting personality. These personalities reported everything that happened, out of trauma-conditioning, training and terror, with no ability to lie or protect themselves.

Often I was given instruction by a group of men in a darkened, smoke-filled room in Vegas. The man in charge of the security area I entered, knew me, and always waved me through. These men seemed to operate above the law, above the rules, and had connections inside lots of casinos. The messages I delivered were gambling tips, information about drug and guns deals, and other illegal and hidden agendas. "Number 9 on the line," was a code I was given and was sent in on many different men with a pre-programmed agenda. I was told a man's physical description and where he would be at a precise time. I met him and delivered the messages I was told to relay. If the man wanted more, I was instructed to "follow through," if they wanted sex. At times, though, I was told to "give them the slip," if my controllers didn't want me to have sex with them.

These top men all knew to watch out for me and someone was always "keeping an eye" on what I was doing. My father or mother just disappeared, as usual; I don't know where they went or what they were doing while I was working for my controllers in Vegas. My father had connections to these men, but they tried not to be seen together. They exhibited secret hand signals to each other from a distance. I watched as my father performed these signals, and in Vegas he always wore his diamond pinky ring. He raised his hands, crossed his arms and displayed his first two fingers. Then he shook his arms down once. A man watching him mirrored the same motion back to him then scratched his nose, after which they immediately turned away from each other. My father took me up to our hotel room where he escorted me around the room and "cued" me to certain things in the room. I was given suggestions that whenever I touched the gold fixtures in the bathroom I would forever forget what I'd been involved in. While holding my right shoulder with his hand, my father gave me the suggestion, "you will open the door, normally, and naturally, wide awake and ready for work, whenever I knock twice." He knocked twice on the door to demonstrate. He cued me to the telephone, either instructing me to answer it or later on when I was married to let Craig

answer. At times my father would bring clothing, jewelry, or props for assignments. In a total trance state, I listened intently while he filled my head with instructions - times to report to different room numbers, who to look for and the message to deliver. My father would "snap me out of it," by snapping his fingers. There were times he slapped me to access different personalities.

Sometimes they had me so booked with men for sex that they had to program me to go to the bathroom in between men; I was so robotical I wouldn't remember to go to the bathroom or even be able to feel that I had to. I was just one big act, as I went from room to room with sometimes as many as four men a night. Each man had to have at least two hours. Bob said that was minimum time to have to wind up and then have to wind down (he pretended he was screwing something tightly and then he changed directions and started humping). I looped all around the hotels, from room to room, having sex with men. I was instructed to start at 8 p.m. and then did another man at 10, and one at 12, and the last at 2. At 4 a.m. I was finished. It was a nightmarish swirl of endless men. I performed the sex acts, was electroshocked in between and then switched personalities and went on. They were Bob's friends, Uncle Frank's friends, mob connections, entertainers and politicians. They had lots of friends between the two of them. They nearly owned Congress.

Uncle Frank reminded me I'd be meeting St. Peter if I didn't cooperate and toe the line. He told me about St. Peter at the Pearly Gates and explained why I would be there - which was because he needed to kill me because I stepped out of line. This was in the late 60's and early 70's, before my kids were born. Once they were born these men used threats related to my kids to terrorize me. Bob would throw his arm around Uncle Frank's neck, wink at him and say, "Take care of her Frank." That's when I knew I had gotten out of line again and was terrified, waiting in anxious anticipation for my punishment. Frank slapped me over and over, sometimes until my cheeks were stinging and burning like they were on fire. Then he would throw his head back and laugh. He was obviously very sadistic.

Sometimes Bob would fly in just to have a quick meeting with Frank. Sometimes I flew with him for a quickie.

Brutal pornography was filmed at the Landmark Hotel in Vegas during my late teens and early 20's (1968-74). They used costumes and sex toys, and had themes for the porn that was often violent. At times people were killed in the porn. They didn't kill me because I was a programmed asset and they had far-reaching plans for me.

Uncle Frank could have had me killed if he wanted to. He had friends who killed people quickly and neatly. He showed me what his friends could do and I was forced to watch as they tortured and killed people. Then I knew I could be snuffed at any moment and that everyone, including Bob, knew what I was doing. I couldn't comprehend that there wasn't any mysterious, miraculous reason why they knew exactly where I was; in essence, they knew because they had sent me there! In my programmed reality I believed that my controllers magically knew everything I did.

Uncle Frank played the following song for me to listen to, the words of which I will write as well as my memory serves me:

"Anybody here seen my ole' friend John? Can you tell me where he's gone?
You meet a lot of people but it seems the good they die young,
you just look around and they're gone.

Anybody here seen my ole' friend Martin? Can you tell me where he's gone?
You meet a lot of people but it seems the good they die young,
you just look around and they're gone.

Anybody here seen my ole 'friend Bobby? Can you tell me where he's gone?
You meet a lot of people but it seems the good they die young,
you just look around and they're gone."

While I listened, strapped to a chair, Uncle Frank sat and tapped his foot and when the song was finished he asked me, "You got that?" Then he slapped me over and over. He said the Kennedy brothers got what they deserved for being stupid and stepping out of line. He said, "At anytime you could be next if you get stupid on me." I still feel like crying when I hear that song.

Tahoe was connected to the Mob also and many entertainers performing in Vegas and Tahoe/Reno were used by the Mob. I believe Helen Reddy and Karen Carpenter may have been manipulated also. I was programmed to some of Karen Carpenter's songs and felt very sad when she died, like I knew her. I believe she was also under mind control. Bob supplied the Mob with illegal business and access to his political connections, and they supplied him with protection and connections all over the world. They were networked up, and inter-linked all over the place. There were certain favorites in Vegas that Bob shared me with.

Jimmy the Greek was a very scary mobster to me. He would threaten to kill me if I even looked the wrong way. He constantly changed his mind about what he wanted and it was hard to please him or to get what he instructed right. He would tell me to do something and then he would change his mind, but forget to tell me. He slapped me to the ground for not doing what I was told. He set up connections in Las Vegas and was in charge of sending me out to targeted individuals, but he always "wanted a little," before he sent me to have sex with someone else. I remember his visual image in my mind as a dark-complexioned mobster, and he spoke in that 'kind of mob accent' - broken and slangish English. He spoke in different sing-songy "lines" and I didn't always know what they meant. He gave me a message for Bob and included some phrase about a "donkey's tail" or "elephant's ears" and, at that time, I didn't know what the message meant. Now that I am free of mind control, of course I can tell what the nature of the messages were that were being sent through me, and this one obviously was referring to the political parties. He wore a diamond pinky ring on his left hand. I think wearing diamond pinky rings on their left had meant something, because my father also

wore his diamond pinky ring whenever he took me to Vegas.

Jimmy the Greek directed me often in Vegas and set me up with people I was to be prostituted to. Of course, the Council had previously pre-programmed me for use with the people Jimmy the Greek put me with. I don't know how they all knew whom I was going to be with, but Bob Hope, Henry Kissinger and the Council always decided ahead of time. Maybe Jimmy was working for them in Vegas.

During the late 60's and 70's, lots of big names were in Vegas and I was prostituted to them at night. Elvis, Sammy Davis, Jr., Ed McMahon, Johnny Carson, Jimmy Dean, and others. My father took me to Vegas until I was over twenty-one years old, after that, my husband and I went without my parents. Craig would take me up to the room after a dinner show and tell me he would be back later, that he was going down to gamble. I often begged my husband not to leave me, but he acted like I was overreacting and would leave me anyway. Soon after he left, the men in suits would come and get me, and I would be taken to perform for our controllers.

More About Elvis ...He Was Also A Robot

The Mob and others had hold of Elvis Presley. Uncle Frank sent me in on Elvis to perform "favors." I was instructed to have sex with him and tell him things that they wanted him to know or say in a show or a song, or to do. If he didn't do as they said, they threatened or tortured him or "his ole lady," as he called her. I didn't know who she was, couldn't think to. They ruled Elvis and sent me in before his shows to instruct him what to say or do during his next performance. He was usually so out of it on drugs that he couldn't "do the sex thing," he'd say, so I would tell him what to say or whatever the message was to deliver to the audience. After that, Elvis would pass out on the bed, perspiring. He was handsome, even when he was like that, until he started gaining all the weight. Then he looked very pathetic.

I was used with Elvis until he died. The last time they sent me in to be with him he was nearly unconscious. I don't know what they did to him but they used him up and then felt afraid he would "crack" and spill what he knew so they kept him drugged until they couldn't safely use him anymore and then he "died." Of course it wasn't an accident or a natural death, he had a lot of help from his controllers.

Elvis was targeted heavily by these men. When I was given messages to deliver to Elvis or others, they would inject my arm with some drug and then unless I had been pre-programmed, they quickly whispered the message into my mind files and sent me off to deliver them to Elvis. Then Elvis would use the phrases he was told as he introduced his songs or in the early days they might have become a part of new song lyrics. Just a single key phrase was enough to keep the programmed individuals, who later heard the introduction or song, under control. Then, many slaves were "drawn to him," or they did things as a result of the effects of the harmonics in his voice, in his music, and in the orchestration. But at concerts the messages were often delivered directly through words he would use to introduce his songs. He was no different than Michael Jackson, who replaced him in many ways. In my opinion, both were controlled.

My controllers often gave me the key to his suite and sent me there late at night with a message to deliver after sex with 'The King.' In the beginning, when I was 18, 19, and 20, he was more receptive and we had sex, usually with me on top most of the time and then I would whisper the message in his ear. Sometimes the messages to him were in the form of words from his own songs, but all the words weren't there and it would take on a different meaning. Like, "Wise men say, only fools rush in," and then there would be words, numbers, or codes that I delivered that I didn't even understand. He was told certain 'lines' to say in between certain songs and I feel he may have been keeping many women 'in line' and programmed by these phrases. When he slipped the messages in between songs, as pre-instructed, the messages went deeply into the subconscious minds of the audience, especially to those individuals who were programmed to react to universal words that are common to virtually all high-level, programmed individuals. They are simple words that when put into a certain sequence have a great impact on people who have been pre-conditioned with programming.

In his later years, when I was in my early twenties, Elvis became more and more 'out of it' when I went into his suite. He was always alone when I got there, which surprised me. He was usually already in bed asleep and I'd be given the key to go in and he wouldn't even sit up or act surprised that I was there. He was totally out of it from his addictions to drugs and alcohol. Elvis had tons of pill bottles on the nightstand, and groggily said he needed them all. Sometimes he was even listless and couldn't have an erection; any attempt at sex was futile. So I couldn't always do my job as instructed, but would give him the verbal messages and then slipped out, always "leaving the key behind with the memories," as my programming dictated.

From my experience I believe Elvis was a puppet, a pawn, and in the end, totally directed and, finally, used up by these men in control of him.

It was my experience that the images he portrayed on stage were nothing like how he was in private. To demonstrate this, I'll share what I remembered; but, before I do, I will tell you that retrieving these memories was very sensorially uncomfortable, due to the completeness of the olfactory portion of the memory. You'll understand as you read further.

It was late at night when I entered Elvis's room. He was lying in bed, still adorned with the gold jewelry and white suit he wore in concert. I watched as he finished his room service dinner and then I waited while he threw up in the bathroom. He was very mad at himself because he was so fat and he said he had to lose weight for the shows. I guess he made himself throw up. All I really know is that I overheard him throwing up in the bathroom and when he came back to the bed, he smelled like vomit. It wasn't long before he jumped up again and I followed him as he went back into the bathroom. He cried as he stood in front of the mirror, and hitting the counter with both hands he screamed, "I hate my life! Everything's out of control and now you want me to f--k you and I can't! I'm ruined! I'm a failure!"

I put my hand on his back in support and then on the back of his neck. As he felt my touch, his head hung down even further over the sink and he cried, "God, I'm a mess. I don't know what happened, just all of a sudden, I'm destroyed." Then he screamed, "What is wrong? What is wrong with me!" and he started pulling his hair. I pulled him up. When he turned around I hugged him and he just kept crying and crying and almost collapsed in my arms. I guided him back to bed and helped him lay down. He was sideways on the bed but I couldn't get him straightened out so as programmed, I lay next to him and rubbed his chest. His shirt was opened and his very hairy chest turned me on, but he was passed out. His mouth was open and he was breathing but he was totally out of it. I covered him with the bedspread and tiptoed out of the room.

My father was standing outside, just down the hallway. He was wearing a beige suit and when he snapped his fingers, with the hand wearing the diamond pinky ring, I listened intently to all the directions he commanded and he told me to follow him. He guided me downstairs to my room with Craig, unlocked and opened the door and waited for me to get inside before he hit me high in my back with a stun gun. I collapsed to the floor and he pulled the door shut. He almost slammed me in the door. I just lay there awhile and then when, "I came around" (that's what they called it), I crawled to the bathroom and managed to get into the bathtub. The soothing water revived me but I felt very sick, drugged and out of it. I had trouble keeping my eyes open but managed to get out of the tub, dry and put on a white nightie to wear to bed. Slowly and wobbly, I shakily made my way to the bed and got in next to Craig. I felt very sick for the next two days and had trouble eating. I felt exhausted and very nauseated, but had no way to access my own brain in order to know why.

After awhile Elvis couldn't function any longer. Henry and his buddies laughed and said that Elvis was like the tin man, all rusted up and ready for the junkyard. They waited for him to become seriously dysfunctional from the increasing amount of drugs prescribed by his doctors. Then they "stopped his ticker for him so he didn't have to suffer no more." I think Frank and his friends were in on the "do in."

Playing Goldilocks and The Three Bears

Bob called it "Playing Goldilocks and the Three Bears." And he had me play that game with him and his friends in Vegas and other places. Some nights in Vegas, I'd play Goldilocks looking for a good bed with Dean Martin, Gene Kelly, Mickey Rooney (until Kelly was born). Mickey Rooney is, among other things, a pedophile and was afraid of publicly being caught with a child but he felt safe having a slave child. He thought he wouldn't be caught.

Gene Kelly liked to do the ole' soft-shoe for me. He always smelled of a different sort of weird cologne like Au de Bamboo. It was spicy and he'd wear a silk robe and dance around like he was in some musical play, before he sat down on the edge of the bed for me to attend to him. I took off his robe, kneeled down and gave him oral sex while he was sitting up. Half way through I gently pushed him back on the bed with the instructions to, "lay back so you can totally relax and enjoy. That's what my command is for you." And as he came in my mouth, I ate it like it was frosting, as my programming

dictated, "good to the last drop," and finally I looked deeply in his eyes and said, "You were delicious."

Nearly asleep he said, "Thank you, please let yourself out." So I did. But I didn't know where to go so I just sat down on the top of the large staircase leading downstairs.

My mom came to get me. She walked up the stairs dressed in a light brown fur jacket and a beige brown knit dress with sandled high heels and took me by the hand and led me downstairs. When I was really out of it she led me almost like I was blind. I can remember hearing her charm bracelet jingling. She often put my left arm under hers and "walked me places." One night Frank Sinatra intercepted her in an elevator while she was walking me back to the room, and roughed her up in front of me, to show us both who was in charge. Due to mind control, my mother still doesn't remember this or any other of the traumatic experiences that were done to her in order to keep us all under control.

More About the Mob

Some of the same factions of the Mob that were connected to the Kennedy's were also connected to President Nixon, Reagan and other presidents. Obviously this faction had become connected to national politics long before I came onto the scene and was already in tight, running a lot of business through the government and taking full advantage of political knowledge, insight, and position. I know because I ran messages from the Mob to U. S. presidents and back again for years.

Key Biscayne was another location where I was connected to the Mob and was told that there was no getting out - or so they said. There was some guy they called "Freddie" and other mobsters who were politically connected. BeBe Rebozo was connected to the Mob and to Nixon and he was public but not as mob-connected as the inner Mob. It was almost like BeBe was an ambassador to the Mob.

The mob guys scared me because for the most part they got what they wanted, any way they wanted and, often, that meant hurting me for information. One time they pinched my fingers to the point of almost smashing them. I didn't nor couldn't respond and so they kept increasing the torture. There were times when they nearly killed me trying to gain information I carried. Usually they lacked the technical knowledge of my codes, keys and triggers and didn't possess the technological sophistication to understand my programming. So, they couldn't get as much out of me as others who knew that I was a robot and could access me in that way.

One time when the Mob was interrogating me they tied me to a chair and one guy slapped me while another guy in a leather jacket asked me questions. I overheard him say, "These bastards are selling their own women. How low can you stoop?" It was incidents like these which told me that at least someone, even if it was the Mob, had some sort of humanity left within its membership.

One time, mob guys put a needle into my eye to try to get me to talk, but it didn't help.

The needle must have hit a nerve and my whole body jolted back. They couldn't understand how a woman could endure so much torture and they began to 'respect' me. They just didn't understand that I wasn't really brave, I just couldn't respond due to years of conditioning and sophisticated programming that rendered me completely dissociative and not in control of myself. By the time they figured this out they had already tortured me half to death. I was a total robot, programmed not to respond to pain or torture, and there were many mob-connected meetings in which I was involved in Vegas, Tahoe, Reno, Key Biscayne and other places. By the time they understood more about how to get information from me, my access routes or codes ended up getting passed around. My husband just stepped aside and let them have me, as he was programmed to do. There was never anyone to protect me. The Mob involvement began in my early teens and continued for years.

Sometimes when they would get me into a room in Vegas they would accuse me of "carrying a wire" but I wasn't. They would strip me to check and some goon would end up raping me. They didn't understand yet the level of sophisticated programming that allowed me to record everything I was hearing, via mind files and photographic memory. Later, my programmers would instill messages that were to "kick in" when I was accessed by the Mob. Then, upon my return, I was activated to deliver a message to them and they acted shocked when I would deliver the message. The Mob often thought I was trying to get to some of the rich tycoons that sat at the Baccarat tables. I was usually sent to target someone there but they didn't know who or why. They never seemed to know that I wasn't ever operating from my own agenda. What they had to offer the group I was working for was minimal. The Council was going for higher stakes and most of the time, they saw these mobsters as worker-bees. But they all had their places in the pecking order. Over the years I was known in Vegas by the Mob there. Some mobsters were connected to Bob Hope in Palm Springs and others to Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra.

I used to be afraid that they would kill my children or me, but it will never stop me from doing what I know is right, now that I'm no longer under mind control. Somehow or other they knew everybody and controlled factions of business, politics, and people. Mickey Levinson, said I was "family" now, after my brother Rick and his first wife Leslie (Mickey's niece) were married.

"To be afraid is to have more faith in evil than in God." -- Emmet Fox

Chapter Seventeen: The Rat Pack

"Birds of a feather, flock together..."

I was programmed to stay thin, tan, and silly, and to act like a stereotypical dumb blonde. One warm and beautiful Southern California summer day, I brushed the Malibu Beach sand from my bikini and feet, and jumped into my car to head down Pacific Coast Highway to my next assignment. Clad only in my bikini, a short white lace cover-up and sandals, I headed into the Malibu Courthouse. The woman at the desk waved me through to the judge's private quarters.

Without hesitation, I entered the judge's office and climbed into Judge Merrick's lap - sand, suntan lotion, and all. He laughed, sat back, and enjoyed the attention as I precociously performed my sexual acts on him. I satisfied him sexually and left as quickly as I had arrived. Bob had a joke for me to say to judges as a means for variety of orgasmic experiences. When a judge was orgasming he pre-programmed me to say, "Here come the judge, here come the judge," like they said on Laugh-In, the popular television show of the time.

Bob also had me instilled with top tunes, like a jukebox. I had a personality system that delivered impromptu verses from songs at the perfect time so that they would cleverly fit into a social situation. I had personalities that could sing the songs very closely to the way the original artists sang them. I knew the words perfectly and sang with similar inflections and tones as the singers. Lots of people thought I was very adroit when I cleverly popped a song into a conversation, but I was really programmed to do that.

Bob sent me to have sex with Casey Kasem, the KRLA Disc Jockey. Then the next day, I had to listen to his station all day long because he gave histories and stories about the singers of the current popular songs just before he played their records. Bob said I had to listen the whole day because it was important to "keep my lid on tight." Bob told me to think of myself as a trash can and that no matter what, he would always be there to hold the lid on. He used this trash can memory-stuffer and scrambler idea on me for a long time. My oldest brother, Jim, undoubtedly under his own programming, was used to help keep me in line by having me watch Sesame Street. I was told to sit down in front of the television and watch with his children and if my eyes moved away from the screen my brother would rap my knuckles. Watching the Cookie Monster trash can character in the show 're-minded' me to 'keep the lid on.'

During this time in my life, I was finishing up high school, and although my parents and school counselors reminded me that I wasn't college material, I was looking forward to attending junior college at Pierce College in Woodland Hills. Craig and I had been going steady since we were thirteen years old and except for a brief break-up in high school, I did not date any other boys. Craig prepared to go to the University of Colorado. I was completely unaware that secretly laced into my life was a whole array of discreetly hidden sexual rendezvous with men in powerful, yet diversified, positions.

I was filmed pornographically in many locations, including Woodland Hills, Hollywood, Malibu, Bel Aire, Studio City, other areas in the San Fernando Valley, and varied locations all over California. I also worked for a short time for Harold Anderson Construction Company in Bel Aire, but don't remember exactly what I did to work for him. I do remember lots of pornography being filmed at this stage of my life and the level of pornographic filming was more professional. There were themes, costumes, music, professional make-up, special props and lighting. Personalities inside of me were taught how to work with the lighting to catch the best poses, and to move my body so the filming crew could get the best shots. Upon completion of the filming, I went home to my mother and father in Woodland Hills and later might even go on a date with Craig,

fully believing that I was an innocent, loyal and loving girlfriend. Due to the mind control I was under, I had no way of knowing that I was leading anything other than a normal life, as a normal teenager, in a normal family, in Woodland Hills.

The extensive contact I had with Bob Hope as a teenager and during my early 20's showed me that Bob was much more than an entertainer. Entertainment was actually just a clever hobby of his. I witnessed his participation as a strategically placed, influential, and integral part of an underworld group that secretly sought to control the world. He had direct ties to the White House, but not direct phone lines like Nelson Rockefeller had. Through my affiliation with Bob Hope, I was to meet and interact with many powerful businessmen, politicians, and celebrities.

I was flown into a small airport in Palm Springs to be with Bob and his cronies. I was picked up by a silver limo and taken to his house. The men in suits met me and took me to Bob, wherever he was - at home, on the golf course, or in town. Before I was delivered to Bob, they gave me clothes, shoes, and jewelry to adorn myself.

If Bob was in a meeting or at the club with 'the guys,' he would motion me over towards him and say, "Let me have a look at you honey." He often raised his eyebrows as if to say I met with his approval and/or was sexy enough for him, and then he would pull me to him and sit me on his lap. He wanted to show his buddies that he had what he called "a sweet young thing." Depending on which crowd we were with, he would introduce me as his niece, his budding starlet prodigy, or his "sweet young thing." Bob very often introduced me as his "favorite niece, Sharon Weatherby." I guess he left people to their own conclusions. But he never did refer to me by my own name - NEVER!

I often accompanied Bob to the golf course in Palm Springs. One day he was dressed casually, in light blue slacks, pastel yellow shirt, white belt and white golf shoes. There were several other men golfing with him. I was there just to serve Bob. I was seventeen or eighteen, thin, tan, blonde and dressed in a tiny white dress with spaghetti straps. I wore white sandals that came up from my toe and met at a strap around my ankle, with a gold heart anklet on my left ankle. Bob or the men in suits always gave me everything to wear. I was not invited to play the golf game, but was instructed to watch and SMILE! This particular day Bob sang to me, as he did at other times when he was feeling jovial in spirit, "Button up your overcoat, take good care of yourself you belong to me." He sang and joked with me often like I was able to really react and respond to him. As a programmed slave, I was merely compliant and smiled all the time.

After the golf game, we all went to the clubhouse and had dinner. A lady approached with a camera, attempting to photograph Bob. The men in suits denied her access. People often tried to take pictures but he directed someone to get the camera and remove the film. He commented on how rude people were to interrupt or to invade his privacy like that. There usually were not many (if any) people in places we frequented, unless it was for a show and then he had bodyguards to protect him.

At this dinner, when his male group hit upon a "sensitive" subject, Bob asked me to go

powder my nose for awhile and handed me some money. I knew that meant to be gone for a long while. After what seemed like "a long while" had passed, I kept checking back to see if it was time for him to motion me back, as was his custom. Finally, he waved me over to join them and pulled me onto his lap.

Sometimes Bob met with men I recognized as Secret Service agents from seeing them previously with Richard Nixon or Ronald Reagan. After these "meetings" we would often go by limo to a hotel or to his home when no one was there. Most of the time his wife, Dolores, was not at home.

Bob and Dolores

On other occasions when we were with people and he wanted me to leave, Bob would pat my bottom and say good-bye with a smile. Then the men in suits would step in and get me. Usually I was taken back to his house to get ready for an evening event. Bob enjoyed having people around. He had parties attended by lots of famous people. Sometimes I was given as a gift to one or more of his friends for the night, but was programmed to return to his room to sleep. Unless Dolores was home. Dolores was not there often, but when she was, I was usually flown home early.

It was strange the few times I did see Dolores at a party, knowing that I was having sex with Bob and had accompanied him to different places with his friends and business associates. I couldn't think to question what Dolores thought her husband did!

Bob introduced me to many of his "famous" friends. At gatherings, with one arm around me he would elbow the guys and say, "Why would I want to be with an ole' bag like Dolores, when I can have this?" And his friends would laugh and nod in agreement.

Although my programming kept these activities hidden from my conscious mind, later I would wake up late in the mornings in my own bed in Woodland Hills, with burning, red eyes, feeling totally exhausted, after what I thought was a full night's sleep. I was not able to understand that the exhaustion was actually caused by food, water, and sleep deprivation, coupled with drugs and electroshock for programming purposes.

Bob had lots of security at his home in Palm Springs. The lights on the outside of his house came on at night automatically when a car approached. He also had numerous security alarms and systems in the house even a television monitor like Reagan had at his ranch. When I arrived, he would sit me on the bed and he would sit in the chair and say, "Okay, let me hear it." And I'd rattle off what Henry Kissinger told me to tell him.

Bob didn't have all the sophisticated numerical codes to my mind files that Henry did. Henry wanted it that way. I overheard Henry speak out loud to himself in front of me, saying, "I want you to be security safe." Henry put into my system of reporting personalities instructions to tell him if Bob tried anything out of line. I was instructed to report to Henry if Bob tried to access information he wasn't involved in and wasn't suppose to be privy to. Henry said, "It's none of his business."

Dolores Hope was elderly when Bob was fooling around with me; so was he, since he was nearly fifty years my senior. She did not like it when I was around and, unfortunately, Bob didn't have much of an excuse for my presence, unlike Reagan. Reagan could say I was his secretary or aide, but Bob told his wife he was spending lots of time with me to "groom me" for the shows for the boys.

I can remember hearing Dolores nagging at him while I was still there one morning after a party in Palm Springs. He lied and told her I was there with some other man at the party. Not that I did not have sex frequently with many of his friends and business associates, but this time I had not. When Dolores confronted him on these issues, Bob would stand behind her, and like a child, made faces insinuating she was going on and on and on and he was bored to tears. He heard her out, mimicking her behind her back, and then we would leave for the golf course together. But, to her face, he always played it cool, acted lovey, and sent her off shopping or vacationing. Bob called Dolores "dear" a lot. He would tell her he had to introduce me to some of his business associates so I would get to know the ropes. It was all a front, just a cover to use me for sex. Although I did meet a lot of businessmen and friends of Bob's and I did go with him, at times, to rehearse for the shows and do the voice-over tapes for some of the tours, most of it was for his sexual pleasure and to show his old friends that he could still get "the young stuff."

I certainly was never there by choice. I was a complete slave, under total mind control, with no ability to choose consciously for myself what or where I wanted to be, or even to know who I really was! I did not consciously know that I was being used in these ways. I simply thought that I was a normal student and I continued to carry the belief to my marriage bed that I was a virgin.

At times, the entertainer, Phyllis Diller, was at Bob's parties. She was really loud. She did not particularly care for me and just brushed me aside. She was always joking. Phyllis and Bob came up with one joke after another. Once when I was smiling adoringly at Bob, she yelled at me, "Wipe that smile off your face." Then she laughed that real loud laugh, and it frightened me. Bob told me not to pay attention to "that ole' bag," so I tried not to, but she was so loud it was hard to ignore her. I tried to avoid Phyllis Diller's disapproval at all costs.

At one time, Bob's bedroom was decorated in a large floral print with creme-colored background. He had a wooden bed frame and nightstands and a large closet. Sometimes there were fresh flowers placed in the room or one on the pillow. Bob usually had a new nightie waiting on the bed for me to wear and sometimes there were satin sheets on the bed. A drawer in his room was filled with all sorts of sexy panties, bras, nighties, and so on, and he said they were there just for me. He always went to the drawer and selected what I was to wear. He also had clothes in the back of his closet that were just my size. I don't know who bought them, but they always fit me. I was usually programmed to maintain a "perfect size six," although there were times I fell below that and wore a size two or four. My weight was within 99-102 lbs. in those days and I was 5' 5" tall. "Young and lovely," he would say.

Since deprogramming and speaking out publicly, I've met other programmed sex slaves who were also with Bob. Most likely we were all programmed to be the same size, and Bob just said the clothes were for me, but they were available for a number of his girls. Bob preferred 18-20 year olds.

Bob had an average size penis. Sometimes Bob frightened me during sex, when he got aggressive, but he never physically hurt me. He "let" me do everything sexually I was trained and programmed to do, but he liked to orgasm in his own way. Then he would go to sleep. As he got older, he got meaner and stranger and subconsciously I hated him. There was a small metal high voltage cattle prod that Bob would insert in my vagina at times. He used that on me after sex late at night when we were in bed. After that it was "lights out" and I didn't remember anything else.

Bob slapped me at times, if I got out of line, which was also part of a program to stay in line. When I got slapped, I would switch into a different personality and then I would be happier, more "congenial" he would say, and he would lift my chin and kiss me. Once when he was mad at me for some infraction of the rules, Bob yelled, "You're just a wind up doll - a toy for my pleasure, and don't forget it!"

Hugh Hefner's

Bob referred to me in my earlier teenage years as his "little bunny." He was friends with Hugh Hefner and Hugh came to Bob's parties sometimes. He always brought at least two women with him, usually blondes.

Starlite was my personality that Bob named to become his "starlet." He told Starlite, and other people when I was on his "arm," that he was giving me a "leg up" into the industry. My instructions were that Starlite was to wear her hair parted on the side with it combed down over one eye for a sexy look. She was to act very sexy. When Bob took me to parties he would tell everyone he was showing me the ropes, that I had endless talent and potential in the industry.

Bob took me to several of Hugh Hefner's penthouse parties in Los Angeles. On one of these occasions, Bob went all out on his outfit. He wore a grey suit and ascot with a white tux shirt and a grey top hat and white gloves. He looked 'dapper' but old to me, though his clothes were perfect - not one wrinkle. There was a door panel, with small silver buttons on it that you had to push in a certain sequence to gain access to Hefner's penthouse. Bob knew the numerical code. I watched the perfectly manicured hand that stretched out of his clean, neat, white starched shirt sleeve go out from his black jacket as he punched in the sequence.

The elevator up to Hefner's had mirrors and Bob said, "You look nice tonight, honey."

"Thanks, Bob." I replied as he took my elbow from behind and said as he turned me around, "Look into the mirror. You can see yourself over and over and over again without end. Like a file, we will slip one out of a slot or like in the jukebox when one

record is selected. This evening I want to select a sexy prom girl who is beautiful, intelligent, and submissive. Sexy is always the most important quality. Do you understand?" After I slowly nodded my head yes, he continued, "You are to stay close by my side this evening. There will be no intermissions so don't ask for any. You will simply stay close to my side. Is everything understood?"

I smiled and said yes. Next he turned me away from the 'infinity mirror' used for 'reminding' me in order to select from one of my many personalities, and we went through the elevator door as it opened moments later.

My dress made crackling noises as I walked and I had a matching black cape. When we arrived I handed my wrap to the doorman, a tall handsome man in a tux. And he, in turn, handed it to another man and replied, "This is for the lady with Bob."

Holding my cape, the older doorman looked me in the eye, and bowing his head said, "Ma'am," before leaving with my cape and Bob's show cane.

Bob took my arm and guided me over to the fireplace where a zebra painted girl walked through the fire without being burned. Her naked voluptuous body was painted all over with thick black and white paint stripes. The paint gave an appearance of dress but you could clearly see that she was naked. She smiled at Bob and continued dancing in very seductive poses within a very small area. She had a very haunting faraway look in her eyes.

There were windows all around and at night you could see a breathtaking panoramic view of all the pretty twinkling lights of the city below. They looked like jewels on a black velvet background. Bob told me that when I was "on his arm" for the evening that he was mine, but at other times he was someone else's.

The stars liked their parties because no one gawked at them like fans did in public places. Everyone was more equal and they could enjoy being normal like other people when they were at ease with peers. Hefner's parties were a place where many stars gathered and shared, a playground for the stars and their playmates. It seemed people floated in and out of Hefner's parties and there were times when there were not very many people. From what I saw people didn't necessarily come there to group together for the party. It was more like a place people got stimulated, wowed, and entertained in order to have their own private experiences and fun. Hefner's place was very modern, full of sharp lines and angles with lots of glass, and was some kind of meeting place for the stars and the wealthy upper class. Bob got ideas from Hefner's parties that he used at his own parties in "the Springs." Bob's parties were pure class, in the most exquisite Hollywood style. He had wild parties and some night's there were orgies.

Noticing Bob had arrived, Hugh Hefner came over and shook Bob's hand. Bob said, "Hal, this is my main tease ...I mean main squeeze." They both laughed and Bob leaned over and whispered something I couldn't hear to Hefner. Hefner never stayed around long to talk with Bob at the parties.

"Bob, it's good to see you." They shook hands again and Hefner placed his other hand on Bob's elbow and said, "I'll be back, don't go away, I just have to catch her before she gets away." He seemed to acknowledge his guests and then quickly excused himself. In a moment he returned and said, "Step into my kitchen."

Bob sneered and said to him, "I'll follow you anywhere the girls are!" So we followed Hefner into the kitchen where lots of playboy bunnies dressed in traditional black bunny outfits with black and white bow ties, fish net stockings, and black high heels were busy preparing food trays. Bob's eyebrows raised and with obvious sexual emphasis, he called out, "WHAT'S TO EAT!"

All the girls turned around and laughed and looking seductively at him sang out, almost in unison, "Hi, Mr. Hope!" One bunny said, "I'm available!" and she laughed as she arranged the butter squares that were stamped with the playboy insignia.

Bob said, "Well, maybe you can be course number five, honey. How's about you and I meeting at that course."

"Yes," she teased.

Bob looked around the room, "Any other's?" No one took him up on it but they smiled cordially. Bob ushered me back out to the room where the zebra girl was still dancing. "She's still at it," he announced and I smiled up adoringly at him, just like I was programmed to do.

Bob took a drink off a tray that a bunny offered him and when she offered me a choice of the different drinks, per program, I smiled and recited, "No thank you, I've had my quota for the evening." Although I'd really not eaten or drank anything for hours. Bob was good at taking a drink and then setting it down somewhere out of the way like he didn't want anyone to know he wasn't really drinking. Later on he'd take another drink or two, but I rarely saw him drink much of it before he set it down, abandoned it and moved on.

Hugh Hefner had bizarre, exotic entertainment at his parties ...naked women painted like animals ...or tamed wild animals, like lions that were 'whipped into shape' by a playboy bunny. One time he even had a man dressed like Tarzan whipping a playgirl dressed like Jane. They said the girl was not really being hurt, that it was just an illusion. I don't know if that was true. There were often scenes like that - magic sex shows.

Bob instructed me to pay attention, to watch the playboy bunnies so I could acquire 'bunny skills' and know some of the moves for our shows with the troops or get my edges polished so I'd be poised and ready for the Rockefellers. Bob was very impressed with the Rockefellers. He took me to Hefner's because he wanted me to be "bunny trained." Bob placed playboy collars on me and at other times put a diamond necklace round my neck for certain Hope occasions. It was a single row of diamonds

that fit tightly around my neck. Bob liked me to wear them in private. He said I was "in training" and that these were "training diamonds." He said that I had better get used to wearing diamonds because I would be treated right my whole life, and sometimes he called me his princess.

Food, drink, whatever anyone, except me, wanted, was always available at Hefner's parties.

Champagne fountains were popular in those days. If someone delivered a drink - champagne, wine, etc., to me, sometimes Bob would let me take it and then he would quickly whisk it away. Bob told me to hold my champagne glass and look pretty and smile but not to sip it, "Not one little sip," he said. So I didn't. He told me, "One itty bitty little sip is all it would take for your coach to turn into a pumpkin and your beautiful dress into rags. We don't want that now do we?" This reference made to the Disney classic, tied my subconscious mind back into the Cinderella programming that was installed within me for the purpose of his and others control.

I smiled sweetly and said, "No, Bob." I was not allowed to eat or drink. Bob told me to say that I had just eaten and was not hungry.

Hefner was pretty unavailable at his own parties. I never knew why. One night, he had the current centerfold do a little show for a small group of guests. She had on a red sequined body suit, red heels and a feather in her hair. She danced around and stripped for the guests. The men loved it and clapped and said, "encore, encore..." but she left and didn't return.

There were rooms people could go into to have sex if they wanted. One bedroom had a huge four poster bed with black satin sheets and comforter. Bob parked me in the corner of the room while he had sex with the playboy bunny he'd propositioned earlier. He did those kinds of things often. Having sex with an available girl at a party and then sex with me later or I'd just give him oral sex, was not uncommon, depending on his whim for the evening. Bob got this girl into bed and kissed and mauled her and then got on top and finished her. They seemed to forget that I was in the room. She had real big firm breasts, and Bob always really liked those who were as he called it, "fully endowed." After they finished they got out of bed and Bob kissed her hand and she got dressed and left, closing the big wooden double doors behind her. Bob motioned for me to come over to him and I picked his clothes up off the floor and began redressing him. He always loved that game. I held his boxers as he put first one leg in and then the other. While I helped him he said, "I don't know what I'd do without ya kid." I smiled lovingly as programmed and retrieved his shirt and helped him on with it. The buttons were difficult and he said, "Whew, it took a lot less to 'get it on' than it seemed to getting it off!" And then he'd laugh at his own sexual joke.

Bob said, "Sex is a state of mind. A state of mine I'd like to live in!" I knelt down and put his socks and shoes back on, combed his hair and we reemerged together and joined the party. I didn't know most of the people.

Bob said to a heavysset man in a tux who I also didn't recognize, "This one's mine."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, sir." I said smiling.

Quickly, Bob quipped, "She was trained at the Gloria Swanson School of Manners." And everyone around including the man laughed. The man took my hand politely but he was also laughing. I always thought people were laughing at me because I was stupid, I wasn't able to be aware that they were laughing at Bob's jokes. I never could "get" the jokes, because I was programmed not to be able to think about them.

If nothing was available to him sexually Bob would take me to a hotel or we went home and had sex. He always scored, either way.

At another Hefner party, when we arrived, Bob said to Hefner, "Look who followed me home."

Hefner said, "Not bad Bob, not bad. Hey, tell me, where were you walking? Are there any more like her?"

Bob said, "No they broke the mold after they made this one."

Hefner laughed and they shook hands again. He used both of his hands in his handshake with Bob. He reached out in a regular handshake and then put his other hand on top. In keeping with his usual routine, Hugh Hefner said, "Excuse me Bob, I have some important matters to attend to. You and your lady enjoy. That's what it's all about here." And he winked and walked away.

Tarzan and Jane and a lion were at this party. The Tarzan guy had heavy make-up that made him look tan and he had blonde hair and a beautiful body. So did Jane. The lion was very small. I was allowed to touch him and the tan fur on its back was so neat it looked like it had been evenly shaved. Suddenly, the lion turned around and opened his mouth and it really scared me! He had big teeth. Bob laughed at my reaction and said, "Honey, maybe you'd like to have one of these at home. Lions and tigers and bears, oh my!" And as he cleverly weaved in a line to 'remind' me of my Wizard of Oz programming, he laughed again and so did the people who were standing around. Little did they know that Bob Hope had just masterfully delivered one of the program phrases intended to keep me from remembering the life I was living, serving him as a total mind-controlled sex slave.

Later at the party there was a huge square-tiled shower with clear glass sides and several nozzles. Lots of men and women all got in it at the same time and rubbed soap all over themselves and then rubbed up against each other and it ended in a huge orgy. Personally, Bob liked more of the one-on-one stuff, but liked to watch me be involved with groups, or to watch individual couples have sex.

Sometimes someone from the Council pre-programmed me to deliver a message to some entertainer or celebrity at a party they knew I was going to attend. I don't think Bob even knew some of the messages I was delivering. I was instructed to hold the message until I had gotten "in" on the targeted person and then after I had made eye contact and had their full attention, I was to carefully "drop the message" always maintaining eye contact.

I was usually very quiet, and when I would deliver these Council messages, Bob was not always aware I was going to speak. He was often caught off guard and would joke about loving to be with me because he never knew what would come out of my mouth from one minute to the next. He told people that I had natural wit, but I was really programmed by others to deliver clever messages, tailor-made for certain select individuals.

At one of Hefner's parties, Bob had me wear a black, form-fitting, long slinky, strapless and low-cut evening gown. A white flower was pinned over my left breast. I carried a black clutch and wore black high heels. We arrived at the party in one of Bob's limos. The limo drivers always waited for us in case Bob wanted to leave at any time. Sometimes Bob would take me to the car for sex during the party or for a "little talk" about my behavior or about what to watch for or remember. He liked to do spankings when I was naughty and he would make me pull up my dress and lay naked over his lap to be spanked. I was trained for that to be a "turn on" and when this happened, he got real turned on and the sex was better for him.

At the parties we attended at Hefner's, the men did not usually show up with their wives. The nights I was there, it seemed like there was an unspoken rule that wives were not allowed, as if it was their exclusive 'men's club' where repeat women were occasional, but no wives allowed. The rooms were often smoky and loud and the people, especially the women, were so made up they looked plastic.

At one party, Bob took me into a back bedroom where a playboy bunny was supposed to "teach me some things." She lay naked on a white fur rug and touched herself all over in front of Bob and me. Bob stooped down and told me to quietly and gently step into her world. The two of us were touching each other while Bob said, "What a thing of beauty you both are, like a piece of beautiful artwork."

The playboy bunny took off my dress and began performing oral sex on me while Bob watched. I am not sure exactly what I "learned," but from then on, I had lots of playboy bunny costumes - bunny collars, feathers to wear on my bottom, and high heel shoes to match. I ended up "treating" many men at Bob's parties to things I had "learned."

Sometimes I danced, too. I think lots of things may have been filmed without my knowledge. They used dancing often in pornography. Bob would snap his finger when it was all over and I was to "snap out of it," get up and go home with him or do something else. Some parts of me wanted my mom to help me, or get me out of there, but she never could.

Bob would put a playboy collar around my neck and say, "Is this your necklace or your collar?" I was programmed to respond to wearing those collars. When the bunny collar was on, out came Starlite the sexy show girl personality. Sometimes Bob would put the collar on me at his home, "just for the fun of it," he would say. The diamond collars or necklaces were reserved for use with the Presidents and other higher-ups.

When it was time to leave, Bob got our coats from the butler and we left. Two younger handsome men, in suits, who were buff and looked sort of like Secret Service agents, followed directly behind us and stayed with us until we entered the black limo that picked us up out front. It seemed like they were guarding Bob until we got to the safety of the limo. Somehow the limo drivers were always there or close by and immediately brought the car around when Bob appeared. Once in the limo Bob would ask me for a foot or neck rub or oral sex and, as programmed, I complied. This night he asked for a foot massage. "Golden foot award," Bob said. "Maybe I could manage to win the golden foot award since I can't ever seem to manage a whole Oscar," he said, laughing at his own joke.

Dean Martin

I was usually one of the youngest girls at the parties and most of the men were pretty old. Dean Martin was at a party one night and he was drunk. He wanted me to sit on his lap. Looking over at Bob slyly, Dean said, "Come on Bob, share some of your pretty young stuff."

I looked to Bob for direction and he answered, "Okay," smiling broadly at his friend. Shyly, I went over and sat on Dean Martin's lap. All eyes in the room were now on Dean. He took one of the straps from my dress down as everyone cheered him on. I looked over at Bob, feeling shy and scared but smiling, as my programming dictated.

Then Dean took the other strap down, pulled my dress down, and grabbed my breast. With each move he made he slowly turned to Bob, asking for permission, "Bob, can I take her bra off?"

"Yes," Bob said with a sly smile on his face as everyone continued to cheer.

"Bob, can I put one of her breasts in my mouth?" And as Bob gave his permission, Dean put his drink and cigarette down and leaned over to suck on my breast. He stunk like hard liquor. His eyes were all bloodshot and he spoke slowly and slurred. He scared me because I didn't know if he would hurt me. Then he asked Bob if he could remove my dress to which Bob replied, "Yes," while the group hailed him again.

After removing my dress, Dean asked, "Bob, can I remove her panties?"

Bob said it was all right with him and so Dean took off my panties and laid me over a table and began sticking his finger in me. I was moving all around and making sexual noises, like I had been trained to do. All the people watching were getting turned on and

it started group sex.

When Dean was finished, Bob came over to "rescue me," took me to the bathroom, slipped me into the shower and told me to get dressed, that we were going home to our own private party, now that Dean had warmed me up.

Later that evening a man I didn't know approached us and said, "Bob, you must tell me your secret. You must have something you're not telling about if you can attract the attentions of a pretty young girl like this. So tell me... what's your secret?"

Bob looked snidely at him and said, "Geritol." And then he laughed and said, "You don't think I'd tell you my secret do you? Then it wouldn't be a secret any longer and you'd be getting the pretty young stuff instead of me." And then they both laughed but the man still seemed very curious, like he wondered how Bob did it.

"Is he paying you large sums of money?" the man asked me.

"No, sir, it's a pleasure just to be with Bob," I smiled, looking adoringly up to Bob like I was programmed to do.

The man shook his head and said, "Well it's been a pleasure to see you again Bob and to meet you Miss ...what did you say her name was?"

"Weatherby . . . Sharon Weatherby."

And the man smiled and said, "A pleasure," and walked away. The more that I attracted the attention of other men, the more Bob wanted me sexually that night.

Frank Sinatra

Bob Hope and Frank Sinatra played golf together. When I was with them on the course, Bob told me to call Frank Sinatra, "Uncle Frank" or "Uncle Frankie." Over the years, "Uncle Frankie," would show up as Bob's representative, 'the heavy,' to get me 'back in line.' He seemed to just appear at a place I was taken to and would let me see him and then quickly leave. Just the sight of him was terrifying because of the violent experiences I had with him from the time I was a teenager on. Frank Sinatra was connected high up in the Mob - very high up.

Uncle Frankie displayed some Catholic behaviors and used Catholic jargon and seemed sincere as when he talked about his love for his family and country, but his actions were never supportive of what he espoused to believe. He arranged, easily and with no remorse, many peoples' deaths, sometimes explaining to the hit men exactly how he wanted it done-at times while he was having sex with me. He once told this guy to dismember this man and throw his arm to the sharks. "Let the man stay alive to watch the shark eat his arm and then do likewise with his leg, but make sure he is still alive and watching so you guys will have to do it quickly. Use a chain saw for all I care and tell the bastard his whole body will be next and that his arm and leg were just appetizers

for the sharks." I was horrified but knew better than to even acknowledge I heard anything, so I smiled and acted like I wasn't even listening and went to sexually satisfy him to insure my safety. Frank said, "Wait a minute doll, I have to attend to business first." So I lay there and waited, running my hands in short little nervous motions all over his chest.

After the hit man left, Frank started biting me all over and acted like he was in a good mood and was playing with me. But I will tell you he thought nothing of having someone killed and there were times I overheard him ask for a personal item of the persons returned to him for assurance that the job had been done. One time he threw a ring from a man he'd had killed into a waterway. The water was flowing fast and he told me the ring would be swept far away from where he had originally dumped it. I just smiled and took his hand. I was always trying to please him in order to stay alive.

Bing Crosby

One Christmas, Bob gave me as a surprise sexual present to his good friend and peer, Bing Crosby. Bing had just finished the taping of his Christmas show. Bob had me installed and waiting in a closet in Bing's dressing room and I was instructed to, "Stand there like a mannequin, without moving until Bing opens the door." Bob put me into a 'stay stiff like a mannequin' instruction mode and wrapped me with a huge red ribbon and bow. Otherwise I was totally naked. A card was attached to the ribbon. Bob instructed me to "stay put," until Bing opened the closet.

As he closed the closet door on me, Bob said, "You'll be okay."

When Bing opened the closet to get a change of clothes, there I was, totally naked, clad in a red ribbon and holding a greeting card. Bing started laughing and read a portion of the card out loud, "a f--k me doll??!" And he laughed and laughed. He laughed so hard he bent over and held his stomach.

Bing took off his tux and put his jacket over the back of the chair, laid the rest of his clothes on the seat and stood there wearing only his black top hat, shoes and socks. He had on the kind of socks that had black elastic holding them up. He kept watching me, never taking his eyes off me while he was changing his clothes. He seemed excited about this gift, but he also seemed apprehensive.

There were instructions on the card; I know, because he laid it down and I read and retained it in my photographic memory. It said, "This lovely young lady is yours for the evening. You can't wear her down. She will please you in every way imaginable. You have only to reach out, take her left hand, squeeze it and say, 'Come on honey, we're going home.' Oh, by the way, put a raincoat on her while you're in transport, she didn't come with clothes."

So Bing took my hand and led me out of the closet. He acted like I would break or wake up or something. He treated me like I wasn't real. He was very cautious at first.

Bing and I got into a waiting limo and went to a penthouse apartment, "to unwind," Bing said. It was his home away from home, a safe place, he said, like in the song "up on the roof." He sang and danced a little and I sat on the bed and watched him. He sang some old song that I had never heard of and he looked ancient but always had a smile on his face. It seemed like he danced out of nervousness, of not knowing quite what to do.

He never looked away from me for a minute. Then he came over, undid the tie on my raincoat and slowly undid the buttons. I was barefoot and my feet were purple and cold. He pulled down the bed covers and I climbed in, and he began touching me, still with his own clothes on, when the phone rang. He put the receiver aside while the person was talking on the other end. He laughed kind of awkwardly and whispered to me, "Just last minute instructions from Bob!"

Bing hung up and said, as if I could not hear or comprehend, "Bob said to rub here in circular motions to turn you on to HOT!" He began rubbing circular motions around my belly button, activating my sexual passion touch programs, and I began to do the programmed "ohhhhhh" moans and he got an erection after hearing that and pulled off his pants while he was still rubbing. It was as if he perceived me as a robot and was afraid of not knowing how to work me ...afraid something might go wrong.

I went into my dancing mode on the bed and took off the rest of his clothes. I did like Bob had instructed me, "Tell him you're dreaming of a White Christmas and then wink." Once I had delivered that, I performed oral sex and rubbed him all over. Then I climbed on top of him and satisfied him sexually. He'd had a drink in the limo that mixed with his cologne, and he smelled like alcohol. After we were through, he went right to sleep. I curled up beside him and fell asleep, too. Maybe all this was to make sure he had that White Christmas he was dreaming of.

Sometime later, the phone rang and woke us up. He got dressed, put me back into the raincoat and escorted me down the elevator to a waiting limo. He stayed and I left in the limo and was not taken back to Bob's but instead was taken to the airport and flown home. The limo driver gave me clothes to put on, and when I got on the airplane I slept the whole flight home, like I was always programmed to do.

You Can Sleep All the Way Home

My programmed mother picked me up at LAX Airport and handed me a brown paper bag with my own clothes in it. I robotically went into the airport bathroom, changed into my own clothes, and went out to my mother, who simply said, "We're going home, honey. You can sleep all the way home."

I slept all the way home in the car. When we arrived at the house, I crawled into my own bed and buried all memory of this occasion, like all others before it, deep into my subconscious mind, as my programming commanded.

If it was nighttime when I returned, I was instructed to wash away all remembrances of the evening with a nighttime bath. The hypnotic command embedded in my

programmed mind was, "All that happened will go down the drain with the water and will be forgotten and gone forever." Then, I could go to sleep. If for some reason I didn't have time for a bath before I left Bob's to return to Woodland Hills, I was instructed to take one at home before I went to bed and it had the same amnesiac effect.

In those days, I felt very tired most of the time. Some days I had to go to high school the next day or, later on, to college, and woke up with my eyes burning and my make-up still on from the night before. My mother always had trouble waking me in the mornings. There were times she or my father would pour water over my head in an attempt to wake me. On weekends, I was allowed to sleep until 11 or 12 o'clock if I wanted. I could never figure out why I was always so exhausted. Now I know why.

During my high school years, Bob said he was training me to be a starlet, but he was really training me to privately entertain his rich political and celebrity friends, or the troops.

It was during these early years that I began being heavily accessed and programmed by the Council, for use with many influential men and women in positions of power. My use within government circles was guaranteed to be security proof due to the mind control I was under. They felt my programming kept the information I carried from my own awareness and from access by others who did not know the keys and codes to my system. But what those in government did not seem to know was that the Council also had the ability to access me. They were secretly slipping in their own psychologically tested and carefully researched messages for me to deliver to presidents, governors, senators, foreign leaders, entertainers, and many other people who were in positions of power or public influence.

The Council studied people's profiles and knew exactly what their likes and dislikes were, their sexual preferences, and any other information that could be used to influence people in ways the person was never even aware of. The Council pre-programmed me with instructions, all based on careful prior research of the targeted person... what to wear, how to act, what type of sexual stance to take, specific words or phrases to say, and the best time to deliver them. The Council always worked up a complete strategy and never sent me to a targeted person unprepared.

In these ways, they influenced government leaders to act in their own favor, to pass or veto laws or bills that benefited their corporate holdings, to bring into office those people who could be used as pawns, to influence judges and government agencies, to enlist large sums of monies, and to control people in all walks of life.

My experience was that the Council was publicly nameless and unknown, and this anonymity is what made it possible for them to wield power over the masses. From my perspective, these individuals acting in the shadows actually dictated in a subversive and inconspicuous manner the direction our government took at the time. They were connected to powerful people like Bob Hope, through me as their secret liaison, though I was programmed not to be aware of it. They felt they had their identities and security

locked up tight.

"Command those who are rich in this present world not to be arrogant nor to put their hope in wealth, which is so uncertain, but to put their hope in God, who richly provides us with everything for our enjoyment." -- I Timothy 6:17

Chapter Eighteen: Gerald Ford

I called Ford, "Henry," trying to joke with him so he wouldn't be so brutal but he usually was anyway, despite my attempts at humor. Ford began with me early, as he liked young girls. He was into fantasies and often liked for me to wear an eye mask. We had sex often, especially during the time Reagan was Governor of California. He liked violent sex-tying me up, handcuffs, spankings, slapping, and all that kind of S&M stuff. He enjoyed the whips and chains routine, and liked to tie me up with thick black leather straps. He slapped me frequently. Often after he satisfied himself sexually with me, blood would drip down my legs. It was so painful that I felt like I was not only splitting in my rectum or vagina, but the excruciating pain exploded up into my head and out my arms and fingertips. Gerald Ford required violent sex in order to orgasm. He joked about needing, "the chain gig in order to get off." His jokes were very crude. He was in politics a long time and often traveled in political circles. He was "one of the good old boys" and had major Mob connections. He wore his own gun in a shoulder holster and was afraid for me to remove it. "I don't trust you with the gun," he said and he laughed. He was a short President and pretty hairy. While he was violent sexually he still was not as brutal as Ted Kennedy.

Ford wore nice clothes, silk shorts and good quality suits, and he was very proud of them. For some reason, these mob guys were into expensive, quality clothes. I don't know why that was, but image was very important to them. There was lots of mob involvement when Nixon was President and Ford was Vice President, and it didn't stop when Nixon stepped down. Same mob involvement, just a few different players who were close friends of Jerry. Ford had more mob organizations behind him than Nixon did, so he had lots of people to give favors to when he was in the White House. He was very corrupt. He had to be in a wheelchair briefly for something. I don't know what happened but they managed to keep it hushed up. He had a bandage like he'd been shot or wounded or operated on. I don't know exactly what happened, but I felt a little safer when he was in the wheelchair. Unfortunately, he wasn't in it long enough to suit my needs.

Ford didn't treat me like I was real. He often hurt me and was convinced that I was just a machine built for his pleasure. It was true that I was a non-thinking slave that obeyed every command, but it did register within me when I was abused and treated cruelly.

During the time he was Vice President, I remember him attending a ribbon-cutting ceremony. There was a beautiful white gazebo on a large lawn and he was there to cut

the yellow ribbon. Gerald Ford participated in many of these grand openings. He was booked into these types of public appearances in order to enhance his image as a 'good citizen.' But, in my opinion, he was not. Anyway, he cut the ribbon with a large pair of scissors and then the crowd clapped and cheered and reporters took his picture. Soon he got into a black limo, where I was waiting in the back, and was driven away. I was placed there to deliver a message to him from the Council. Then, I had to get down on my knees in the back of the limo, unzip his pants and give him oral sex. He held onto a stun gun in his left hand the whole time. Just before he orgasmed I climbed on top of him and moved around until he came, after which he activated the stun gun near my tailbone.

He made a bunch of jokes about my name being the same as his daughter's. Like, "You're not supposed to f--k kin," or "That was great Susan Ford." Correcting him, a Secret Service agent said, "You're not suppose to ever use her name, Sir."

Ford smiled maliciously and said, "It's my name, too, and I'll use it whenever I please." He never liked to be corrected or told what to do. Henry Kissinger got angry with him about that, also.

Bob Hope played golf all over the world with his friend, "Jerry Ford." That's what Bob called him. Ford was a much better golfer than Bob, but Bob always shrugged it off and said, "I just had a bad day today." He said that often. The Secret Service stayed close, but let them have their space and they usually played when there weren't other people on the course. When Ford was Vice President and Bob would talk about Nixon or other political agendas, when the talk got heavy Bob would look over to me, point to the cart, and say, "Hey honey, take five," and I'd wait to be called back. Bob said they got very important work done on the course, sometimes more so than what went on during regular work routines.

One time, "Jerry," as Bob always called him, had on a Nixon watch. The round watch had a red, white, and blue band and a picture of Nixon in the middle. It was a caricature; not his real picture and Ford said he looked "kinda stupid." Calling Bob over, Jerry lifted his sleeve to show him the watch and I overheard him say, "This asshole doesn't know the time of day," and he took the watch off, threw it on the green and stomped it with his foot.

With a subtle nervous sort of laugh, Bob said, "You're very serious about this I can see." Bob liked to play it cool with all the politicians, especially presidents. He had a rule about not making negative comments to one politician putting down another. He said, "It is only diplomacy, which is essential in this business."

I was required to have sex with Ford as Nixon's Vice President and as President, but not ever as much as I did with Nixon or Reagan. I had sex with Ford as VP when he and Nixon were in different locations. Bush and Reagan appeared at places together occasionally, but Nixon and Ford never did that I was aware of. Henry Kissinger stayed connected to Ford, but at more of a distance after Nixon stepped down. Ford had

connections all over the place. When Nixon stepped down Ford was right there--grinning like a shark waiting for the spoils--he and his mob buddies loved the opportunity to run the country from their perspective. I heard one of them say that at a private meeting. I was present at that meeting with directions to have sex with Ford and give him a Council message after sex.

I went along with Bob on golfing trips to caddy for him at times when he golfed with different presidents. He jokingly called me, "Katie the Caddy." Bob used me as a caddy so that no one could hear the sensitive nature of the conversations he had with prominent people. He often assured his guest at the club that I was unable to think, that I was retarded and that most anything could be said in front of me and I wouldn't understand. He played me for a retarded person, at times, but other people knew I was really just a robot. Anyway, I had to hand Bob the correct golf club and I was instructed to anticipate his every need. I knew which club he preferred at each hole. I never was allowed to make a mistake and he would always wink at me just before he would swing. He whispered in my ear that it was just for luck. He said I was his good luck charm. He said that often to me in Vegas, too. In Las Vegas he would want me to hold onto his arm while he shot the dice or played Baccarat. Bob's attitude was much different after the game, if he lost. When he won he was in a great mood and would be happy and acted like he was real hot.

I handed Jerry's clubs to him also, but when I did, I'd smile and say, "Mr. President, Sir, how about this one?" He occasionally smoked a small white tipped cigar on the green and had me hold it for him while he swung.

Once while I was holding Jerry's cigar, Bob said to me, "Hey be careful with those magic hands of yours." Sex was always on his mind.

When I handed the club to Bob he would say, "I like that choice honey, let's give her a try." And if he'd miss a shot or screw up he'd blame it on a bad choice of the club or iron I selected. To cover himself, he'd say, "Let's use a seven iron on that next shot, I think it'll be a better choice for the condition of this green." I also got down, put the tees in the ground and set the ball up for Bob and his friends if they wanted or needed it, unless they had their own caddy. The golf course in Palm Springs had a lot of sand on the course.

Bob provided a visor for me to wear on the green and often slapped my bottom and said things like, "I just like to remind myself what's up for later." Other times he'd have me dressed in those little pleated short skirts with the little panties attached. During the course of the afternoon when Bob would stick his head under my skirt, I'd just smile brainlessly and do a 'Tommy Smothers act' and everyone would always laugh. Or, he'd pull my skirt up and mess around with it, showing everyone what he was finding, like the fact that the panties were sewn to the skirt and everyone thought it was so funny. He used me like a sideshow act and told people, "she's the butt of my jokes!"

Often after they finished the course, I had to give Ford oral sex or he'd have sex with me

usually standing up backwards. This was extremely painful because of the thickness of his erection, and I could hardly walk later and I often bled afterwards; but he liked best to sit down and receive oral sex. It was always quite a mouthful with him and he'd ram it down my throat by pushing my head down real hard on him. Ford once said, "This is the best part of the game." When he was finished with me my mouth often cracked and bled. Sometimes I did it in the back of a limo or in a side room at the golf course.

Other times Bob would take Ford back to his house and tell him, "Enjoy her." And, he'd leave me alone by the pool with Ford or in a bedroom. When Ford was finished, he'd just leave me abruptly. Then I'd just sit and stare straight ahead waiting for Bob to tell me what to do next.

After I had children, Ford teased me that he may have been the father of my child and he would ask me, "How's junior?" He was responsible for a lot of the mob violence that happened to me during the mid to late 70's. He always wanted to insure that I was 'contained,' so he even had his mob buddies come to my home to rough up my children and me.

I was required to have sex with Gerald Ford on Thanksgiving Holidays at Big Bear and Big Sur. One holiday he jokingly said to Bob, "This is one of the things I am most thankful for," and they both laughed. Most of what I "thought" were our family vacations were actually times I spent servicing men from all over.

"When you did it to the least of my brethren, you did it to me." -- Matt. 25:40

Chapter Nineteen: My Programmed Marriage – We've Only Just Begun

In my "conscious and public life" I entered junior college at Pierce College in Woodland Hills, just after my High School graduation in February of 1969. I worked toward a degree in psychology. Craig's family felt it would be good for him to go away for college so he left for the University of Colorado at Boulder and lasted there for a year. His grades were poor and we ended up spending all of our money on postage and plane fares to visit each other.

After Craig's return to California, he began attending Valley State College, which is now California State University at Northridge, with his eye on an eventual degree in dentistry. I worked a four-day week as a dental assistant for a Woodland Hills orthodontist named Michel N. Jacoby, D.D.S.

Craig proposed marriage in August of 1970, offering me a ring he worked a couple of years to pay for. Our plans were to be married one year later on August 21, 1971. Due to the mind control and cross-programming we were both under, we had no way of knowing that our marriage plans were not really our own. Following the secret plan, my father offered two options. Option one was to have a big wedding. Option two was to forgo the large wedding and, instead, take the money and use it on a lavish honeymoon in Hawaii.

Being a romantic and somewhat traditional with my Christian upbringing, I chose the large church wedding and reception. Craig and I were both surprised when my father informed us that he decided to give us the Hawaiian honeymoon, as well. He arranged an appointment for us to meet with his travel agent and the agent booked us a special package deal that would take us to several of the Hawaiian Islands.

On August 21, 1971, Reverend McKelvey, who at that time had quit being a minister and was selling real estate, married us at the First Presbyterian Church of Encino. Two hundred and fifty people were in attendance. After I walked up the aisle on my father's arm, the organist played the song, You'll Never Walk Alone, which was a subconscious message to me that I would always be controlled. I cried during the entire ceremony but when asked, could offer little explanation as to why. My parents went all out on a sit down dinner reception that was held poolside in our newly re-landscaped backyard in Woodland Hills.

In order to keep our secret life concealed, Craig and I were also forced to participate in a separate 'black wedding' that took place before our white wedding. I had to wear a long black dress and a black veil and Craig wore all black including a black shirt with his black suit. It took place outdoors in a park late at night. Reverend McKelvey wore a black robe and married us in this ceremony, also.

But my secret hidden life would not and did not go away. In fact, it continued to exist even on our honeymoon. Of course, the reality of these secret events was kept carefully away from my husband's and my conscious awareness by very powerful programming.

One of the first nights we were in Hawaii, my newlywed husband took me to see Don Ho. Craig and I dressed for the evening and arrived in time for the dinner show. Don Ho appeared on stage, took the microphone in hand, and in his smooth modulated voice, sang Tiny Bubbles. When he was through he asked if there were any newlyweds in the audience. My handsome new husband proudly waved his hand in the air as he put his other arm around me and gave me a big hug. Don Ho congratulated us and requested the waiter bring a special bottle of champagne to our table. The bottle of champagne was a trigger for me to switch into another personality and Craig touched his watch as if adjusting it and that was to trigger and cue me. From then on, I acted from a totally unconscious programmed state. The next thing I knew Craig took me backstage to Don Ho's dressing room where, initially, there was some kind of drug transaction.

Next Don Ho took my hand and said to Craig, "Don't run away so fast. You don't think I am going to let a pretty California thing like this slip through my fingers." He looked directly at Craig. Craig stepped back and Don Ho took me by the hand to another room. Craig followed us. Don Ho ushered me inside, stuck his head back out the door and said to my husband, "You don't mind sharing your beautiful young bride with me do you?"

My bridegroom looked to the ground and said, "No, Sir." Craig looked nervous and

agitated, but smiled.

"That's the way I like it - real easy." Don Ho said as he shut the door behind us.

He told me he wanted me to struggle, so it would be like a rape. "You would really like me to rape you though wouldn't you. You really enjoy being f----d. Or are you a virgin ...come for me to initiate?" As directed, I ran around the room, escaping his advances until he grabbed me and unzipped the back of my dress. He slipped it off, took off my sandals and said he would go real slowly taking off the rest and that he had a particular liking for pretty bras and panties.

Don Ho laid me on a large couch and began kissing me and then he slapped me and kissed me again. He was really strange. First he was gentle and then the next minute violent. He had been drinking and after he took my bra and panties off he said he needed to "powder his face," and he snorted a line of cocaine. He came over and kneeled on one knee and started having sex with me. He said he loved tight women and he satisfied himself with me fairly quickly but never did take off his pants, just his shirt.

When he was finished with me, I went back out to Craig and Do Ho stayed in the room. Craig took me back to our hotel room.

The rest of our honeymoon we went to several other Hawaiian Islands including Maui. I was used sexually by other political people on other islands.

When we returned from our "honeymoon" we moved into an apartment on Parthenia Avenue in Canoga Park, California. I continued working four days a week for Dr. Jacoby and Craig continued his studies as a pre-med major to become a dentist. Sliced into my 'expanded' duties as dental assistant, were 'special assignments' that began when a suited man, posing as a drug company salesman, delivered tiny implants that I was programmed to cement into the braces of certain 'select' young patients. Most often, they were beautiful young girls. One day, as another dental assistant and I were busily cementing a band on a particularly beautiful 10 year old girl, whose father was an affluent, prominent USC dental professional in the community, I was repulsed when I ran my dental instrument around her tooth and came up with a pubic hair. My assistant and I looked at each other in horror and, although I was under mind control, the obvious connections were made.

In 1973, Craig and I moved to Agoura Hills and my parents gave us a down payment to buy a condominium on Oakpath Drive. It wasn't long until my parents sold their home in Woodland Hills and moved down the street from us. They were always close by.

I was still accessed and used with Nixon, Reagan, Kissinger, Bob Hope and others, as well as in various experimental projects (including dental implant experimentation) and filmed in porn in many locations in California, especially Studio City and Bel Aire.

During his junior year at Cal State Northridge, Craig applied to 20 dental schools around

the nation and was rejected at every one of them because his grades weren't high enough to qualify him for entrance. But my father saved the day by calling his rich Uncle Charlie, whom he supposedly hadn't seen or spoken to in over 25 years, to ask him humbly for the favor of helping his son-in-law into USC Dental School. Soon after, my father's "Uncle" arranged for Craig's acceptance to USC Dental School. Charles Lilley Horn, wasn't really my father's uncle but instead a cousin. He was owner of Federal Cartridge Corporation (munitions manufacturer), which later became a major subsidiary of the Olin Foundation, Inc. During the 1960's, as President of the Olin Foundation (a charitable trust established by F. W. Olin, founder of the Olin Corporation), Uncle Charlie contributed sizeable donations to USC and had connections to the school. More on all of this in a later chapter. Upon acceptance to dental school, Craig quit Cal State Northridge, before obtaining his BS degree, and worked full time until he entered USC School of Dentistry.

"But everything exposed by the light becomes visible, for it is light that makes everything visible." -- Ephesians 5:13-14

"Get rid of all bitterness, rage and anger ...be kind and compassionate to one another, forgiving each other, just as in Christ God forgave you."-- Ephesians 4:31-32

Chapter Twenty: Jimmy Carter

Evidently Jimmy Carter was too directed by his Christian belief system and too connected to his wife to ever stray. It was my experience that if he was guilty of any sexual indiscretions, he did only lust in his heart. I never had sex with Jimmy Carter.

He did, however, listen and respond to messages delivered through me from the Council. He had a very hungry ear and listened carefully and responded helpfully to all but a few requests from them. He even bit on a bunch of Henry's messages, delivered through me. By then Carter thought I was only Council, he didn't know I was connected to Henry Kissinger and Henry loved that he was "puppeting a democrat" and "one that didn't believe in adultery but would take top secret information from a whore and run the country from it." Henry thought it was the best laugh ever. But he always ran parallel and complementary with the Council. They were his boss and he took many orders from them politically, but he could also place in his own input.

"But now the Lord who created you ...says: Don't be afraid, for I have ransomed you; I have called you by name; you are mine. When you go through deep waters and great trouble, I will be with you. When you go through rivers of difficulty, you will not drown! When you walk through the fire of oppression, you will not be burned up - the flames will not consume you. For I am the Lord your God, your Savior..." -- Isaiah 43:1-3

Chapter Twenty-one: The Hollywood Connection

Michael Jackson

Michael Jackson was just a little boy of four or five when I accompanied Bob Hope to a

place where they were filming up-and-coming talent for television. Bob told me he supported and sponsored the Jacksons, getting them a professional foot in the door. Their father brought the boys in and I remembered seeing them taken into a side room where bright lights were on. They all had to drop their pants and before their performance a big man raped each one of them in a lineup. Then they were taken to a different room and dressed in little suits and sent onto the stage to perform. Due to the mind control I was under, I'm not sure exactly where we were, but feel that it was the early days of the Ed Sullivan Show. I watched as Bob, dressed in a grey pinstripe suit and bow tie, with white shoes, shook hands with Ed; and then the Jackson boys went on. They were made into a sensation and famous, on purpose, so that they could be used in the future to influence large audiences. Bob and his connections knew that all they needed was some talent, make-up, costumes, lights, glitter and lots of publicity. He said publicity was the most important ingredient.

I was just a teenager and Bob said that he wanted me to be present so I could learn the ropes to being a "starlet." He wanted me to see how it was done and feel comfortable around the stage. I think he just said that as a cover to other people to hide the real reason I was with him - for his and others sexual pleasure.

Bob explained to me how important clothes are to one with a public image to uphold. I had on a short, small, tight-fitting, low-cut, yellow, sheath dress. I did as I was told and wore it along with the gold high heels I was provided.

Bob was often the connection for new entertainment. The Council used his connections for their own interest and got 'key' entertainers in place for future use. Many were robots like me. I saw many of them get hurt. I never saw Bob get hurt though. The Jacksons were hurt; I was witness to their abuse. That first time when they performed, Bob got them onto the show and then we left in the limo and watched from the television inside. He told the driver to drive around until the show was over. Then Bob told me, "See how easy it is to be a star?" And he laughed and pushed my head into his lap for oral sex.

I think most would agree that the inherent love that is part of Michael Jackson's soul essence shines through for the world to see. In spite of the programming themes in some of the songs he sings, as I was recovering I often held onto the words he sang, the lyrics reminding me, "You are not alone," when I felt so very alone. To Michael, I extend a hand and say you also are not alone. Now there is a way out of this insanity.

Neil Diamond and Others

Publicly, Neil Diamond and Bob golfed together in the Springs. That's how I got connected to him.

As a teenager, I was programmed to serve Neil Diamond in different capacities for many years. He was not violent like some of the others, but he didn't have any morals.

One day when I was a young teenager, Neil walked through the breezeway into our backyard to the pool where I was tanning in my bikini. My father got very angry and told

him, "Get the hell out of here!"

Neil replied, "Take it easy, Pops. No one knows I'm here. Just Relax." But he did leave after he kissed me on the cheek and ran his hands through my hair. He said he just needed to see me for "inspiration" and then he left. Neil always said I was his inspiration and after we'd have sex I'd whisper programmed phrases in his ear to incorporate into his songs or phrases for program lock-in or, as our controllers said, "to move the targeted generation up another notch."

When I was with Neil I felt merged with him. I didn't know who I was, where I ended and he began. I was programmed to magnify his essence so he could feel and see more of who he was. I was used often to contain Neil, to bring him back to himself and bring his "self" back to him when he felt he gave it all away to crowds and audiences. Over time I witnessed this being a problem for a lot of programmed stars. I was sent to do this service for other celeb's, both male and female, who needed to bounce off another person in order to maintain their programmed "selves." They got lost at times and I was programmed to help them.

I suntanned with him in the nude and like a protective Jewish mother, he always made sure I had lots of suntan lotion on, especially in crucial spots so I wouldn't burn. He didn't have neighbors and his home was located up on a hill in Malibu or the Santa Monica Mountains, so it was very secluded. They could have tricked me in regard to the location of his house, but I know I had to drive through the canyon to get there. He was building a new home and when the deck was stable enough to hold us we had sex outside. As we looked upward toward the night sky, he named all the stars on my list "to do." The list was lettered not numbered, such as, "(A) Barbra: Tuesday and Thursday 3:30 p.m. (B) Carlo Sangucci: 7:00 p.m...." and he continued inputting my schedule for the week. He gave me instructions to keep my schedule organized. If he ever missed me for the week, I couldn't function because I hadn't received my local assignments. For this reason, Neil and I were very regular with each other. In my late teens, I visited with him nearly every week. And, when I was with him I delivered lyrical words or phrases for songs to him after sex. When we were in our programmed "cozy" state, he'd say, "give me sugar," and I'd unload all I had been given into him and later it would show up over and over in his songs. Privately, he would attribute it only to my being his undying inspiration. I was used with Neil like I was with Elvis, which leads me to believe that Neil is also programmed.

Neil played the piano and sang to practice while wearing sweatpants and no shirt. He also had a room where the whole entire wall was mirrored. He stood and looked into the mirror and sang to himself to rehearse. In some ways he reminded me of Elvis.

I was never allowed to interrupt while he was playing. But when he was through, he had me do everything for him, including a massage or sex, manicure and pedicure - even if he'd just had one somewhere else. He could never get enough touching and attention. I had a whole grouping of personalities located beneath 'tiger sex programming,' seven in all, devoted to him and he would say, "I have seven so I can get to heaven and you

darlin' take me to heaven." Neil programmed in, "Wine will take you to the place of love." He had a room with fountains, Buddhas, and ferns where he meditated. His place of "perfect peace," he called it. He created devotion in the personalities within me by programming into me the love and goodness of Jesus, His pure love, all into my heart chakra so that the feelings of devotion would be directed toward him.

Pornography was often filmed at his estate. Bob sent people from his parties that were sexually wild to Neil's for filming in pornography. It didn't matter if they were only children. Neil's porn business was so large that it kept a large number of Malibu, Pacific Palisades, Ventura, Calabasas, and Agoura Hills slaves very busy. Whole programmed families were used. 'Sex with families' videos were popular in the 80's among a certain group and Neil seemed totally fascinated, watching families together. He loved bodies. He said he was a connoisseur of the human body as an art form. That's why he said he liked to film the most beautiful act on earth, the love act, when people were as intimate as they could get. He said that children should be allowed to openly enjoy the pleasures of sex. He asked, "Why should they have to wait to enjoy these natural pleasures?" I couldn't think to answer. He liked to see their physical characteristics and he liked to watch them, as he called it, "make love, family-style." Other times when he was in a different sort of mood, he would refer to the pornography as, "getting it on, family-style."

Unfortunately and sorrowfully, I remembered being programmed to drive children to Neil's. Once we arrived I walked into the house like I owned it. I knew where the hidden key was and ushered everyone in and got them settled. The rule at Neil's house in the hills was that you had to check your clothes and shoes at the door. None were allowed, or else you couldn't enter, "the Sanctuary," as he called it. Neil often came out in his black silk robe and black slippers to meet his, "guests," he called them. He looked them over and if they were particularly appealing to him, he would want to have sex with one or more after the filming. Neil was what Henry Kissinger called "versatile," which meant he liked sex with everything. I will spare you the details but he relieved himself sexually, often, as he felt it made him powerful and continually virile. That was very important to him. Neil said he loved the beauty and amount of innocence that was present when a group of blonde neighborhood children were together. They were filmed often. Neil also filmed bestiality porn. He gave the kids cocaine and filmed it in the house or somewhere on the grounds. Sometimes the 4-H kids brought their animals, and they filmed the kids having sex with each other and the animals. We were all just viewed as worker bees and mindlessly did whatever we were told.

When we left to go home, I once again entered a programmed mind state, by traveling "The Highway to Heaven," which I was told was Kanan Road. I was given the hypnotic command to "remember to forget," whenever I saw many signs and signals along the canyon roads, in their attempt to keep memory of these events hidden from my conscious mind.

At other times, if I arrived before Neil, I was told to wait and so I sat down on his white sofa. Obediently, I waited, looking straight ahead or out the window to the distant view. Then I heard the chopper and on one occasion he came walking into the house wearing

a tan suit and sunglasses. One time he even wore those guru sandals with his suit. Then I helped him relax and he would say programmed phrases to me like, "Honey, you're ageless, timeless, and all mine baby, all mine. You are my pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. All mine, devoted only to me." I got him anything he wanted or needed no matter what it was, and I was programmed to love doing it.

Some nights I was assigned to go to parties with him where we'd, "hob knob with the rich and famous," he'd say, as he held out his arm for me to hold onto. We didn't stay too long at parties because he would want to have a private party for two at home. Some evenings we were helicoptered to his home in the hills. He wanted and demanded my full attention. He never wanted to enter the reality that I had my own boyfriend or husband. He wanted me to think of him as my man, my only man. But, he had sex with lots of people in front of me. He always wanted me to stay right in the room during the filming of porn as well as later when he had sex with whoever was filmed. He would flip out and act like an emotionally temperamental boy at times. Regardless of his actions, I was programmed to be totally devoted and I catered to his demands exclusively.

Neil Diamond was a Council "treasure" and they kept him well taken care of. I attended concerts of his to shore him up when he said he wanted and needed me to be there. I got up from my ticketed seat next to my young husband and told him I was going to the restroom during the intermission. Instead I slid backstage with Neil, who was all sweaty, shaking and needing to share the powerful high he was on. He said that all the energy people focused onto him was totally overwhelming him and he said he needed me to ground him out so he could go back on stage. That meant sex and then, as programmed, I told him I loved him and that he was the very best and to go out and give them all that he had. I told him if he gave all of himself to the audience who loved him, that they would shower it all back to him. He was always afraid that when he gave so much at performances that he would become depleted but I helped him reframe that belief, so he went back out empowered, not consumed. Then he would snort a couple of lines of cocaine and go back out to the screaming fans, and I returned to my seat next to Craig.

Craig and I attended another of his concerts at the Universal Amphitheater. Neil told me to drink a champagne cocktail, which at times was against the rules, but for the night he was my master. He said he wanted me to catch up to him (he was on a drug high), but even after I'd had a drink I always came into focus for Neil and was instructed to mirror back to him what my controllers wanted him to be, do, say and feel. Lots of the words to his songs were program lock-ins for me ...like Starlight, Starflight, and Turn on Your Heartlight (ET). I was programmed to listen to his music to keep my programming and memories locked away from my conscious mind.

Neil used to say he was singing to me while he was on stage. That was pretty powerful for me to contain, while I sat next to my husband during the concert. In my conscious awareness I had no idea I was doing anything other than attending Neil's concert; but even as I sat in a conscious state of unawareness, the underlying feelings were

powerful as I held my connection to Neil. We had an agreement that he would sing it all to me, send everything he had to me, and I would say, "And I will be here collecting all of you and I will bring it back to you filled with more love and more caring than you could ever imagine!" That made him smile. Then at intermission or after the concert, I'd go and give it all back to him to fill him back up. He pretended like he was taking it and then he dressed and went out with other people. Neil was hustled into a limo and was gone, and so were those parts of me that were programmed to go to sleep inside of me until they saw Neil again. Then Craig would come and take me home.

I also attended his Hot August Nights concert at the Greek Theatre in 1972.

Neil said he liked to be showered with love, and in response I was always soft and nurturing and loving with him. I catered to him exclusively while I was with him. He loved to trace his finger around my belly button to bring out "Jeanie."

I was still having sex and caring for Neil, even while I was in therapy in 1988. I went to therapy in Westwood and then swung home, down Pacific Coast Highway to meet Neil somewhere or at his home, have sex, and then I'd drive back to Agoura to my home, with "fresh fish" I bought for my family at the Malibu Fish Store. Bob laughed when he said it would be a good cover. Bob saw the world through a completely sexual orientation.

Stars had trouble getting "secured" sex with people. They couldn't trust that people weren't coming on to them to manipulate or hurt them, and since they were famous they couldn't risk losing their public reputation. So, slaves were provided to them. And Bob provided me to everyone he could, knowing the value of connections to powerful people. He laughed and said, "It's all right, she's broadening herself."

Word seemed to spread like wildfire to stars about the sex slave service. They loved it just like the politicians did, since they thought they could let their hair down and not have to worry because many were told I was a robot that couldn't ever divulge their secrets. With individuals not privy to the top-secret mind control information, Bob explained, "She's beautiful and highly sexual, but she's mentally slow and can't think. She doesn't have the ability to remember. She's been like this since birth, but..." Bob elucidated, "...what she lacks upstairs she greatly makes up for downstairs," and he'd smile slyly, "if you know what I mean."

Many people never knew that I was a robot, under total mind control. They just thought I was slow or deaf and dumb. That was another tactic Bob used. He had different explanations for different people, but for Neil Diamond, personalities were created within me who talked, listened, loved and cared for Neil.

Bob often called other men, "Son." I overheard him say, "Listen son, she'll please you and ease you and not spill the beans. She can't think to! But that won't hurt, it will only enhance your pleasure. Try it and see. I think you'll like it!" Bob maximized my usage by sending me to many, many stars and politicians over the years. He sent me to Quincy

Jones, Burt Reynolds, Eddie Murphy, and others. Many of them didn't want to risk too much exposure with strangers for various and sundry reasons; they didn't want to become too attached emotionally, didn't want to risk the security of knowing someone too long where a person could find out too much and hurt them in different ways, or there were other reasons unique to individual celebrities.

Mickey Rooney

In yesteryears, I was taken to show openings or galas in Hollywood, because Mickey would want me to be there, usually disguised. Later on after I had children, my daughter Kelly would be waiting inside the limo to give him oral sex. Mickey wanted me there to watch. Mickey always liked to have tons of women, as many as he could amass, flanked by his side. I overheard him say to Bob that it was good for his image. Bob replied, "Anytime it can be arranged for you to use any of my girls, I'd be delighted."

And that was arranged, over and over again. Bob made sure Kelly was trained in many of the same ways he trained me. We went to the Playboy Club for Kelly to have bunny lessons. I was dressed in a long black velvet gown with diamonds and Kelly had on a long red velvet gown with her hair done up and make-up. She was around 10 years old. All this to insure Bob's 'little filly' was prepared for use with whomever he decided to share her with. There were times Mickey Rooney would rendezvous with my family at a small exclusive restaurant in Agoura Hills. When the cues were given, Kelly would get up to go to the restroom and Mickey Rooney took over, later sexually pleasuring himself with our beautiful little daughter. He had a house near the area. I am not sure where exactly, but his house had a solarium with an indoor pool and he liked to have a lot of naked women around the pool. He was absolutely disgusting, but he really liked Kelly a lot.

Jane Fonda

I believe Jane Fonda was under programming, also. She was part of the experiment on how to achieve "eternal youth," while participating to further the cause in behind-the-scenes political arenas. I occasionally passed Council messages to her at her Beverly Hills Fitness Center. They had a control group within the project to see if women would stay youthful and cease to age with just mind programming, or if exercise needed to be combined with the programming. They had a control group participating like Jane with the same eternal youth program, yet not exercising extensively to see which method prolonged longevity. In case you are interested, they found exercise to be a necessary component for successful anti-aging.

James Taylor

My husband took me to James' concerts; we went often when he was in town. During one concert I had two glasses of wine. My instructions were that after I drank them I was to go to the restroom and then go to the backstage door, and knock two times. When the door opened, I said, "Bob Hope sent me. Anybody interested? Anybody want any body?"

"Hell yes!" a man in a casual shirt said, pulling me in the door. "James will need a little

at the break. A little pick-me-upper for his pecker. You just sit down here little lady and get yourself HOT. No," he laughed, "cool your wheels or is that heels? Just relax your c--t until it's time for the hunt. James is almost finished with the set." He pretended he was yelling to James in a high voice, "James, she's here, the one you hold near and dear, the c--t from Bob the Boss man." Then he looked over to me and said, "Just a few moments and you'll be on the Highway to Heaven with James ...little Jimmy."

James stumbled off stage all sweaty and took my hand. I was feeling shy and he said, "Follow me on the Highway to Heaven. You are in for the ride of the night, as you ride my jewel to heaven. It will be out of this world, otherworldly, outta' sight!" He took me into a room and laid me on a couch chair and said, "Look into the air, don't beware, your chicken is cookin,' you're good lookin,' but aren't aware." He pushed my head over to the side real hard and continued, "Show me your wares." So I took off my clothes and dropped them to the floor. He told me to sit and spread 'em so I did and he dropped his loose fitting off white cotton trousers on the floor. While he held tightly to the back of my head, he relieved himself in my mouth. "Oh, oh," he screamed, "that was goooooood. Swallow that please and then you can be excused." He swished on by, kind of dancy like and said, "That oughtta' propel me into the second half with gusto!"

He walked out, closed the door and I sat there like a robot until another guy came in and raped me on the couch. He said, "James saved your c--t for me this time." He stood over me and when he orgasmed he screamed, "I feel like a cock-a-doodle-do!" he said crowing like a rooster. When he was through with me he said, "Okay, its clothes time!" then he delivered a hypnotic hand command. I got up and pulled my clothes on and he led me out to the side door where Craig was standing at the door waiting for me. Craig took me by the hand, and I felt like a little girl going back to my seat where I sat robotically until the concert was finished.

Over the years I was programmed to listen repeatedly to James Taylor's songs while some of the word phrases "re-minded" me to, "...leave your mind behind, Mexico..." and "...you can run but you cannot hide, this is widely known"

Barbra Streisand

Barbra Streisand was used in the same way as other Hollywood celebrities before and after her. Through my personal experience with Barbra Streisand, I believe she is under the control of many of the same persons I was. She was pre-programmed to deliver messages she couldn't even have known she was passing on to millions of people. She sang her songs and was given carefully selected, pre-chosen words that would serve to lock in or open up certain programming in other mind control victims.

My own programming was laced with many of her songs. Victims of mind control hear the lyrics of a song and take the phrases that match their programming literally. The words they hear tie into subconscious memory of past traumatic experiences intended to keep them helplessly and hopelessly under mind control. Barbra sang a song entitled My Pa which I was told represented my feelings toward my father and the words were powerfully connected to my emotional state, creating a feeling of love and safety with

my father, when in fact he was torturing me endlessly, nearly every day. The lyrics stated, "My pa can light my room at night with just his being there, and make a fearful dream all right by grinning ear to ear..." etc.

Her song, "I'm in a New York State of mind, " was tied to programming to orient me to events and people I was used with in New York in order to keep that reality separate from my conscious mind. Many of the lyrics from her song Memories, served as a hypnotic command to my subconscious mind, in order to 're-mind' me that, "Memories may be beautiful and yet what's too painful to remember, we simply choose to forget." Another of her songs, Send in the Clowns, reminded me and can remind other survivors of the abuse they endured as children in circus or amusement park settings where clowns were used as perpetrators. And, then there's her rendition of Over the Rainbow, which taps into Wizard of Oz programming themes.

As a teenager my cassette tapes and, as I grew older, my CD's of Barbra's songs, were well worn from endless listening, as the lyrics to her songs, coupled with my already intact program commands, continued to create my reality, whatever my controllers wanted it to be. Up until recently, my mother repeatedly listened to Barbra Steisand's songs. As a child I often had trouble getting my mother's attention because when she listened to the songs she became so fixated on the music that she was very far off somewhere in a programmed reality created by our controllers. She seemed very happy, almost euphoric. I've witnessed other survivors cling desperately to their Walkman delivering their programmed commands, while I'm trying to talk with them, due to their attempt to, as they've experienced, keep themselves "safe" by reinforcing their program "to forget."

When Barbra performed, which was rare, she was delivering a perfectly planned and orchestrated set of cryptic instructions to many of the people in attendance. She reached a wider audience, as mind-controlled victims bought the cassette tape or video of the performance and listened to it over and over and over again. Certain groups of mind-controlled people, like my mother and myself, were targeted for listening to her. Per program, we listened to her songs addictively and compulsively while following the command to reprogram ourselves by locking down the security of our own programming. Of course, Barbra herself is a victim and, from my observation, I am sure has no awareness that she is doing anything other than performing.

Barbra Streisand has extremely large breasts for her small body size. I've seen her naked at Bob Hope's parties and at other places. I was even involved in group sexual orgies where she was participating. And at other times, I was targeted to have sex with her one-on-one in order to deliver messages to her to keep her programming going or to instruct her on what to say at certain times. She is a mind-controlled robot. She did lots of cocaine at parties. She liked sex with women, and usually requested it. I was sent to her often.

My husband frequently took me out for dinner in Malibu when there was an alternate agenda to be accomplished. One night after such a dinner he drove me up a canyon

road in his Datsun 280Z. He stopped along the road and we sat in the dark without saying anything until a black sedan pulled up next to the car. I got out and climbed into the back seat of the sedan. Two men in the front seat were dressed in dark expensive suits and the man in the passenger side had a gold pinky ring. They continued up a winding road to a house in the canyon and when we arrived they opened the door of the house with a key and went in. Barbra Streisand was robotically sitting on the couch and I was told to sit down next to her and link up by holding her hands. So I took her hands and then the man said, "Deliver the words." So I did. After I delivered the message, they used the stun gun on us both. Barbra laid face down on the couch, really out of it, with her hand hanging down over the side. Her face was very pale and she looked asleep. The man took me by the arm and pushed me toward the door and we left. Craig, still waiting in the Z, flashed his headlights and they stopped the sedan, transferred me back to my husband and we went home.

In September of 1986, Barbra sent out invitations to a special fundraising concert to be given at her home 'under the stars,' in Malibu. My husband received our invitation at his dental office and said we should go, but I remember saying to him, "It's \$5,000 a ticket, what are you thinking of?" I was in school as well as therapy by this time, and spending \$10,000 was a huge chunk out of the resources that I needed to spend on my healing and education. I was more interested in my recovery than one night of Barbra Streisand in concert.

My husband replied, "Well, it would be a great memory." Prior to this episode, Craig had never displayed any special attraction to Barbra Streisand or her music.

Later when she and I were both switched into a "programmed state of mind," she told me she was upset that I didn't buy a ticket to come to see her in concert at her home. Ironically, I ended up being at her concert in Malibu anyway to have sex with and target some military guy with a bunch of stars on his uniform and later after the concert, Barbra. I was incognito and wore my lace off-the-shoulder dress that I had previously worn for our family portraits. It was a \$400 dress my husband bought me. I had to be at different places afterwards to help her relax and unwind, which usually ended up in sex. I had been instructed to say specific words to relax her. A therapist was there at other times to help.

When they could sell a certain number of very expensive tickets to her concert in the area of her home, they proved the results of a mind control project experiment to see if that targeted area was sufficiently under mind control. Checkmate! When it sold out they felt they had won because they sent the invitations to people that would be the hardest to control (the most challenging) and when it sold out they knew they had "cracked the code." Their victory was only temporary. As I now know, they were mistaken, for, I believe The City of Angels (Los Angeles) is spiritually destined to wake up to claim its name to fame!

No one could tell there had even been a mind control experiment that concluded with Barbara's Malibu performance. This was one way the controllers made large sums of

money, all carefully concealed in such "charity fundraisers," which were then meticulously funneled into covert accounts. And, they further locked victims in, not only with the concert but with the video that was made of the concert. During her Malibu, One Voice performance, Barbra delivered one program-laced song lyric after another. First she sang "Send In the Clowns." Then she announced that in her research she came across one of the finest songs ever written, and the lyrics felt so relevant she decided to sing it and dedicated it to the woman who first sang it. That song was Over the Rainbow, and encompasses these lyrics:

"When all the world is a hopeless jumble and the raindrops tumble all around, heaven opens a magic lane. When all the clouds darken up the skyway, there's a rainbow highway to be found, leading from your windowpane to a place behind the sun, just a step beyond the rain. Somewhere over the rainbow, way up high, there's a land that I've heard of once in a lullaby. Somewhere over the rainbow, skies are blue. And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true. Someday I'll wish upon a star and wake up where the clouds are far behind me. Where troubles melt like lemon drops way above the chimney-tops, that's where you'll find me. Somewhere over the rainbow, bluebirds fly. Birds fly over the rainbow, why then, oh, why can't I. If all those little bluebirds fly beyond the rainbow, why oh why, can't I?"

To further explain the significance of these word phrases for mind control victims:

"...heaven opens a magic lane," was for me a hypnotic induction for mind control.

"...there's a rainbow highway to be found, leading from your windowpane to a place behind the sun, just a step beyond..." for me was a program command to switch to the Highway to Heaven, which was a dissociative state in which I went over the rainbow to a subconscious place in my mind where I was commanded not to associate what happened there with my everyday, conscious reality.

In Barbra's duet with Andy Gibb, they sang the song Guilty and the words that powerfully affected me and could effect other ritual abuse/mind control survivors are:

Gibb quickly enters the stage from behind singing, "there's danger in the dark," which for me was a subconscious reminder of trauma that occurs in the dark. Over the years, the word 'dark' was linked in my subconscious mind to ritual terrors and horrors, a reminder that commanded me to remember to forget, or else.

Further lyrics were:

"...Shadows fallin' baby, we stand alone..." - victims are often told they will be left to stand all alone, that no one outside 'the network' will believe or help them, or even want to be around them.

"...Nothing to be guilty for..." - a release for the endless ways many are forced to participate in the evil deeds, puppeted and dictated by our controllers.

"...Eyes can see, that we got a highway to the sky..." - victims are told they are always watched, by the 'eye in the sky' and in other ways by their controllers. Eyes are often a common theme in the art/journal work of victims in recovery. These three small words, "eyes can see..." have powerful meaning, sneaking through a subconscious doorway into the mind of a victim of mind control in order to remind them to watch carefully that they stay in line.

"...that we got a highway to the sky..." - can be a hypnotic induction to dissociate in order to receive program.

"...how can I win? Where will The tomorrow?" -words of despair, defeat.

The powerful ending to the duet is: "and we got nothing ...and we got nothing, and we got nothing..." Let me tell you Barry and Barbra, and all of the other beautiful people locked under the bondage of mind control: that is a lie, a lie our controllers told all of us. The truth is that we have everything. We are rich, starting with our spiritual heritage. The One that created us is powerfully working within to set you free from those who for years have benefited, by allowing you to soar, sharing your talents with others as they controlled and manipulated you for their own benefit, through mind control - through the control of your mind and mine. I wasn't famous, so when I broke free I wasn't as large a threat as you are and will be. I was small potatoes to my controllers. But to God I was important, as all His children are, and He has commissioned me to dedicate my life to seeing to it that you, some of the most talented human beings on this planet, are freed. This is His wish because He has assured me that you have at the center of your being, love, and that when you can know the magnitude of issues we face at this time, that you will stand and reach your hand down to your fellow brothers and sisters, to help them. At this time I am lending my hand, via Him, to you in hopes that some of you may be freed in order to reach your hands out to the masses. It is our last hope and we are running out of time. God has placed a great magnitude of love in my heart for you and my children, and I love all of you more than life itself, because indeed in sharing this information it would seem that I am putting my life at risk. But the Master Himself has assured me safe passage, as I go for help for all of you. And this manuscript is my attempt to "go for help," for you. I also am aware that those of you who are programmed will not be able, like oil reacting to water, to read or comprehend what I have written. But I hope others will intercede for you in order that you can be delivered from the bondage you have been held captive by. I love you, as individuals and for the beautiful heavenly creative talents you possess, but not as immensely as God does. He wants your freedom, He wants your release and He won't rest until you are all free of this evil force, one that at this time you are unable to be aware of.

As the concert proceeded, Barbra said, "I am going to light this candle in memory of all those wise and good men whose lives were senselessly and violently snuffed out before their time: Lincoln, Ghandi, Martin Luther King, John Kennedy, Anwar Sadat, Olaf Palmer, men of peace and vision, voices the world so desperately needs now - father figures. I think we've all lost someone whose guidance and wisdom we miss in times of

fear and confusion, and this is for them." After which she sang: "May the light of this flickering candle, illuminate the night the way your spirit illuminates my soul." Sounds to me like bits and pieces of reminders of people I watched killed over the years.

Next in her backyard concert, Barbra sang Pa Pa, where the lyrics say, "Pa Pa can you hear me? ...Looking at the skies I seem to see a million eyes which ones are yours?" Again, there is the "eyes watching you" theme.

Next was, of course, Memories, with the lyrics reminding our subconscious minds: "Memories like the corners of my mind, misty water-colored memories like the way we were. Scattered pictures of the smiles we left behind, smiles we gave to one another for the way we were. Can it be that it was all so simple then or has time rewritten every line, if we had the chance to do it all again, tell me would we, could we? Memories may be beautiful and yet, what's too painful to remember we simply choose to forget. For it's the laughter we remember, whenever we remember the way we were."

At the end of her concert, in a patriotic quest, Barbra sang America the Beautiful and invited the audience to join with her in song.

During those years, (although at the time I was consciously unaware of my involvement) her therapist and I were often in charge of keeping Barbra stable and balanced. The therapist worked with her psychological state and I worked on her body, doing massage therapy, accupressure, polarity therapy, etc. All this was done to keep Barbra in shape and in line. She was fragile and needed a lot to keep her going.

I was called in often to shore Barbra up, especially in between times when she was out of relationship or having problems with her male friends. Later in her career, she had trouble even having sex with men. When she was alone, she would get scared at night and need someone. As programmed, I'd go over after my children were taken care of or when our maid was there, at which time I was free to go at anytime. I held Barbra and did whatever she seemed to need to get her stabilized.

We walked on the beach a lot, especially after she bought the home away from the Colony nest (the grouping of homes she owned) and people that knew her. She bought a place just a few blocks down the street. It was very clever because if people thought they saw her on the beach, they could assume she was at home, but then she'd disappear into the anonymous home that was purchased in another name to give her the privacy she needed. Then her therapist and I could go to her there unnoticed. She wanted privacy even from her maids, and would arrange for her therapist and I to be with her. If she didn't call on the car phone and tell me, she would walk to the new house and call me from her bedroom. I was instructed to go to the front gate and from a call box tell the maid a coded message to give to her. Barbra usually gave the maid the rest of the day off, explaining she was going to be with friends. Then after the therapist and myself arrived, we would take her to "the house-house," as she called it. One night we were called out for a 'Barbra emergency' and when her therapist and I arrived we found Barbra in the closet upstairs at the 'house-house,' even before it was carpeted.

She couldn't wait. She was all huddled into a little ball and crying with her hair all stringy and hanging in her face. She looked like a little frightened child. She was breaking down often and her controllers couldn't afford for her to break up yet. She was a real mess. She just survived to do what they needed her to do. She sat in my lap and I nurtured her and she showed me her dolls and things. I massaged her and did reflexology, accupressure, polarity, whatever I could do to help her. I did body treatments on her often, usually more than once a week - up to five times a week - and it usually ended up in sex as she initiated it.

Barbra had to be kept together because she had been used to make the connections to some very important people, and especially to the masses. Because she had been so heavily invested in, as a mind control asset, they now had to keep her "maintained" 24 hours a day at times and had to use other slaves to shore her up. Unlike a "normal" person, she could never talk about what she saw and remembered in private (during sleep or upon awakening) without being monitored. Whatever it took or cost was worth it to her controllers because they built her up to a certain targeted audience so completely that her controllers paid exorbitant amounts of money to keep her together, and her fans would pay any amount to see her. Many may themselves be under mind control.

They carefully prepared Barbra to harmonically control crowds. She did, not only with the natural talent she has and the trained harmonics in her voice, but also with the hand signals and word combinations she sang. She is a total robot and is breaking down, but they will spend a fortune to keep her together (like poor Elvis) until she just can't function anymore.

So no expense was spared for her. We organized little tea parties for Barbra based on different themes given to us by my professor in the Master's program. We'd buy items that were just made for Barbra. I would stop at Michael's Party Shop and give them the list of items and the sales people would gather it all up for me. Then I'd go to Barbra, switched to the personality inside of me who was created to be older than me and older than Barbra, the one who was designed to care for the "Big B," the "Queen B," when she needed it. She was our friend. We hated to see her crumble.

Sometimes the Council gave me different drugs for Barbra. She always got to choose one, but I think they all must have done the same thing, just packaged in different wrappers or capsules. As soon as she would pass out, and that is what she always did, a group of men would come into the house with equipment to work on her. Sometimes it looked like her body came off the couch from the electroshock. It was awful to watch. Then when they took the equipment off of her body, it would be cold and clammy, yet she would have a band of sweat on her face. It was my job, or her therapist's, to get her back on her feet again. Sometimes she would sleep for days afterward. Then I heard them say they had to adjust her, that is, give her more "sessions." When she came around we would be soft and kind and gentle to her and eventually she would come out of it. A friend of her therapist helped Barbra, too, on nights she couldn't. It became increasingly difficult to manage getting her put back together. It was a team effort.

I gave her injections, also. I was taught to pinch the skin on the top fatty portion of her arm, then stick the needle in it so I couldn't hurt anything. I was given a syringe to deliver drugs to arms or thighs when and if the need arose, which later became quite often. I had to give Barbra the injections whenever they told me to; otherwise they would have killed us both. I'd seen them do it to others.

Barbra liked for me to sing with her and harmonize. She said it made her feel happy like the good ole' days when she was young. She had on pink bell bottoms and a white tank top. She was really out there, stoned, drunk, or drugged out of her mind.

The massage idea helped keep a slave enslaved and contained because the accupressure points often matched up correctly with programmed touch spots. It worked well. Bodywork eased the stress of the body while locking the mind in program - a great leisurely and heavenly containment idea to further imprison mind control slaves. With rich and famous slaves they said it was easy because they could send them off on endless journeys, trips, workshops, special spas, expos, etc., because these slaves had the money to pursue different avenues that often led them directly back into containment. The Colony is not far from Point Mugu Naval Base (a mind control programming center) and seems to have been in conveniently close proximity for reconditioning purposes. More on Point Mugu later.

They also programmed us to "psychically" deliver messages or directions for slaves to follow, since we all had the belief in psychic gifts, etc. and were so suggestible. To some celebrities (most of them women), while giving them a massage, I would touch certain 'points' on their body while dropping a psychic prediction and they would think I was really gifted when in a few days, my prediction would come true. The higher the level of the slave, the more the controllers were willing to invest financially to make the predicted experience "come to pass." Someone of Streisand's stature and programmed investment was worth a "prediction come true episode" that had class and dignity. This is not to say that I don't believe in psychic reality, because I do, but these psychic realities were created and controlled, by those who sought to create circumstances that were making them lots of money.

I was used with Streisand most often in 1985-1987, during the time I attended Pepperdine University in Malibu. Before 1985, I was sent to her when she needed me in the evenings in Malibu. Craig often drove me out to dinner to accomplish these rendezvous, but after I started at Pepperdine, I would tell him that I had to go back to the campus to study. I often parked in the Pepperdine Library parking lot where I was picked up by the men in suits and dropped off at Barbra's house. This way they had different cars going in and out. Lots of times I was told to go to her during daytime hours. I had a high level of fear that was present with me most all the time, only I was so scared and programmed that I was unable to think about it with my mind. But my pain-filled, often weary and exhausted body told the truth of my experiences.

Barbra switched personalities a lot. I think that might be why she was afraid to perform on stage. Those with 'the eyes to see and the ears to hear' might have greater insight in

regard to an article written about her in the July 1994 issue of Ladies Home Journal. In it, when asked about her string of unhappy relationships and her inability to have long-lasting relationships, in her own words Barbra states, "I live with a lot of angst," and "I'm a mass of contradictions. I change and I grow. I change my mind all the time. So tell (whatever) man I'm looking for that if he likes to have affairs with lots of women, then I'm perfect for him!" Could she be referring to first-hand experience with Multiple Personality Disorder?

When she did perform, such as the concert she gave at her home in Malibu, she had to have someone like me to focus on internally, someone who was part of her programmed reality so she could feel stronger. To accomplish this she was programmed to pretend that myself or someone else was standing next to her on stage so it would shore her up to do the performance. Then she performed, just like she was programmed to do, delivering her controller's strategy to the unsuspecting and perhaps partially programmed crowd.

I once overheard Henry say that he would give the public what they wanted and demanded celebrities and fanfare - since that was all they were capable of understanding anyway. He said most of the private sector were totally ignorant of governmental matters and that, since they didn't avail themselves to knowledge of the way their country was run, it was evident that they really wanted and needed for "those in the know" to take charge and run things. He said that since he and other leaders were interested and capable, they would do the job, making the decisions and seeing to it that things ran smoothly.

Hollywood celebrities are constantly tied back into the White House to add flair and drama, and to bring in covert funds, but most importantly to add diversion to keep the American public focused in whatever direction the controllers want, instead of having the public focused on what is really going on behind the scenes.

One time when I was shoring up Barbra at her home, I found her huddled down, crouching, wringing her hands, terrified. She looked up at me in a childlike manner and said, "I don't have to sing tonight, do I?"

I said, "No, honey, not tonight."

She replied in a childlike voice, "Phew..."

I felt frightened to see her acting like a child when she switched to very young parts of herself, and didn't know what to expect when she said, "Let's play with the clay again." She had a table where we sat to play with clay. It looked like a child's table for adult size people. She switched personalities often then, so we would have tea parties and play games to entertain her child personalities.

Her son also played different games with her. One time she dressed like a clown and was acting and kicking like doing karate and she yelled out, "Hey Jason!" and he came

running and jumped into bed with her and started cuddling. Then they both went to sleep and, as instructed, I could then leave. Sometimes she wanted her therapist to join them and would say, "Come and see how fun Jas is." And, one of us would. We were all unable, incapable, and not of our own mind to choose anything else. Usually we cleaned up the mess she had made playing and then afterwards, would cover her up, tiptoe out of her room and leave.

I flew from Kauai, after I had these memories about Barbra, in order to meet with one of my therapists. She met me at a restaurant in Los Angeles and as I told her about the memories I had about Barbra Streisand the color drained from her face. Later, I understood her intense reaction, as I became aware that Barbra was her client. That day we both sat in shock and silence. I knew then that, although my therapist and I did not understand what everything meant, the love that we both believed in and the Holy Spirit that led us was ever-present. And not knowing what else to do, all I know is that the love and compassion I have for Barbra Streisand and all victims of mind control demands that I now share this information. I told Barbra's therapist everything I knew at that time, so she could attempt to help Barbra. Since I was no longer in California and easily accessible, I stopped being the one used to keep Barbra Streisand under program. I am glad for that.

Elton John

Elton John's, "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road, " with its obvious potential to trigger those with Oz programming, called my attention. Elton wrote Candle in the Wind, in regard to Marilyn Monroe, and he later produced a version in honor of Princess Di. He sings, "...you crawled out of the woodwork and they whispered into your brain, they set you on the treadmill and they made you change your name." He continues, "...Hollywood created a superstar and pain was the price you paid. Even when you died, oh the press still hounded you, all the papers had to say was Marilyn was found in the nude..." and, "...the candle burned out long before your legend ever did." In Someone Saved My Life Tonight Elton sings "...sitting like a princess perched in her electric chair." "...You nearly had me roped and tied, alter-bound, hypnotized, Sweet Freedom whispered in my ear, "You're a butterfly, and butterflies are free to fly, fly away, high away, bye, bye." Perhaps Elton knows personally about these Project Monarch, mind control issues and in his own way, through his songs, has attempted to help others to freedom. I know that his songs personally affected me deeply and I felt that he might have 'understood.' So much so, that I attended one of his 1996 concerts at the St. Louis Riverport Amphitheatre and sent one of my books, STARSHINE: One Woman's Valiant Escape From Mind Control, backstage to him. However, I suspect that the stagehand that took the sparkling package from me never delivered it to Elton, since I never received his response.

We Are the World

Writing this chapter also brings to mind the video done in the 80's by a group of famous actors, actresses, and singers, who met in Hollywood with the special purpose of recording WE ARE THE WORLD. An urgent common concern brought these entertainers, normally competitive with one other, together and they set aside their

differences to serve a higher purpose; bringing in funds for starving children in Africa. The line they sang, "We're saving our own lives," may be truer for some of these individuals than they can 'think' about due to the mind control some of them may be under.

This information I have provided to you may change the way you look at many of Hollywood's finest celebrities, many of whom myself and others have witnessed being victimized at the hands of the ruthless people who control others for reasons of power, money and domination, with the end result serving their agenda - the New World Order. I beg for you to question and look into these issues I bring before you, because the lives of many that are as yet in bondage rely on it.

If we truly serve others as we have been spiritually called to do, and understand that what we do for others we do for ourselves and ultimately for God, then we must join together to stop this control of the minds of some of our most talented and creative people. Together, we can help create a world that is safe and free, where creative and talented children are safe to grow up without the fear of being owned or manipulated by the hidden group of individuals who now are in power on our planet - a group who does not believe in freedom, but instead is invested in totalitarianism, torture, mind control and human slavery. Please help me expose and stop this insane form of abuse and hidden slavery and set the captives free!

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord has anointed me to bring good tidings to the afflicted; he has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to those who are bound." -- Isaiah 61:1

Chapter Twenty-two: Prince Phillip, Prince Charles, and Princess Di

"I Know You, I Walked With You Once Upon A Dream"

For mind control purposes, a song from Disney's Sleeping Beauty was instilled into my programming to keep all memory of hidden events separate from my conscious mind. The lyrics as I remembered them reminded me, "I know you, I walked with you once upon a dream. I know you, with you in my arms you're so familiar again... " I was programmed to feel familiar with kings, princes, and presidents and this song served to reorient me into my dream reality, the one that existed Over the Rainbow.

I was prostituted to Prince Phillip and also Prince Charles. On one occasion, Prince Charles explained to me that royalty are given the right and reserve to have affairs outside of the royal family. He said it was in the interest of their country for the royals to remain balanced and happy, and that was done by whatever means needed in order to accomplish that. The requirement was that they were discreet and didn't get caught.

I was prostituted to both Phillip and Charles in Los Angeles on different occasions and was set up with them at other times in Washington, DC, London, and New York. Prince Phillip thought he was God's gift to the world, and was arrogant and egotistical. Charles

was much different. He was quieter, more somber, and more controlled. The Council told me it was important for me to form a sexual bond with him.

Charles liked to talk a lot in bed. He would lay on his side with his head cradled in his hand and talk and talk to me. He said that he was very lonely, that Di never talked to him about anything of substance and that they just didn't seem to be matched that way. He told me that they had good sex but that was it, and that he had trouble getting her to act like a member of the royal family was suppose to act so they could lead their country in the way it needed to be run. He said that she didn't have much depth and was more interested in how she looked than anything else and he said, "Frankly, that bores me."

While I listened to him, his sharp nose, dark hair on his chest and the little crop of dark hair right at the small of his back grooved indelible memory in my mind files. After the first time we were together, he liked to be on top when we had sex. I don't think he knew I was a programmed slave. He just treated me like a trusted confidant, a friend, a lover, but sex was never paramount to him.

Charles explained to me that it was important for the royal family to have a good public image in order to wield the power they have, to lead the masses. He said that if the royal family was seen as weak and unstable, it could lead to a level of chaos within the English society. He said if a royal family could maintain stability, through whatever means necessary, then it was for the good of the whole country. So said Charles.

The Rockefeller family set me up with Charles and I was instructed to just be a good listener with him and to report back to them what he said. They wanted to know what his dreams, desires, likes and dislikes were so that they could use that information in the future to control him, and ultimately, his country. They wanted to know his "Achilles heel" so that they could use his weakness to their advantage in regard to political and business dealings between our countries.

They arranged a trip for the royal couple to come to the United States and they took great care to set everything up just right for their enjoyment. I was used as a guide, a person they could turn to for anything they needed or wanted. I was directed to anticipate whatever needs they might have and fulfill them. I was assigned to purchase Disney toys for the boys that were left in their room upon arrival. Food, clothes, rest, massages, shopping, entertainment, anything they wanted, I arranged it for them. They paid for Diana to get the full treatment at a beauty salon during the time set up for me to target Charles.

They put me with Charles while the rest of the royal family was being entertained and I was told to tend to him. As always, they told me that he was shy and, because of his position, could not ever make a sexual advance to a public individual. So, they explained to him that I was a trusted and safe person, and in turn instructed me that all I had to do was to come on to him; he knew the door was open and safe, all I had to do was lead the way.

While Di was off getting coiffeured and someone tended the children, I was told to lunch with Charles in the room and then to come on to him. When it was time, I reached out and touched the white dress shirt that covered his chest and when I saw that this created a favorable reaction, I reached out and took hold of his hand. I was trained that a man must feel sure that you care about him and will not humiliate or make fun of him in any way. He was to feel 100% safe with me. So during lunch, I listened very carefully to everything he said and kept building him up, complimenting him and showing him that I really understood what he was telling me completely. He seemed to need and like that a lot. Towards the end of lunch, he picked up my hand and kissed the inside of my palm and told me how wonderful it was to have someone he could talk to, someone who really understood. He explained that there were not many people he could talk to like this in his country, because it could leak to other people and then it could cause him and his country many problems. Prince Charles said that it had been explained how trusted I had been to the Rockefellers over the years and how he could also trust me, that I would keep private "our meeting," he called it. He was very sincere and acted like he meant every word he said. Evidently, Charles really trusted the Rockefellers. I don't know why. After he kissed my hand, I reached over and put my hand on his face and reiterated that he was safe with me and that I was thoroughly briefed on what his needs would be while he was visiting, and that he could totally relax knowing that anything that was said or done would remain private and protected. With sincere gratitude he said, "That means the world to me. It is not often that I am allowed this privilege."

The royal family was on a schedule and I only had a couple of hours to do the job I was assigned to do on Charles. After listening and a sexual rendezvous, I took him into the shower and soaped him down and rinsed him off, then helped him out, dried him off, and brought him some clothes. He seemed comfortable with all of the attention and I acted like I loved nothing more than doing everything for him. While he combed his hair he explained to me while he was looking into the mirror, that he was not used to the luxury of being alone in this way, that at home he always had servants attending to him and so he really liked the time we had together. Taking his hand, I delivered the message that I was pre-programmed to deliver, laying the groundwork my controllers dictated for future encounters. I explaining that I deeply enjoyed the time we had spent together and looked forward to many other such joyous occasions! He smiled and said yes, and I let myself out of the room. There were security men in the hallway by their suite and I smiled at them, neatly redressed now in my navy suit and heels, as I walked to the elevator.

My instructions after I left Charles were to go to a room down on another floor and let myself in with a key I would find in my pocket. Once in the room, I picked up the phone and dialed a number and began telling all the details of our conversation and time together. For all I know, I may have been talking to a tape recorder on the other end. Without making any other conversation, I finished my debrief and hung up. Then I went down to the lobby. The hotel was very elegant, with waterfalls, wood, glass, and brass decorating the lobby. I do not know the name or where I actually was.

Charles' repeated disclosure of the vital importance of his relationship with Di remaining

stable for the good of his country was the information Kissinger and the Rockefellers needed to form their strategy. I believe that now armed with this information, they had the perfect way to destabilize England, through destabilizing the royal couple's relationship. So they did just that and began devising a plan to destroy Di and Charles' relationship from the inside out. Over time, little seeds of doubt were planted, originating from Kissinger's and the Rockefeller's strategic plan, at times delivered through me, about the royal couple's relationship and about Di to Charles and about Charles to Di, and they may have worked them both from other angles. I know that they had me give certain messages that were meant to be a wedge between the two. They were always subtle, never aimed directly at them, but the inferences were there.

For example, I was sent in to talk to Di. They had me befriend her by giving me information about her that I could 'drop' at a time when we were alone. I did and she opened up and began crying, which is just exactly what they wanted her to do. Then I talked to her and helped her feel better. They wanted a bond to be set in place for later use so they could get inside information about England. Even more they wanted to know how they could "get to Charles" in order to influence him without him knowing. I was with them several times and each time spent time alone with Di talking about her difficulties. She seemed starved to talk to someone who understood and I had been armed with enough information to be that understanding person. Our controllers wanted the familiarity to 'breed' in each succeeding visit so they could have more and more of a doorway in to influence the royals. I overheard our controllers arguing about using me with her again. They said, "We can't risk having her become a familiar face." To which another man reported, "She's a long way from home and so is Di and they will never meet again by accident in a million years. You worry too much. These things always have a way of working themselves out."

So, the other man said, "Okay, okay, we'll use her, but just one more time."

I could relate to Di. We were both married, had children and shared some common ground, including having husbands that were not sexually passionate and seemed disinterested in that way. They were hoping to be able to keep Di involved because she was so easy to access - as they termed it, "loose-lipped." But that isn't how it worked out. After Di was comfortable with me, I was programmed to disclose that I wished I had a husband who liked to be very sexual with me. All the while my programmers knew from my report of Charles' sexual encounter that he was not a sexually motivated man. Then they could go about directing their media arms to capture and detail any problems that came between the royal couple, even at times creating problems that were not there in the first place - creating suspicions on both sides. It was an ugly strategy, but looking back, it worked. The monarchy was destabilized by this plan.

"We cannot live only for ourselves. A thousand fibers connect us with our fellow men; and along these fibers, as sympathetic threads, our actions run as causes, and they come back to us as effects. " -- Herman Melville

Chapter Twenty-three: They Stole My Baby

London, England was cold in the winters and was very cold and dreary. Many of the buildings I was taken into were made out of grey stone, and everything took on a greyish cast. Maybe that was due to the ominous experiences I had while in England. There were a lot of ornate black wrought iron fences around estates; even the parkways and parks often had fences surrounding them. I accompanied Reagan to London many times. I overheard that these were important assignments in facilitating diplomatic relations.

This time Ronald Reagan had on a black overcoat and we were walking across the street to visit an older lady with dark grey hair. She wore a hat and very sturdy shoes and a suit. I think she was the Queen of England, or at least someone of importance. It was not Margaret Thatcher, though. She explained that she could walk around in her country without Secret Service agents but chose wisely the time she went on "outings," she called them. She had a medium size dog that she took when she went on walks. She was very opinionated and very dominating. For some personal reason she didn't like Nancy at all and said that Ron and I made such a handsome twosome that it was a shame that Ron and I weren't a couple. She told him that Nancy made him look older than his years, and that a baby born of Reagan and I would make her happy. She said she felt there was some special chemistry and she wanted it badly. She was convinced that I was Sharon Weatherby and that I had excellent lineage. All this bloodline stuff really meant a lot to her and for whatever reason, I was the target. Maybe the Council influenced her and told her I was someone I wasn't. I don't know.

We gathered to talk in a sitting room with all white wicker furniture. There was a bird in a large ornate metal cage and there were lots of beautiful plants around. I remember how she and everyone around her spoke in English accents. They talked about the PLO and other news of the day, but I couldn't retrieve all the words in order to more completely remember their conversations. She had seen my capabilities; the mind files, the profound statements delivered in public (pre-programmed though they were by the Council), the wit (pre-programmed by the Council) and she felt I had some extraordinary genetic structure and she wanted some of it. She viewed this breeding thing like people think about horse and dog breeding. She was really into it and she had her mind set on having an offspring of mine coupled with Reagan, whom she thought was the perfect father.

There were many meetings where this subject was discussed and eventually she got her wish. The child I bore for her was the result of many meetings of negotiations over the years. The talks started out slowly as she and Reagan took small safe steps toward defining their otherwise preposterous scheme.

The child that was born for the Queen was to be brought up in a strict environment and groomed for later marriage into the royal family. It was a baby that was delivered into the arms of some of her people.

They said this baby was a gift of diplomacy between our countries. Reagan called the

baby a peace offering to show the United Kingdom our willingness to extend a hand toward future relations with their country.

When the doctors were ready to deliver my not yet full-term baby, I was taken aboard an airplane. They laid me on a cot-like gurney made of white canvas on a metal frame. There was an IV bottle hanging over my head and I was afraid it was going to swing off its stand as the plane was entering turbulent weather. I couldn't say anything, because I had a mask over my face.

My baby was born in the air, delivered by doctors dressed in surgical gowns and masks. They had utensils and long-shaped stainless steel bowls with alcohol or some type of sterile solution for their utensils. There were no nurses. Just two doctors. The baby was also to be part of some experiment. As I flashbacked, abreacted, and retrieved this memory I felt the uterine contractions and pain, my tailbone hurt and stung because they gave me a spinal injection. I didn't have the baby naturally; I heard the doctors say the word "epidural," but at the time didn't know what that word meant.

After the baby was born and the plane landed, one doctor wrapped him all up in a thin white blanket and soon headed out the door of the plane with him. I screamed with everything I was: "NO! NO! NO!" But I don't know if I was able to scream the words out loud or if I was just screaming inside. Tears were streaming from my face. I looked out the airplane window and saw a dark-haired man and a woman with medium-length blonde hair standing together on the tarmac. The doctor who took my tiny newborn son from me handed him first to the dark-haired man who, in turn, handed him into the arms of the woman. The doctor then pointed for them to go on and I thought I would die when this couple took my baby and walked away.

When the doctor reboarded the airplane he and the other man said I made a wise choice and made a great contribution to society. I didn't know what they meant. I hadn't made any choice. As they spoke of matters of national security, I was becoming increasingly more hysterical. The doctor injected a drug into the IV bottle that instantly put me asleep. The next thing I knew I was dressed in a grey sweat suit and groggily walked out of the airplane to my mom who was dressed in a red sweat shirt, white blouse and red pants. She took my face in her hands and said, "How's my sweetie?" and she helped me to the car.

I overheard the doctor say the baby was of good size despite the fact that he had been taken so early. All I could see was the top of his beautiful little head because he was wrapped so tightly in the blanket, but my love for him was and still is intense and powerful. He was part of me, but they took him away. I never saw my baby again. I was grateful when they drugged me out of my misery because the feelings and experience were overwhelming and I couldn't take anymore. My body started shaking uncontrollably and I was freezing but they said it was okay - normal in fact. It sure didn't feel normal. I was in a daze for a few days, quiet, withdrawn and very, very depressed. My soul ached. It still does today.

The grief is totally encompassing. When I think of him I still cry uncontrollably. How could they steal my baby? How could they?

"Jesus wept." -- John 11:35

"Thus says the Lord: Refrain your voice from weeping, and your eyes from tears; for your work shall be rewarded, says the Lord and (your children) shall return from the enemy's land. And there is hope in your future, says the Lord; your children shall come again to their own country." -- Jeremiah 31:1617

Chapter Twenty-four: USC: Higher Education or Mind Control

Uncle Charlie Donates \$4.7 Million to USC

In 1973, as Uncle Charlie greased the way, Craig entered University of Southern California (USC) Dental School and commuted everyday from our home in Agoura to downtown Los Angeles. As I was to later find out, Charles Lilley Horn had quite a name at USC, as well as in San Francisco at the United States Mint. He personally knew members of the Federal Reserve Board. As I discovered, he was connected to Federal Reserve Bankers; old money, and Hearst newspaper type of old money friends. Uncle Charlie was a direct link with the Council through the money he was able to generate. He was revered by those who knew him as a trusted businessman, a family man who was adept in politics and investments. I believe Charles Horn was the single most important family link to my control by the global elitists. The reality of what I was involved in was carefully concealed every Christmas when I dutifully sent a box of See's Candy to him and his wife at their winter home in Scottsdale, Arizona. I was drugged and programmed that this act of gift-giving reminded me to forget, which it did for many years. And, I was programmed to watch the popular television series, Charlie's Angels, in my controllers' attempt to cover and scramble my memory.

Charles Lilley Horn, as Chairman of the Board, retained control of Federal Cartridge Corporation for many years until relinquishing control around 1970 to his progeny, Charles B. Horn and William B. Horn, presumably his sons. Federal Cartridge Corporation is a munitions manufacturer, based in Minneapolis, Minnesota (address: 2700 Foshay Tower, Minneapolis, MN). Dun & Bradstreet Million Dollar Directory indicates that Federal Cartridge Corporation was a long-time subsidiary of the Olin Foundation, Inc. headquartered in New York City. The Foundation Directory shows that Charles Lilley Horn also was President of the Olin Foundation, Inc. throughout the 1960's and 1970's.

The Olin Foundation, Inc. (currently F.W. Olin Foundation, Inc.) was established as a charitable trust in 1938 for Franklin W. Olin, founder of Olin Industries, which later merged with the Mathieson Chemical Company, eventually becoming the Olin Corporation of today. During the 1970's, the Olin Corporation was interlocked with the Chase Manhattan Corporation, whose Chairman was David Rockefeller (see diagram). The Rockefellers, of course, have long had controlling interest in the United States Federal Reserve, which as many people know is actually a private corporation, with

shareholders.

According to The Foundation Directory (1995), the F.W. Olin Foundation, Inc. (with William B. Horn, Vice President) listed its assets at \$317 million (as of 1993). The Directory describes the Foundation's purpose and activities as "primarily for constructing and equipping new academic buildings and libraries at private four-year, accredited degree-granting colleges and universities..." In the book, Understanding Foundations (1967), the Olin Foundation, Inc. is similarly described; it states, "Many grants in education are made, especially for construction. Grants show a preference for the field of engineering... Recent recipients have been the University of Southern California..." (among others). This information was confirmed by the USC Office of University Advancement, indicating two grants given to USC in the 1960's by the Olin Foundation: (1) In 1964, \$2.4 million to fund the Olin Hall of Engineering and (2) in 1965, \$2.5 million to fund the Vivian Hall of Engineering. With these donations, it is no wonder that Uncle Charlie (Charles Lilley Horn), who was President of the Olin Foundation at the time, was popular at USC, particularly with the Engineering School which is currently located in Olin Hall.

Interestingly, during the 1960's the USC School of Engineering was transformed into a major research facility and expanded into several new areas, including biomedical engineering. Today the Engineering School boasts several academic departments and research centers. One such research facility is the Center For Neural Engineering, which lists among its research activities: (1) Hardware Models of Hippocampus Toward Brain Implants as Neural Protheses for Memory Loss; (2) USC Brain Project; and (3) USC DARPA (Defense Advance Research Project Agency) UltraScale Computing Project-to name a few. Apparently, the USC Brain Project is sponsored by the National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) and the National Aeronautical and Space Administration (NASA). It is also worth mentioning that the DARPA project involves "Hybrid Neuron-Silicon Computational Systems For Pattern Recognition" which includes the interface of electrode arrays with hippocampal tissue slices and neuron cultures, as well as growth techniques for cortical neurons on silicon substrates, and even technologies to interface silicon-based computer systems and neurobiological systems. In 1998, the USC Alfred E. Mann Institute for Biomedical Engineering received a donation of \$100 million from biomedical entrepreneur Alfred E. Mann, for whom the Institute is named. The donation was said to be one of the largest in the history of higher education, and is second largest ever to USC, behind \$120 million donated by Walter H. Annenberg to the School of Communication.

Standing back and looking at this patchwork picture painted above, highlighted by advanced research projects in biomedical engineering and incredible amounts of funding, one cannot help but be struck by the obvious potential at the USC School of Engineering for major advancements in the technology and application of MIND CONTROL!

HELLOOOOOO!

Now, ask yourself, why is DARPA (American Defense) operating in a university setting? What are they actually researching? What do you think is really going on?

One can see that foundations don't always make donations to university academic departments that one might expect, based on the donors' apparent line of business. Another example is the H. Leslie Hoffman and Elaine S. Hoffman Foundation, with assets approaching \$20 million. H.L. Hoffman was the CEO of the Hoffman Electronics Corporation, a long-time Los Angeles-based company since 1932, in the business of manufacturing various electronic devices, generally entertainment related (including special ones for government agencies). The USC Hoffman Medical Research building is named after its donor Elaine S. Hoffman.

The Hoffman Engineering Company, located in Minnesota, is listed as a division of Uncle Charlie's Federal Cartridge Corporation. Hoffman Engineering makes metal and composite enclosures for electrical and electronic controls, instruments and components. I wonder if they made covers that house those nasty ECT devices I was regularly zapped with? To date, I haven't yet determined a linkage between Hoffman Electronics and Hoffman Engineering, but that Hoffman Medical Research connection sounds promising. Apparently later on, Federal Cartridge and Hoffman Engineering merged to become Federal Hoffman Corporation (FC Holdings, Inc.). In 1988, the company was purchased by the Minnesota-based Pentair Corporation, increasing Pentair's total sales by nearly 40%, and is currently listed as a subsidiary of Pentair in the Directory of Corporate Affiliations. After that transaction, Uncle Charlie's relations no longer appear among Federal Cartridge Corporation's corporate officers, but instead have been listed among the officers of the Olin Foundation, according to the Foundation Directory.

Uncle Charlie continued to be an invisible influence in my life. But even though I was unaware of this, in my public and conscious reality I was still working as a dental assistant, though unknowingly placing dental implants (some type of miniature electronic transmitters) into the teeth of unsuspecting patients, without my own conscious knowledge and awareness. My four day work week for Dr. Jacoby, a USC dental school graduate, was extremely productive, for him. While I did all the hands-on dental work with his patients, including fitting and cementing bands, making archwires and headgears, removing braces, making retainers, and performing general check-ups, Dr. Jacoby sat in his private office and either read magazines or worked on his computer. At 22 years old, Craig and I had no idea that our lives were totally controlled and not our own; nor could we have known that we were living our lives under total and complete mind control.

Who Are the Annenbergs?

Moses Annenberg made his fortune during the Prohibition days by creating an information monopoly on which bookies and gambling mobsters depended. His cartel controlled a nationwide racetrack news wire service, The Trans-National, headquartered in Chicago. The street savvy he gained first as a newsboy, then later as a high executive within the William Randolph Hearst media empire, gave Annenberg the

wherewithal to pull off his racing news coup, and made him one of America's wealthiest men. However, in 1939, Annenberg was convicted of tax fraud and was forced to give up the wire service aspect of his business. This brought about a battle to take over control, which resulted in several sensational murders, including that of Bugsy Siegel, who, as Al Capone's west-coast agent of Trans-American, managed to wrest control over Trans-National through the strong arm tactics of his 'enforcer,' Mickey Cohen. Annenberg's media empire then continued on as Triangle Publications and included the Daily Racing Form.

By 1946, the dust cleared, but all the turbulence soon brought about a Congressional investigation into organized crime in America, headed by Senator Estes Kefauver's Committee. Following its hearings, the Committee concluded that mob-control of the racing news wire service was undermining America and represented the heart of mob operations. During 1950 and 1951 the Kefauver Committee heard from 600 witnesses, "...including most of the powerful gangsters of the day. It was an astonishing spectacle. Never before did so many criminals pass in review before the general public; never before were so many put on display singly or in tandem as members of a single community of outlaws." (Albert Fried, 1993)

During this time, Walter H. Annenberg had dropped out of the Wharton School of Business at the University of Pennsylvania in about 1930 to join his father's company, as a bookkeeper. In 1942, he became the company's president. As head of Triangle Publications, Walter Annenberg started two new hugely successful publications, TV Guide, America's best selling weekly magazine, and Seventeen magazine, and continued in his father's path as a media mogul. In 1988, Rupert Murdoch, a leader in the media industry, purchased TV Guide, Seventeen, and Daily Racing Form from Annenberg's company for \$3 billion. The following year, Annenberg established the charitable trust known as The Annenberg Foundation. Its current assets are listed as \$2.6 billion.

According to the Foundation Directory, the Foundation's current primary purpose is to support "early childhood and K-12 education (including public school restructuring and reform)." In 1993, Annenberg announced a \$550 million gift, the largest private donation ever to benefit education, providing a series of grants for school reform projects geared toward improving elementary and secondary education. Regarding this donation, the Los Angeles Times (Dec. 17, 1993) reported: "Although White House officials refused to give details of the awards, three groups are expected to get a major share of the money: the New American Schools Development Corp. in Alexandria, VA [which is not far from the CIA's Langley headquarters]; the Coalition of Essential Schools at Brown University in Providence, R.I.; and the Education Commission of the States in Denver [boy, that area has been in the news recently, first, the JonBenet Ramsey murder mystery and now the Littleton school massacre]. The New American Schools Development Corp. was begun in 1991 [coincidentally, just before the 1992 election year] by business leaders and George Bush Administration officials who believed that they could develop more effective and creative learning programs outside the traditional public school system [I guess George's presidential lap would qualify in that case]. This

colossal donation came on the heels of one just months prior, a gift of \$365 million to four colleges, including the record \$120 million donation to the University of Southern California, as mentioned earlier, another \$120 million to Annenberg's alma mater, the University of Pennsylvania, \$100 million to Peddie School, Annenberg's preparatory school in New Jersey, and \$25 million to Harvard University [Henry's old stomping ground]. After creating the Annenberg Institute for School Reform, the Santa Monica - Malibu Unified School District received a \$500,000 grant from the Los Angeles Annenberg Metropolitan Project. Prior to that, according to the L.A. Times (Jan 24, 1996), Annenberg had given \$53 million to fund a fiveyear school reform project in Los Angeles County, purportedly "to begin work in elementary schools to wipe out [cultural] differences between the two groups [i.e. Santa Monica and Malibu kids]." The School District, after receiving a \$5 million share of project funds, reached an agreement with Rand Corp., a Santa Monicabased 'think tank,' to evaluate the projects impact on the District's 10,500 students. Rand Corp. has long been known for its technoinformation-oriented projects, and is reputed to have participated in 'MKULTRA-like' projects during the 60's. Note two of its studies: P-2575 "Long-lasting Effects of LSD on Certain Attitudes in Normals: An Experimental Proposal" (1962) and P-2676 "Experimental Designs for Investigating Conditioning" (1966). In its Index to Selected Publications of The Rand Corporation, it lists among its areas of research investigation in the field of psychology, the following: "Automata," "Laboratory Man-Machine Studies," and "Sleep Learning" - many projects under these headings appear to have mind control applications.

The Annenberg Estate is a sprawling 300-acre tract, located near the intersection of Frank Sinatra Boulevard and Bob Hope Drive, in Rancho Mirage, California (near Palm Springs) and features a private golf course, swimming pool, and several lakes and ponds. Nicknamed "Sunnylands," it has been the magical destination of the British Royalty, as well as the simply rich and famous, and is considered a second "Camp David" by U.S. Presidents. Walter Annenberg established his friendship with the British Royals back during the Nixon Administration, when he had accepted the post as U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Great Britain. Later, during the Reagan Administration, his wife, Mme. Ambassador Leonore Annenberg, functioned as chief of Protocol to the White House. Their tie to Prince Charles was solidified during his visit to Sunnylands in 1974, when he reputedly attempted to play the private golf course polo-style from his golf cart. Bob Hope, whose home is in Palm Springs, was a regular guest at the Annenberg Estate. He was valued for his many contacts and his contribution to the Annenberg's social register, which at times included Henry Kissinger. Incidentally, Bob was knighted by Queen Elizabeth several years ago, as was "Sir George Bush."

Given my personal, though mind-controlled, involvement with Pete Wilson and others, in altering the California school system curriculum to include mind control (which I will discuss further in a later chapter), I believe my experiences reveal a mass plan for the 'enhancement' of many children in ways that do not respect their freedoms. I invite the public to help me bring together the pieces of this puzzle, in a way that will protect future generations.

USC Dental School 1973 -1977

A big part of what I thought was our entertainment during my husband's dental school years was frequenting USC football games. When we attended the games, I was told to dress immaculately, and be ready with carefully groomed hair, make-up, and polished fingers and toenails for the team. During the game I was programmed to stand up from my seat in the stadium and walk out through the tunnel to my left. My husband, now a USC Dental School student, stayed in his seat just like he did when we went to Dodger games. I walked to the locker room where the team went during half time. Lots of times I didn't even see whom I was servicing. I just felt like a sucking machine. On one such occasion the coach dressed me in a little cheerleading skirt and had sex with me in front of the mind-controlled football robots that needed extra incentive to work harder, or as the coach said to them, "Step right up and enjoy the pussy. Get it while it's hot," he'd say, like he was a street vendor and I was a piece of meat. Then he would caution the players, "But only if you perform today." If the players did well, performed to the coach's standards on the field, they got to have sex with a slave. If they did really well, they got to have one of us for the evening. I never stayed all night but entertained for the evening. I don't know where my husband went but he was waiting, later that night in the dark, for me in his Datsun 280 Z. There were also USC basketball mind-controlled robots. I had to have sex with one of them in the locker room after a game we went to one evening. It was just a quickie since they didn't view the basketball team as important as the football team.

O.J. Simpson was their star quarterback, their prize athlete, a real machine. He played at most of the USC football games that we attended. I remember hearing everyone talk about how the coach bought him an expensive new car. One time Henry gave some advice to the coach on programming that he appreciated.

One night at an alumni meeting, the coach spoke to a group of older alumni men around a table. They were all smoking and drinking at this so-called meeting. The coach said, "This young lady has a very wealthy uncle and she's a Trojan all the way." Then another man stepped forward and helped me onto the table as they started playing the song "the stripper" and I took my street clothes off and danced in front of these drunken men. I was around 22. The men in charge seemed to all know who I was and where I came from. They seemed to regard me more as my Uncle Charlie's than as my husband's.

After I stripped, a man helped me off the table and one drunken USC alumni yelled, "Put her back up on the table and let's see her put her clothes back on. If she's gotta' put them back on, let's watch." So I climbed back onto the table and a man kindly put a chair up there for me to sit on because I had nylons to put back on and it would have been hard to do standing up. They were screaming and hollering which clothes to leave until last so I did as they said. On the way out I kissed the coach on the cheek and smiled and waved to all the men as they whistled and cheered. They were drunker than skunks. I was trained to always kiss the man I was bolstering on the cheek and be affectionate with him in front of the other men. But if the wives were there I was to remain discreet. There were different rules for different situations. After that, I was

passed all over USC, not as much among the mind-controlled robot students as the dirty old' alumni men. I don't think the men knew I was under mind control, but I believe USC Coach Reddin did.

I was prostituted to the Dean of the Dental School after Craig got accepted. Dean Walker and Dean Crawford also seemed to be 'friends' of Charles Horn. I was prostituted to Coach Reddin, also, at times, like I cited above, in front of the football team for incentive. And there were a lot of other important persons at USC in the main university, aside from the dental school, whom I was directed to "cater to." Some of these men seemed to know all about my Uncle Charlie's family. I felt strange because, depending on which personality I was keyed into, I didn't think of him as my family and didn't ever see him consciously, yet all these men referred to me as Mr. Horn's niece, Susan. I 'serviced' administrators at the main college and heads of different departments. Usually, I was briefly introduced to them in their offices and then after a football game or on an evening when I thought Craig and I were getting together with some of his classmates, I'd be taken to a hotel room to entertain one or more of them. From what I overheard and understood, Uncle Charlie had a big role in providing funding for the "furthering of education at USC." I believe a lot of his money went to further research or mind control 'projects,' such as different members of the football team. USC had to be full of mind control robots because USC was granted huge sums of money if they participated in the mind control project. So, they participated in the academic and sports end of it in order to qualify for the grants. Plus, of course, there were persons in positions of leadership at USC who were part of the 'elite' group.

Mind Control Demonstrations

I was "demonstrated" often at USC in front of doctors, scientists or other professionals who were 'selected' to be a part of the project. The moderator, who was a big, tall, salt and pepper gray-haired man introduced me as Charles Horn's niece, the founder of the project. Perhaps Uncle Charlie's money went to start the project at USC in the early 60's. Be that as it may, the moderator showed his audience how I worked by calling out simple commands. Initially they weren't shown much, because what the moderator was attempting to do was enlist the aid and future work of some of these scientists and doctors. Half the men present already knew all about the project and were there secretly posing as people who were unaware. In actuality they were planted to influence the moral attitudes of the other individuals; they would agree easily in hopes that others would also agree, comply and join their research program. It usually worked as they said, "To get them past any hang-ups they might have in regard to the fact that we're working with humans instead of animals." Then they proceeded to explain that the subjects were originally defective in some way or they would say, "all the results are actually doing is enhancing the person's abilities, not hindering them in any way." They went to great lengths to condition some of these men slowly over the first few meetings.

They demonstrated my typing capabilities, "speed and accuracy," the moderator said as he took the paper from my typewriter and showed it around the room. Then at later meetings they would demonstrate the photographic memory enhancement or some other 'enhancement' this project had provided me. Initially, some of the men were not so

much in favor of it or were hesitant, so they were not invited back to subsequent meetings. In this way, the project's secrecy was protected and not further exposed to those who wouldn't support it.

Uncle Charlie seemed to have done his part by keeping the money coming to them. The goal of the group at USC was to turn out thousands of "enhanced citizens" who would do their work and function on behalf of the cause. Because Charlie was popular there, so was 1, and they had plans to create some fine physicians, lawyers, dentists, oral surgeons, etc., who lived in or around Los Angeles, so the likelihood of them remaining in the area was larger than the out-of-state people. They planned to make good use of them in the future after they were secured in their professions. They laughed as they said, "Hell, they'll owe it to us for making them some of the best professionals in their fields, so they won't mind donating some of their time back to their old alma mater!" They needed a cluster of professionals in and around the Los Angeles area to funnel illegal money through their business' at a high level, but many didn't even know their names were attached to separate monies filtered in at selected banks who were positioned for just this purpose. There was a whole financial framework set up to support the project in the future, with every year, yielding more and more financial backing as the children were born and used to create more and more funding, and then their children eventually would attend USC or another affiliate school to crank out more "cooperative" professional graduates. I overheard a lot while I was waiting at a meeting to service some man afterwards. But as instructed, I was recording into a mind file, what was said at the meeting in order to report back to Henry.

Henry programmed into my mind a map of the campus at USC because it was such a large campus. And when I would have to go somewhere to service some man, he would tell me to go to D-3, for example, on the campus map inside my head and I'd know where to go. There was also a coding system to keep track of where I was to be at a certain time at a future date. I went to many different buildings on the USC campus for various reasons; sex and to pass messages to different scientists, professors or doctors.

There were times I was taken to a USC football game the whole entire game, just for one man's sexual pleasure. Craig was so focused on the game that he never seemed to notice I was all messed up or that the perfect make-up that I had arrived in was smudged or that my hair was messed up. Some of the men I serviced had big motorhomes that they parked right outside the stadium or on the grounds of the Coliseum near USC where they would picnic and party with their friends before the game.

USC was a pilot project in Los Angeles, one designed to harness and utilize some of the finest minds in the country. These were the cream of the crop, some of the top achievers from all over the nation and they wanted to utilize them. They felt that mind-controlled doctors, especially surgeons, were 100% more accurate than non-enhanced doctors and surgeons. They were experimenting to see if by showing young interns how to do surgery visually, they could retain the procedures. There was

an inner group of selected students who were chosen based on their childhood histories to be a part of the pilot project. They felt they were creating super humans and used them to do their work. They used the technology on my husband and some of his lab partners. I know because I heard Henry talk to Reagan and other "insiders" about this. He also made appointments for me to get 'treatments' there. Some rooms at USC marked "authorized personnel only," at first seemed like dark rooms for processing photos but they weren't. Instead they had chairs similar to dental chairs with goggles for virtual reality. The chairs vibrated, turned, and became hot or cold and made it feel like the scene I was seeing came alive. It sounded like, and the goggles made me feel that I was spinning in space, swirling and spinning, and I got very, very dizzy. They exposed me to a lot of weird scary things. They also played very loud, irritating noises, like high shrill screeches and 'nails on a chalkboard.' It was often excruciating but my hands were immobilized on the chair arms so I couldn't reach up and pull the headphones or goggles off; I dissociated in order to withstand it. These experiences happened to me on days when I went to the dental school in order to have Craig work on my teeth. After the dental work was completed, then I had this other torture. This was during the time Nixon was President, then Ford. Reagan was Governor and Kissinger was still in office.

The Council heavily used USC, and many 'enhanced individuals' were turned out to work for 'the cause' and proliferate, creating more new little Trojans. Those working for the New World Order saw "the takeover" wrapped up since the numbers would snowball each 20 to 25 years. My children would be destined to continue at a college or university that could 'further their enhancement.' The Council also knew how easily they could shape the minds of the students at the university, since their minds were as yet uncluttered and they could teach them.

These people were heavily into breeding and genetic bloodlines. They said things like, "Hell, people pay more attention to breeding their horses and dogs than they do planning for their future progeny," and that, "People in the project, however, have been fortunate enough to have that research and selective breeding done for them, so their offspring will be of the highest quality. It's time we quit wasting precious space on this planet supporting inferior human life. It's time for a quality race to people this planet."

This was the evolutionary step they saw. And they felt that, "since the common man can't think to bring about these changes on his own, we who are capable are left with the responsibility. Someone has got to do it, or we will be annihilated."

"Let us then approach the throne of grace with confidence, so that we may receive mercy and find grace to help us in our time of need." -- Hebrews 4:16

Chapter Twenty-five: Baby Monarchs are Born

Craig and I decided, at least I thought we decided, that it was important for me to take additional means of birth control to insure that we did not conceive a child while I was

working to put Craig through dental school. Dr. Stoddard referred me to Dr. Harold Lusk, a Hollywood OB/GYN who, on my first visit, examined me and told me not to worry, that my female reproductive organs were in such bad condition that I could never have children. I was so devastated that I couldn't talk, much less question the doctor. I drove home numbed by the news. Later that afternoon, sobbing through my words, I told my husband that I would never be able to have children.

Craig called Dr. Lusk immediately and was told that I had a disease called endometriosis, plus fibroid tumors and cysts, that the doctor explained were common in upper and middle class women when they put off having children until later in life. I was only 22 years old! He told Craig that if he performed surgery on me it might be possible for me to get pregnant, but that we would have to start the process of trying to have a child, immediately. Over the next year, I had two major surgeries for what I was told was to correct the damage, and began the medical process of dealing with what I was told was infertility. When, after the two so-called surgeries, I didn't get pregnant, as a last resort, Dr. Lusk gave me a fertility drug called "clomid," and soon after, I became pregnant. I continued working as a dental assistant until I went into labor and gave birth to our first child, Kevin Craig Ford, on October 19, 1975.

The Birth of Kevin Craig Ford

Late at night, as my labor progressed, we were met at the hospital by a group of anxious hospital staff. Craig phoned ahead alerting them that Susan Ford was on her way to the hospital. They thought I was Susan Ford, the President's daughter. I guess this was understandable due to the fact that Nixon had stepped down and Gerald Ford was now President. They thought I might have twins, since I was so huge, but after an intense natural childbirth, Kevin was born and was immediately taken away from me for what seemed like a very long time. They told me it was standard procedure despite the fact that there were no complications. But later, suited men came into my hospital room. One man took a syringe and some type of drug out of his briefcase and, while he was readying the injection for me, I began screaming, "Where's my baby? Where's my husband? What did you do with my baby?"

As he injected a drug into my arm, he said in a calm, emotionless voice, "You see me but you don't see me. You can't see. You can't see me." Waiting a moment for the drug to take effect, he said, "You need to calm down. . . just calm down. . . down. . . down. . . down. . . down... one ...two...three...going down ...deeper now ...going down. You're in the well, next to hell, and everything that happens there, oh well, or is it oh hell? You're there."

Taking my pulse, he continued, "This is our baby. Don't ever forget, it belongs to us. You will hand him over when cued. You will not react. You will simply hand him over, like he is a sack of groceries. Do you understand? Nod your head if you understand."

I nodded.

"Good, very good. This way no one will have to get hurt, we don't want that do we?"

I shook my head no. I felt very drugged.

"Good," the man said hypnotically. "Bad things happen if you don't obey. Very bad things."

I felt very sick, very tired, and very terrified. I couldn't breathe, I was too scared. "They'll take my baby," I thought, terrified beyond words. Frantically I worried, "Who will watch my baby, what are they doing to him? Help, I can't get help. No one can hear. I can't talk, I can't tell. THIS IS hell!" Afterwards, of course, I couldn't recall or think about any of this traumatic event.

After a brief hospital stay, Craig and I brought Kevin home and began trying to parent this baby who would not suckle at my breast and cried non-stop.

I was programmed not to lock the doors to our home in Agoura and often men in suits let themselves into our house. They always had guns and sometimes a knife. These men usually came in threes - one to handle and torture my baby, one to torture me, and one to guard the door. The men said they had a "little treat for the baby." They went to Kevin's room and took him out of his crib, where he was sleeping. They held Kevin in front of me and threatened me, with a gun pointed to my temple. They said that if I didn't cooperate they would cut his penis off, or slit his throat. At times they would cut him and make him bleed. Watching helplessly, as they hurt my baby, was the single worst nightmarish feeling and experience. I wanted my husband to help me. I wanted him to protect us, but he never did. Now, I understand that he never could.

The men did different things each time they came to harass us. At times they took Kevin into another room and while they had him, another man restrained me. I stood silently and helplessly while I tried to listen to what was happening to my baby. The agonizing silence was intensely painful and was always followed, after what seemed like forever, with the screams of a crying baby in excruciating pain. God, the screams and the torturous crying were nearly unbearable to listen to. I was so helpless. I could not help myself, nor could I help my son. Another time they asked me if I wanted to see a "blue baby" and then one of them proceeded to stick his thumb down my baby's throat until he turned blue. The lead man always said that if I cooperated and did a better job, they would not have to subject my son to this. But they tortured us no matter how well I did my job.

And, it is said that America is the land of the free and home of the brave. Where oh where have we strayed, so far from the ideals set forth for this country?

One day my infant son was swinging, peacefully sound asleep in his wind-up swing, when they came. They threw a glass of water into Kevin's face to wake him up. He cried and the suited man picked him up and carried him around the side of the garage out of my sight. Dying inside, I waited anxiously, hoping they wouldn't hurt him again. After the silence came the horrifying crying and screams. The suited man carried him back, his

baby bootie was off and blood was dripping all over. Holding a razor blade up to me, he said, "Solve this problem my little cutie." He handed me my screaming son, who was dripping with blood. When they left, I took Kevin into the house and sat with him on the couch, sobbing, rocking him, and trying to stop the bleeding with a towel I wrapped around his little foot. He cried so hard that he was sweating and sniffing, gasping for air and sobbed himself to sleep.

Our neighbor, Ron Peters, was one of Governor Ronald Reagan's bodyguards. He was usually around when I was used with Reagan in California, but didn't appear to be the lead man. I never knew when these men would barge into my home. Sometimes they even arrived in the middle of the night. When this occurred, I was programmed to walk to the front door and open it, and the men in suits would push their way in. They often pushed me into Kevin's room and closed the door. Craig always slept and never woke up to protect us. It was always the same torture, horror and threats to both my baby and me, and when they were finished they would leave. These hellacious experiences happened over and over and over again. At times, in those early years, there were instructions given over the phone in the middle of the night, but later on there was programming done that paired tones on the phone with different instructions. I responded robotically to the different tones I heard on the phone. A programmed part of me knew the instructions that matched the tones and knew just what they meant and how to respond.

As my programming dictated, I robotically delivered my baby to my father's welding shop where I handed him over, probably for further trauma programming, and left.

This kind of trauma, tied to my maternal instinct, was enough to keep all the programming intact. It kept hidden the awareness of my use in high security work for the government and other secret criminal activities I was involved in without my knowledge, consent, or awareness. In my conscious waking state as well as my sleeping hours, I was unable to think about what was happening to me and my family, but after Kevin was born I began to have excruciating migraine headaches. I also had stomachaches, colitis and constant pain in my female organs. My body was expressing what I could not.

My husband graduated from dental school and immediately set up a dental practice on Topanga Canyon Boulevard in Woodland Hills. I continued to work out of our house, doing dental lab work, so I could stay at home with our baby. I also began working part-time at Craig's office. During the hours I worked away from home, Kevin was left at a babysitter's house in the old neighborhood where I grew up in Woodland Hills. When he was out of diapers he filled a long-awaited slot at Little Oaks Preschool, in Thousand Oaks, California, where he, and later, the rest of my children were further ritually abused. The fact that I had put my baby on a preschool waiting list just weeks after he was born was not a detail I could reflect on. Nor, did the fact that I left him at the home of this babysitter who gave me a very dark, gnawing eerie feeling that wouldn't go away, ever hit me mentally. I could not, due to the mind control I was under, consciously think about any of this.

Each year my husband and I would attend the American Dental Association's annual convention, which was often held in Anaheim, California. In addition to the regular dental convention agenda, I was programmed to switch and then slip off to side rooms where I presented the latest in mind control technology for the dentists who wanted to own the best assistants money could buy, complete with all the latest enhancements available. Then at night we went to Disneyland. On several of these nights the park was closed to the public at large, in order to entertain the dentists and their families. Our controllers never missed an opportunity to combine functions so that they could accomplish two or more things at once. Of course, at Disneyland my family and I were reprogrammed and reconditioned in order to preserve our high level programming. Nothing was ever what it seemed and often there was an alternate agenda, a parallel reality going on at the same time as a publicly acceptable event.

Back in Agoura, there were nights I was triggered to walk out of our home on Valley Heights Drive to the waiting car of Secret Service agents or other men in suits in order to be flown to many different destinations. Clothes were always provided and were kept separate from those I wore at home, lest I gain access to my memory by the sight of clothing I had worn on a "government mission."

Drugged

My husband's dental training came in handy, as he was adept at injecting my arm with drugs that our controllers wanted me to have. There also were flat, round, chalky tasting tablets, the size of Roloids, that he gave me at times before I was taken away by the Secret Service agents. There were lots of drugs given to me orally and intravenously over the years and I never knew what they were, I simply dissociated and complied when they were administered.

Around this time, my husband announced that he had located a beautiful piece of property in an exclusive area of Agoura, called "Old Agoura." Wanting to share his find with me he drove me down a little one-lane country road that led to a secluded dirt road. We entered a beautiful rural area, dotted with huge oak trees everywhere and there was a beautiful stream that went through the land. Craig introduced me to Aaron Funk who was the owner of one whole side of the street. This stranger announced that he was hand-selecting his neighbors for this exclusive area, and we were to be among them. This property was located less than a block from the entrance of Bob Hope's 2,324-acre Jordan Ranch. Within days, an agreement was struck, and although my husband was fresh out of dental school, and our funds were extremely limited, he made a financial deal with Mr. Funk to purchase the acre of land for \$78,000. This close proximity to Bob Hope's property factored into my family's abuse, heavily. (See appendix for map.)

When I was to be used at parties - like at the Queen Mary the night of a supposed dental party we attended where I was later taken away to service Bob Hope and Alan Cranston - first Craig put some liquid drug into my drink and I drank it as instructed, "Drink it like a shooter, one gulp and it's down." Then Craig gave me some drug from a plastic bag that he pulled out of his suit pocket. He took the white powdery substance

and wet it on a mirror, put the liquid into a syringe and injected it into my arm. At different times, he gave me shots in a variety of places - my arms, thighs, hip and buttocks. Sometimes he tied a rubber tourniquet very tightly around my arm before he gave me the injection. These injections hurt sometimes, especially the ones in my lower arms near my wrist. Sometimes he would try to use veins there and the shots really stung. My husband was an expert in laying out this drug paraphernalia in preparation for readying me for an event. He knew my arm like a road map and where to hit the good veins.

A man in a suit frequently delivered a supply of the drugs to our house, intended for me. He left it high in the top corner of the garage, taped to the wall. I saw Craig retrieve it from that location on a number of occasions.

My husband also injected me before porn was filmed. They were still using me in porn in my 30's. Craig injected me, just before my use, oftentimes when I was in someone else's car ready to be taken to my assignment. If one of the kids came up at that time, he would yell at them to get back in the house. Sometimes there was a certain smell to certain drugs, almost like sulfur. When porn was filmed in the dental office, "Dr. Ford" injected me or gave me some tablet or wafer to eat, beforehand. I don't know what the deciding factor was as to whether the drug was given interveniously or orally, but I sat in the dental chair and watched as my husband mixed up the powder on the dental tray, liquidized it, placed the liquid into a syringe and then shot it into my arm. Only then could they start the porn. I was always drugged before filming pornography.

As our children grew older, they also were drugged before they were used.

While retrieving some of these drugged memories, I didn't feel any emotions. It was as if I was just a "doll" and not real. Rag doll is a very common program theme among female slaves. Bob used to refer to me as his doll.

It took two years after retrieving these drug memories before I could actually begin to feel the pain and betrayal of this act performed, unconsciously, but still, by my own husband. And, until I had a sufficient amount of memories of our early cross-programming, I could only see my husband as a perpetrator, and not as the victim of the same evil system that he truly was.

The Birth of Our Second Mind Controlled Child

Bob Hope's "Little Filly" and George Bush's "Bush Baby"

In 1977 we decided, or it was decided for us, that it was time to have a second child. I kept saying I wanted to go to Maui to conceive this second child after dental school. Actually, our controllers had planned it all. Craig and I arrived on Maui and he told me to dress for dinner. Being in the mood to celebrate, Craig made us a Hawaiian cocktail in our hotel suite. It tasted like a combination of a Mai Tai and a Pina Colada, and it must have been drugged. I drank the drink as we watched the beautiful Maui sunset from our balcony. Then I went into our bedroom and dressed in a beautiful clingy, long purple dress and we went out as my husband had told me I thought to dinner. Instead of what I

thought was going to be a lobster dinner, I ended up staying in a hospital for a few days. In fact, I was flown from the island in a helicopter, with a facemask on through which I was breathing some kind of drug, to a hospital where they did something to me (I believe Kelly was genetically engineered) and I was in this hospital for awhile. The doctors wore green surgical scrubs and did something to me vaginally. I don't know exactly what. They had test tubes, the glass kind that were very long and slender, and they looked at each other over their green facemasks. They didn't speak out loud but their eyes looked very serious. I had an IV in my left arm that was tied to a board with cotton and gauze around it. After that night I became deathly ill, severely nauseated, and I don't really remember much else that happened on that trip.

When Craig finally picked me up after they finished with me, they had me dress once again in my purple dress, and then Craig took me to the awaited lobster dinner. At that time there was a switch in my personality system and I didn't (couldn't) consciously know what had transpired. But that is how I really got pregnant with Kelly. Craig and I weren't allowed to have sex for awhile, but were allowed to as they said, "enjoy it in your mind." Kelly was the classic blonde, blue-eyed prototype, with large cheekbone structure, and all the right things they wanted for her to be sexual. Years later, Sylvester Stallone would comment that Kelly looked to him like a little 'Bo Derek.' The UCLA doctors were in correspondence with other doctors on Maui. When I got pregnant with Kelly on Maui in June of 1977, they monitored this conception heavily. When we returned to the mainland, I found out I was actually pregnant. I began spotting and my doctor recommended I go to bed, which I did for a few days until the spotting ceased. Kelly has a personality named Papaya, in honor of, and use for, Hawaiian experiences. As I remembered this experience, in obedience with my programming, my heart started racing and I felt like I was having a heart attack.

Our daughter, Kelly Suzanne Ford was born on February 23, 1978, and from then on Kevin wasn't always the main focus of the torturous trauma - Kelly was.

The torture and trauma began right after her birth. While we were still in Valley Presbyterian Hospital in Van Nuys, California, three men in suits came into the hospital room and closed the door. They took my new baby girl out of her bassinet, held her up and put a pistol to her head. Another man put a gun to my head and the third man stood guard at the hospital room door. The man holding the gun to my head said, "If you fail to follow our instructions, just one time..." he clicked the gun, but nothing happened, "we will just have to kill this precious little one." Then the man holding Kelly took a wad of Kleenex off my hospital tray, wadded it up and put it into the glass of water on my tray in order to wet it. He held my precious baby girl faced downward and forced the wad of wet Kleenex into her mouth, interfering with her ability to breathe.

With a gun to my head, I watched in absolute horror and terror, as my baby girl choked and gagged and then went limp in the man's arms. I thought she was dead. Then he said, "That's all it takes. It's as simple and easy as that." He took Kelly into the bathroom and did something to revive her because she was breathing again, and began crying loudly. The man literally threw her into my arms and said, "Mama, your baby is crying,

maybe she's hungry." Then, they forced me to breastfeed her in front of them while they watched and then they left. The hospital nurse never knew they were there and since I was programmed, I was unable to think or remember it had happened so that I could get help. That was one of Kelly's first life experiences - one of her first birth traumas.

As an aside, I will share with you the reader, that as I sought recovery and understanding of what was wrong with me, I attended groups for people suffering with Multiple Personality Disorder. It was an enlightening time of new understanding as I met and shared with other Multiples, some who were RN's, intensive care nurses and therapists also attempting to heal. It leads me to wonder if some of the nurses and doctors in the hospital who attended the birth of my children were themselves programmed and controlled? In one particular Christian group I attended for Multiples who had been ritually abused, in the opening prayer, an MPD'd, ritually abused nurse prayed for the Lord to heal one of us so we could expose this atrocity and get help for the others. As she made her request, I knew it would be me that would heal and go for help. I healed as fast as I could, but help didn't come as quickly as I would have liked.

When Kelly turned three months old, our family moved into a large doublewide portable home on the recently purchased Chesebro Road property in Old Agoura, where we began life as "chosen" neighbors. Soon we had an architect draw up plans to build a large two-story home. The open, undeveloped area provided access to our family in many ways. Aaron Funk moved away and we were left on the street with only one neighbor. Helicopters could land in the adjacent area, and Bob Hope's Jordan Ranch would later be used for countless encounters; none of them were pleasant.

Our lives went on and, as programmed, I dutifully delivered my little daughter to Point Mugu Naval Weapons Base in California where military men took her from my arms wrapped in a beautiful pink blanket my mother knit for her. They kept her for a long while and then brought her back out to me. Sometimes when they needed to have one of my children for programming I was instructed to park my car on Las Virgenes Road, just past Agoura Road, and the men in suits picked us up and drove us the rest of the way to Point Mugu.

As Kelly grew a little older, at around age two our programmers laid her by my side on a gurney where we were both hooked up to sensors all over our bodies - head, chest, and pulse points (wrist and neck artery), in order to monitor something. What exactly, I don't know. The men working on us wore surgical greens so I assumed they were doctors. Kelly and I were drugged and totally out of it. I watched as my little baby daughter's eyes rolled up in her head like she was convulsing. Sometimes they put a mask over our faces to further drug us or injected drugs into our forearms and sometimes there was even an IV bottle left to drip for us both. There was one IV bottle, with the tubing split into two, one for me and one for Kelly. They also hooked us up to sounds delivered through earphones and often added bright lights. It felt like they programmed Kelly and I through sound and light by hooking us both up to wires. It seemed like we were getting a blood transfusion, but we were connected to wires instead of tubes and there was no blood.

There were also water experiments. They put me into a metal ball with a door and plunged me into the water, spun it and immersed it deeply. It was hard to tell what was going on from my position inside. It was very dark and very confining. I just pretended I was somewhere on the beach until it was over. If I had to guess, I would say they were doing experiments and research on the mind and the brain. Sometimes we were encapsulated and were weightless. There were all different sorts of chairs; some were for electroshock. One had a headrest with a band on it and straps for our wrists and straps for our ankles. They would zap me, and Kelly would be in the same kind of chair facing me and then they would zap her. It was horrific to watch her being tortured. They would have to almost carry her off when it was through because she was so out of it. The electroshock was usually the last thing they did. But before the electroshock, sometimes we were subjected to virtual reality machines, like moving rides we entered with a video screen showing pictures with lights and sound. After we were in it for awhile, they took us out and tested us with EEG and EKG equipment and asked us to fill out questionnaires, or they would ask us to write down the answers to questions they casually wrote down. The questions were related to what we had just seen, how we experienced it, and how we felt or there were questions about different personalities within us; maybe they were checking our programming or our inner systems.

There were other machines we entered where the floor tilted while our feet were tied down and we'd lean over, and sometimes there were mirrors where we looked distorted. There was lots of virtual reality equipment. One apparatus was a helmet with front eyeglasses attached with wires all over. They placed it on me and I saw a visual of lightening striking the top of my head while I was feeling electroshock to the top of my head. Then I heard the words, "You feel no pain. Hit by a bolt of lightning yet you feel no pain." After all this they tested me neurologically to see if I could walk, touch my nose, etc. Once I was tied inside a big roller and, with hands and feet tied spread eagle, they spun it real fast and then took me out. Kelly wasn't always there, but she was present more often than I care to remember. I remember the two of us laying next to each other on the gurney with towels over our bodies, IV's in our arms, with glasses and goggles on and we were totally drugged. There was a dolphin tank at Point Mugu, with an underwater window where they could watch as we swam with the dolphins. Swimming with the dolphins usually signaled the end of it. After that, we were returned to our car that was parked somewhere in Agoura or in the canyon.

I thought United States military officials were supposed to be in service to protect and defend their country and its citizens. Where are the high ranking men of honor that protect and defend the women and children in this country? What has gone wrong?

Genetic Engineering

Soon after I had finished breastfeeding Kelly in 1979, I continued to have severe pain in my female reproductive organs that no one seemed to be able to help me with or understand the origin of. Dr. Galloway, the doctor that delivered Kelly, admitted me to Valley Presbyterian Hospital in Van Nuys, California. Late in the day I was assigned a hospital bed and understood that my doctor had ordered a D & C for me. He explained

that this was standard operating procedure.

Later on, I was taken into surgery, a mask was put over my face, and I was anesthetized with some sort of gas. It was nighttime when they performed this procedure on me that wasn't a real D & C; they really took my ovum for in vitro fertilization with other genetic strains. "Ideal genes, from healthy stock," they said. I cannot identify the doctors who were doing this to me.

Before I became pregnant with Kevin, they had taken other ovum during times when I was previously hospitalized for so-called "surgery." They thought I couldn't hear, but I could hear and see what they were doing. I was out-of-body and could hear and see everything they did. Their perception of reality seemed to be limited to the physical world. They didn't yet understand that a person could be out-of-body, that it is possible to take your consciousness out of your body to see and experience events in other locations. While my body was lying on the operating table under anesthesia, from my out-of-body position overhead, I could see their side of the table with equipment they used to take my ovum and a special dish with a special solution that they used to put the ovum in. Immediately upon placement of the ovum into the dish, a nurse came in and quickly took it away somewhere.

This is genetic engineering. These people do this a lot - they steal women's ovum to experiment on. They take good genetic stock. This is why, later on, I wanted a hysterectomy; subconsciously, I wanted to stop what they were doing.

I recorded in my memory files what I overheard the doctors say that night in the operating room: "Her children by her husband are inferior to those created here. We can team this ovum up with superior sperm to create a superior genus. These children will one day rule the world and we will be able to weed out the weaker genetic strains. Room must be made for this advanced race. The plan has been carefully orchestrated. It will come about with "our strains" in leadership. We have chosen the genetic strains of leaders, those whose drive is to lead, and to that end we have "strained in" health, intellect, and leadership qualities. These children will be raised in isolation, like the leaders in the shadows and will be taught advanced skills from birth meditation, diet, emotion modulation, and will be fed a strict diet of higher knowledge. The rulers of the future will be elite in every way, shape and form. We have spliced her genetic health and intellect strains with those perfect physical forms of the intellect donor to create the perfect species - both male and female. These strains will rise to the top. The forms will be so advanced that the normal human species will not be able to compete, and so ours will be the elite - the ruling class - and the lower forms will be the so-called worker-bees. There is no way the normal man can compete. Ours is the elite. We will soon have enough of our people grown and implanted with our direction and our wisdom, and now that we know how to program their minds from birth, we will have total and complete control. They will be ours - a race - a genus we can be proud of, created from the best genetic structure on earth."

They said, "The future on earth belongs to the scientists. It is time we weed out the

inferior races."

Under the direction of my doctors, I mindlessly and compulsively charted a graph of my temperature to know when I was ovulating. Now I understand why that was so important. They even did an experiment of combining my genes with those of my husband's best friend and colleague. On one occasion, while he was performing so-called "oral surgery," while I was under anesthetic, they had him mount me to impregnate me. Then, I was instructed to report to UCLA where they took the sperm-fertilized egg from my uterus. They compared which genetic structure was superior - between those created in vitro and those created by a natural union and then taken from the body to mature.

This determination to create a 'superior race' is, as you may remember, the same drive that fueled Hitler's regime in Germany. One needs only to read Linda Hunt's book, *Secret Agenda: The United States Government, Nazi Scientists, and Project Paperclip*, and then visit the Holocaust Museum in Washington, DC, in order to put two and two together. If you observe some of the pictures of innocent people in the concentration camps as they are being used for brain and behavior experimentation, it's easy to ascertain that more was occurring than just the torture of innocent Jewish people for religious or racial purposes. This experimentation was also done intentionally in order to further the understanding of the mind and body, and how people could be controlled.

We as a people have not fully embraced the reality of the horrors in Germany that were perpetrated on victims there, and to that end we allow it to continue to the present, as those who should have been prosecuted for their war crimes often went free. As a matter of fact, through Project Paperclip, many were brought to our country by the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), which was our own intelligence apparatus at the time. They were placed in our major universities and hospitals to continue their unconscionable scientific research. It was through the invaluable wizardry of one of these Project Paperclip Nazis, General Reinhard Gehlen (German Intelligence Specialist), that our fledgling CIA came into being just after World War II, and the "Cold War" was born.

Len Horowitz, in his book *Emerging Viruses: Aids and Ebola - Nature, Accident or Intentional?* points to a linkage between Henry Kissinger and General Alexander Bolling. He mentions that Gen. Bolling played a major role in Project Paperclip as well as the Joint Intelligence Committee, a newly formed administrative unit that recruited former Nazi scientists expert in mind control. Their combined research activity soon led to classified projects that paved the way for the CIA's Project MKULTRA. Horowitz also links Kissinger to oversight of project MKNAOMI, a military program to develop biological weapons having genocidal application. The Rockefellers, who spearheaded a national eugenics movement, supported research activities of similar nature to Project MKULTRA and MKNAOMI through their preWW II funding of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute whose director was, at one time, Joseph Mengele's superior. As you may remember, Mengele conducted horrific medical experiments at Auschwitz, many that were related to mind control. All of these facts are discussed in Horowitz's meticulously

documented work.

From reading I did after I reintegrated and deprogrammed, I began to understand that the newly created CIA and the Rockefellers with all of their money and foundations, carefully researched and hired top former Nazi scientists to carry on their personal belief in creating a "master (Aryan) race." They are doing so through mind control experimentation and genetics research in systems within the confines of carefully white-washed hospital or university research facilities, not to mention military bases.

The Holocaust has not ended, it has just gone underground, and the victims are silent due to the mind control they have been put under.

I believe these scientists have fallen short in their understanding that, while the physical, genetic structure a baby is born with is very important, God in His perfection has patterned a life for this child. When this is altered by human intervention, it no longer can serve the highest purpose for the child's lifetime. It is not just the physical structure that rules a life of a child. A 'soul' is born into the body, and if left to the natural order of God in His infinite wisdom, there is a higher agenda and purpose to be accomplished. How can man in his finite wisdom begin to believe that he can out-create the Creator? I don't believe that physical perfection is the main goal here. Scientists will forever be lost in their own egos until they realize the absolute divine and perfective nature of God.

Dental Office Money Laundering Schemes

Arnold Stengle was our first accountant, but was replaced by Bruce Frank who was an accountant from Soquel, California. He directed me how to handle the dental office books from his Northern California office, and visited our office every now and then in order to further direct me. To give me instructions, he would sit across from me at my little office in the back. I would put my hands up to my head, my elbows to my knees and in "ready and alert" program stance, I would listen as programmed to "every word spoken." And he always had lists upon lists of 4digit number series. I don't know what they meant, but I would rattle them off later to different people, especially Reagan.

I also was programmed to report to different banks in the area. One was Safra Bank in Woodland Hills. On a typical day I went to the Safra Bank underground parking and when I entered the parking lot I was programmed to switch to Sharon. Then I went into the bank. When I entered the bank a man in a suit was waiting and gestured for me to go to a woman teller. I did as instructed and handed her the envelopes that two men had just given me in the underground parking lot. I never knew exactly what was in the envelopes, but when the teller opened them there were usually checks and cash. When the transaction was completed, I drove back to the office, switched now to Susan, and not having a clue that I had just been used to perform an illegal banking transaction for my controllers. Years later when I filed for divorce, my California attorney, Doug Wolfe, told me to go sign papers at Safra Bank before the divorce could go through. I remembered feeling really scared, but I went to the bank like I was told and signed a paper a man put out on his desk for me to sign. When I was through at the bank a man later used a stun gun on my back near my waist as he said, "You're a real waste, do as

you're told to do and nothing more, nothing less, or you will be a mess."

Reagan Is President and Our Vice President is a Pedophile

Over the years, Kelly was closely tied into the trauma I received. Repeatedly she was tortured and traumatized in front of me in an effort to keep me in line. Her torture fragmented her psyche in order to create multiple personalities within her, so she could follow in my footsteps for later use as a "presidential model." Unfortunately, she didn't have to wait very long for that so-called "privilege" as our newly elected Vice President at the time, George Bush, was/is a pedophile and Kelly was created to be, as I later found out from a renegade CIA operative, what was called a "Bush Baby."

Barbara Bush brought snacks in on a tray to the delight of the children clustered around her husband. The kids munched on animal cookies with sprinkles on top as they listened to the Vice President read them stories. The reality created and the accompanying program he delivered was, "You are what you read." This was during the time they lived in the house with the flat rock fireplace. The fireplace had a stone bench that you could sit on in front of the fireplace and George had his easy chair near it. There was a brown coffee table and a couch, and hunting pictures of Springer Spaniels holding birds in their mouths and pointing, graced the walls. George was into that sort of stuff.

Barbara thought I was there as a representative of the new educational system being implemented in California, which was true, although I wasn't consciously aware of it, and she was told that the children were there to demonstrate to the Vice President just how well the new system was working. But later, when the demonstration was over, Bush would take Kelly or another small child to the bathroom or to "show them something special."

During the time the Vice President disappeared with my daughter, Barbara often made lots of small talk, always smiling, cheery and pleasant, speaking nothing of importance. She talked a lot, especially when her husband was out of the room. I was on edge, even under mind control, as parts of me sensed that my little girl was being hurt. The connection between mother and child often makes physical presence unnecessary to know the status of one's child, and it was difficult to carry on small talk with Mrs. Bush while my child was being raped. The Vice President brought Kelly back when he was finished. She looked dazed and out of it.

Bob Hope arranged many other times for George to be with Kelly in different and more private settings. There was a weekend retreat home the Bush's went to in the mountains, so they could relax, and George would take their dog out hunting wild fowl. Barbara stayed inside and baked and did needlepoint, like a typical housewife. I believe that she was unaware that her husband was molesting droves of little girls. George always said he had a special place in his heart for little girls.

Bob Hope Utilizes His Little Filly Asset

When Kelly was brought to Bob's parties, he gave her as a gift to known pedophiles that

liked little girls. Then, he really owned these men. He would act like he really thought it was okay to have sex with a child, to men he knew were pedophiles. Without actually saying it in words, he portrayed that attitude and then after the person had raped the child he would say something like, "Do you know what news like this could do to your career?...to your family?" At the parties, these children were kept in a back room. On nights I was programmed to act as 'the hostess,' I was instructed to escort men back to the room where the children waited for this expressed purpose. I was even programmed to facilitate their choice in which child they wanted for the evening. Sometimes, acting from program, I even offered my own daughter to these men.

Kelly was brought to Bob's on nights when men who had "younger preference" were in attendance. Bob used that term with people like George Bush. When Kelly was nearly three years old she was provided to George Bush to satisfy his pedophile desires. Bob invited a group of men with "younger preferences," and later provided them with a group of children, both male and female, for their pleasure.

With people he really wanted to own or use he would take pictures of the molestation with hidden cameras. He knew just how to get to these people. Then afterwards he would show them a picture of the rape of the child and say, "We sure don't want these pictures, or any others like these to get into the wrong hands and ruin your entire career, do we?" Then he would simply tell the man what he wanted, in exchange for impunity. It usually had to do with getting another "friend" of his into a "key" position in the government, looking the other way when a case came down, or getting a bill passed or vetoed. He knew just how to control these men and they usually complied.

In 1993 as I was attempting to get free and get my first book published, due to the fact that I was not cooperating and "staying in line," I was raped and then forced, under mind control, to pose for pictures that if shown to others would have totally discredited me, making me look like a perpetrator. In this type of scenario, the media is called in and a person is publicly discredited--end of threat! Back in the 60's and 70's I watched as people in positions of authority were set up and compromised in the same manner in order that they could be used. And in the 90's I watched with horror, as many of the dedicated individuals who were attempting to end this abuse and help the victims, were publicly discredited, often via mainstream media channels.

Hunted by Bush on Hope's Jordan Ranch

George Bush was one of the men in safari uniform on Bob Hope's property who hunted me when Kelly was little. Bob was laughing when he laid down the rules. "There will be no running, or hiding, you will simply stroll along the path, skipping, if you like, dancing if you wish, but NO running, until you are TRAPPED. It's inevitable, there is no escaping it, especially with an expert hunter like George." Looking me in the eye, Bob said, "Are there any questions?"

I shook my head no.

"Good, then remember, every step you take may be your last." As a helicopter touched

down off in the distance in this rural Jordan Ranch area, Bob said, "Bush will be coming from a different angle."

I walked down the road, which with every step I took, became more and more like The Yellow Brick Road that I had been programmed since childhood to follow. I was absolutely terrified, waiting to be attacked, killed. . . whatever; I didn't know what they had in store for me this day. I walked for a long time and it felt like I was hallucinating along the way. In my mind, playing over and over like a horror movie were Bob's words, "Every step you take may be your last."

In my blue jeans and red checkered shirt, I kept walking. I was still walking when it got dark and I was really scared then because I was so far away from where I had begun. My arm ached from the injection they had given me in the bend of my arm and I rubbed it wishing I wasn't so alone in the world. I was getting frantic, totally panicked by now and I just kept walking. Nothing seemed real anymore. I felt like a caged animal and I couldn't remember the rules any longer. I was trying so hard to remember exactly what Bob had said, thinking if I just did it right that I wouldn't get hurt and my children would be safe. But my drugged terror was escalating, and I couldn't think anymore, I felt like I was losing control.

After what seemed like a very long time, George Bush stepped out from an old outhouse-type structure that was on Bob's ranch and calmly walked over to me, "Betcha didn't think I'd ever be hiding in there, did ya?" and he laughed. "Well, I like to play hide and seek a lot but there's only two of us here so let's play another game that only requires two, the two of us."

I nodded, frozen in terror.

"I just happen to have an apple. A beautiful red apple here in my pocket." He pulled the apple out and said, "I know the game is supposed to be played with a bow and arrow (I'd been accidentally shot with an arrow in the jaw when I was five) but I forgot mine. I did remember however to bring my revolver." And he pulled a gun out of his other pocket. "Now, this game is called William Tell, and you get to play William. Here, you stand over here, so if I miss, the bullet will go into the tree instead of traveling wildly out of control."

He placed me in front of an oak tree and put the apple on top of my head. By now I was crying. I couldn't help it, I just couldn't control it. "Please don't hurt my kids anymore," I begged.

Bush said, "Shhh, don't interrupt. We're playing a game now. Now just stand real still and remember your name is William Tell, and this is what happens if you don't." Slowly, he cocked the gun and took aim at the apple on my head or me, I couldn't tell which. Then, taking his time he said very slowly as he took aim, "Ok are you ready for the games to begin? Will you tell?"

I squeezed my eyes shut and he lowered the gun as he sighed real disgustedly, "No, no, you can't close your eyes, you have to see this coming, otherwise it won't be any fun at all."

So, I opened my eyes and George took aim again and said, "Remember this is what happens if you don't TELL." He kept aiming and re-aiming trying to get it just right and then he asked me again if I was ready.

"Yes, Sir," I answered.

He put the gun down to listen to me, then took aim again, "Now what's the magic message?"

"Don't tell," I answered. Immediately, he fired and shot the apple off my head. It blasted a hole in the middle of it and blew out a huge chunk and he walked over, picked it up off the ground and said, "Looks like we both won this time. You wait for your ride, I'll take mine another way," and he disappeared.

I tried to see where he went in the dark but I couldn't locate him. Shortly after, a couple of cowboys that tended the cattle on Bob's ranch came driving by in their old pick up truck and angrily said, "Get in, we'll give you a ride back to the end of the road. You're trespassing lady." So I climbed into the back of their pick up truck, not even on the seat in the cab and bounced all the way back to the end of the road. Then, I walked the short distance home.

When I walked in the house, Craig said, "Where have you been? I got dinner started and was getting worried."

"Oh, I was over at the neighbor's," I answered, falling into line helping with the kids and the dinner. During dinner, I just wanted to hold Kelly, who was two years old, and kept feeling so glad she was safe, at least for now.

I kept rocking her at the dinner table and it was a good thing my daughter was in my lap or I probably would have appeared as I really was, "psychotically experiencing an episode." That's what they told me the doctors would say if I went to them for help. "They'll say you're psychotic," Bob said, "and it won't take them long to figure it out. It will be obvious."

George Bush lorded and ruled over me for years once I had children. There were lots of scary program tactics they installed to insure the safety of his use of Kelly and me.

Mission Assignment on Maui

An early experience of cross-programming with Kelly took place in order for me to be used with newly elected President Ronald Reagan and Kelly with Vice President George Bush, on Maui.

My pedophile father, Calvin Eckhart, paid for my husband, young children, and I to vacation with him and my mother to Hawaii. This was a trip to the island of Maui in 1981 where I was taken from my family to be of service to my country, to serve President Reagan and others. Before the trip Bob Hope checked Kelly out at a distance. My father took us to a public park in Reseda, California and, although at the time he was very physically debilitated, he gave Bob a hand signal as we passed by. Bob looked at Kelly and gave my father a wink and a thumbs-up sign and we left.

Like all these "missions" before, I was totally amnesiac of this occurrence and could not remember much of what happened at all during the vacation. At the time, I did not realize I couldn't remember what happened on the vacation. It was only years afterwards that awareness was available to me. Then, the only thing I could recall about this trip was having dinner at the Charthouse on Front Street, in Lahaina with my parents, husband and children. I remembered that my five-year-old son Kevin ordered lobster, and that was all I could remember about that trip until years later when I returned to Maui without my family in 1991. Then the memories of that earlier trip began flooding back as I sat under the large mango tree located in front of the same place I had been taken to be with Reagan - the Puamana.

It all began like it had every other time before. Three men in suits barged into our hotel room where my family was sleeping and took Kelly and I out of the room. She was 2½ years old. Then they took us to another room and tortured us both in front of one another, programmed in some instructions for me, and then they took me away. At that time I didn't know where they took Kelly. The personalities inside of me that were programmed for use with Reagan and others on this trip never knew what happened to my children during that time. The personalities I had that performed everyday, mundane, routine jobs, were amnesiac to the whole experience-they never knew it happened. Such is the reality of Multiple Personality Disorder and mind control through trauma-based programming.

I overheard my controllers speak amongst themselves explaining that the Puamana was specially selected for security purposes and had the advantage that it could be accessed by both land and sea. Seaplanes could secretly fly in foreign dignitaries at night. It was a gate-guarded complex that was easily protected by the Secret Service, insuring secrecy and privacy.

I was on Maui for a ten-day stay, supposedly to vacation with my family, and was used part of the time as a go-between with Reagan and many other politicians and foreign dignitaries. During the time at the Puamana, my job was to help make Ron and Nancy more comfortable. I researched restaurants and places to order food and did everything I was told to do to help them, in addition to being the "secretary" for mind files use at their meetings and later having sex with Reagan. I took shorthand, but more importantly could secretly "record" everything I heard and saw for later debriefing by Kissinger or the Council.

Nancy could see that I had a credible job, but when she would say anything accusatorily about me, Reagan would deny it and tell her she was just over-reacting and he would kiss her very lovingly on the cheek. All in all, she was not pleased that I was there. She was angry and unpleasant to me. She hated it when I was around. I hated it when she was around too; everyone was on guard because of her attitudes. Reagan occasionally spoke to me about her as if she was unreasonable, but mostly he would defend her, saying she was probably just a little tired or cranky.

I liked it when Ronnie (that's what he told me to call him when we were alone) and I walked on the beach in the dark together, as there was no one to interrupt us. Nancy never knew where we "really" were because Ronnie would tell the Secret Service agents to tell her that he was going to be in a meeting. They were instructed to keep an eye on her and make sure she stayed inside the room for safety, since it was dark outside. Reagan told them he would need me to be at the meeting, as I was functioning as his secretary at certain times and he would need my help. Then we would go off together to "do business."

Sometimes we did do business, but more often we would go off alone together and I would give him my "undivided sexual attention." I also gave him any information I was instructed and preprogrammed to give to him from the Council and others. Once elected, Ronnie said to me, "Can you believe I'm President now? Does it feel any different to you to be here with me?" He often complained about his job and how hard it was. That seemed to be where I translated his words to mean, "Please baby me, pamper me, take care of me, coddle me," and I did just that. Whatever he wanted or needed, I was programmed to perform for him.

I was assigned a room on the beachfront at Puamana. The room was actually just another one of his rooms a place where they took me to be alone with him. The Secret Service agents acted like they did not see or were not watching, but sometimes I would notice them snickering or smiling at things I did with Reagan.

The Council told me what to do, when to do it, what words to use and what to say later on in the evening to have the greatest impact on Reagan. I don't think he ever knew I was being "an actress" - doling out the lines I had been programmed to deliver - but he loved it! So did Tricky Dick (Nixon). These tactics worked especially well on old men, and that is exactly what these men were.

This late night rendezvous at the Puamana, in the little pool overlooking the ocean, I bounded out of the pool and began unfastening my bikini top. I took it off and began dancing, slinging it around like I had been trained to do, as I sang, "Let me entertain you," like I had done for Bob Hope. Reagan was laughing and a bit embarrassed, I guess because of the Secret Service's presence, but he didn't stop me. I slowly pulled off my bikini bottom, danced around more and then slipped back into the pool next to him, naked. This personality, specially created and devoted to Reagan, was very comfortable being naked. I never even considered picking up my bikini afterwards. As I climbed out of the pool, Reagan put a large beach towel around me and the Secret

Service agents picked up my wet bikini and brought it inside.

The Secret Service agents were usually younger than the Presidents and I could see in their faces that I had their respect and admiration, but was confused as to why. Sometimes after these antics, they would have a little grin on their faces.

The words that went with these little acts were not political, but were used by the Council to entertain and bring Reagan closer to me, to make him want me. They figured if he wanted to be with me, they could use me to slip important messages to him later on after sex, upon awakening or in the evening when he was just dozing off to sleep. The Council knew that, if they could keep him interested and pampered over the years, they could maintain control over him.

I was programmed to make him feel good. I did everything he wanted and helped soothe him when he was troubled or distressed, and I even had some opinions that he was surprised I was "old enough" to have. President Reagan said I was, "wise beyond my years," but he never did know that I wasn't really--I just had the Council pre-empting me. I would say that I was so interested in his success and the success of our nation that I read up on things in the newspaper and got a new "idea" or perspective after my research. Or, I would say that an idea just came to me. I don't believe he knew just exactly to what extent I was being set up for him. The Council knew just what would make a man happy, and more importantly they studied exactly what each man specifically liked or disliked.

Newly elected Vice President George Bush was at the Puamana for this trip, also. He and Reagan were having all sorts of leaders secretly flown in by seaplane to the back of the complex in the middle of the night. My job was to go and greet many of them as they arrived and help them to their rooms in the dark. Some were foreign ambassadors. They had meetings with these men and had a formal gathering one evening in the large banquet room that was used for parties. It was decorated in red, white, and blue, as it was soon after Reagan and Bush had been elected and many of the foreign dignitaries were congratulating them.

I overheard Reagan and Bush talking before the party and Bush told Reagan that this was an important night to lay the groundwork for future negotiations with certain foreign countries. These leaders were flown in, spent a couple of days and were flown back out.

The men from Saudi Arabia had to be flown in on separate days because I overheard them saying that they would not "mix" with the other guests. No one spoke of them afterwards to any of the other guests. They wore their white robes or native dress and were mostly dark-skinned.

George Bush seemed like the leader as far as these negotiations went and I noticed that Reagan "leaned on him" heavily for guidance and instruction. Bush had done his homework and studied the situations and Reagan took his expert advice. Although I don't remember Kissinger being present for this meeting, at other times, Reagan also

took advice from Kissinger.

George Bush pounced on me when I least expected it, often delivering a devastatingly terrifying cryptic message while I was speaking to some foreign ambassador or politician at a White House function, gala, ground breaking, or golf with Hope. But this time we were on Maui at the newly-elected President's dinner. He waited until no one was around and then said, "I don't know what the President sees in you. He must have on some of those strange Elton John glasses, that make you look otherworldly like a little green Martian."

Later at night, I was told to stand out at the beach and wait until I was signaled with a flashing light and then I was instructed to swim out through the surf to the sailing vessel. A man aboard the big white sailing vessel took me aboard and into a darkened room below where a man sitting in the dark delivered a message to me, "You are to tell Reagan it's a green light. It's a go. And tell Bush to keep his dirty mitts off this one." Then he laughed and said, "No instead say, 'George, the men on high say that they have got this one covered. Anything you do would only interfere in the master plan.'" Then he said, "You may go now. Take flight and deliver your messages on cue."

I walked robotically out of the room and over to the area on the boat where there wasn't a railing, dove off and swam back to the beach. The Council maintained vigilant contact with Reagan especially during this trip. Reagan was aware that I swam to get information because he commented that it turned him on when I swam to my assignment.

I swam often and had programming that allowed me to swim long distances without tiring. This swim program was often tied to 'dolphin themes' in my conscious mind so, in case I began to remember, my thoughts were automatically directed to thinking about how much I loved dolphins. These are the words that directed my swim programming: "Your body is warm as you glide through the water, swimming easily, effortlessly, endlessly through the ocean, like a dolphin. Dolphins deliver messages, and so will you." Other times I swam out from the beach and waited to hear the sound of a helicopter, and like the dolphin waiting below the spaceship in the movie Cocoon, I waited to be "beamed up." My programming dictated my reality. I thought that I was living this intentional movie-scrambled reality while the actual event was hidden beneath the surface of this programming. As I experienced the flashback of the actual occurrence, I could feel the cold water on my body, taste the salt water and hear the helicopter. They dangled a rope ladder down and my instructions were to "climb the stairway to heaven." As I did, I entered the movie reality my programming commanded, and felt like I was on an angelic/dolphin mission. The rope ladder stung the bottom of my feet. When I made it to the top, a man grabbed my arm and pulled me in, sat me down, put headphones on my ears and said, "Listen and learn," as I retained the message to deliver to the leaders.

One night, the Reagans and a foreign guest went to dinner late in the evening. I was taken along as this man's escort. (I am sorry that at this time I am not able yet to

remember his name.) We went by limo to a restaurant in a large shopping area that had storefronts like boutiques or the French Quarter, with brick walkways leading to the back and flowers alongside. We ate outside at a patio table surrounded by bushes and flowers; it was very private. The Secret Service were with us but kept a low profile, so as not to attract anyone's attention.

Something happened at the restaurant when Nancy and I went to the restroom. She said something to me about indecently coming on to her husband and then she slapped me. It really messed me up, as slapping was also part of a program to switch me into different personalities. A Secret Service agent quickly took me aside. I had switched into a child personality and was crying, and he could not let me go back to the table like that. He straightened me up, smoothed out the rough emotional edges, and took me back to the table where everyone was finishing up.

Despite this incident, we had a successful late night dinner with this man and went back to the Puamana without being detected. It was the only time I knew of that Reagan went into public during the entire trip. I think this guest had expressed a desire to see the small town of Lahaina. He did not seem too concerned about the security risks and Bush encouraged Reagan to go and entertain him. Reagan and Bush usually went into public places separately for security reasons.

After my use with Reagan at the Puamana was over, I was taken back to my family. I do not know what happened to them in my absence, but just like each occasion before, none of us experienced a break in time, and no one knew that I was gone or that I had "just" returned.

When we returned to California, no one in my family thought of this hidden experience again, as it was buried deeply under programming.

Reagan's Ranch

I was also taken to the Ranch to visit President Reagan, as I had at times in the past when he was Governor. I was picked up in front of my home in Agoura by a man in a suit and was flown to the Ranch located near Santa Barbara, California. Ronnie insisted saddling up the horses himself when we went riding, even after he became President. He did not want anyone (including Secret Service agents) to do it and so he did it himself! I rode the brown horse.

President Reagan "acted" very romantically while we rode, just like we were in some old movie! It seemed he lived in a type of "movieland" mentality a lot of the time. We rode all over the ranch, down near the Oak grove on the far side. It was beautiful in the springtime, with green grass and wild flowers as far as one could see. We got off our horses and he put his arm around my waist and pulled me to him for a kiss. He explained, "A man needs a young woman in his life to make him feel younger." I just smiled. I did a lot of that, didn't use many words, just smiled, and was pleasing, helpful and compliant. That is how I was created to be.

Then Reagan sang, "Younger than springtime." He took his hat off and put it over his heart while he was singing, just like he was in some musical. He could be very corny.

Later he explained he had barbed wire put in between the wood fencing on the Ranch to keep people out. He said he didn't like to have to do that, but the Secret Service suggested he go along with it for security reasons. He explained that he did not like to always have people watching him, but that it went with the job now-it was different than when he was Governor, but, he explained that nothing could change our relationship, we would just have to be more careful.

Nancy Reagan was very mean to me, much meaner than Barbara Bush ever was. Barbara Bush just sort of ignored me altogether, whereas Nancy was very angry and controlling. I liked it best when Nancy was not around. When Henry Kissinger or George Bush met with Reagan at the ranch, Nancy served them snacks. I was never allowed to eat, but just sat quietly wherever I was "parked" and recorded information into my mind files whenever I was directed to. Henry knew just how to file it inside of me, all in the correct storage areas for easy retrieval later on. They met at the ranch quite often.

Sometimes we flew to meet big leaders in their own country, if they were at all concerned about the security at the ranch. But most people felt pretty safe there with all of the security systems and the Secret Service agents.

I observed a lot of Secret Service security techniques because at times Henry left me with them when I was not being used. Henry sat me next to the agent at the security monitor and told him to keep an eye on me, but to not feed or talk to me. So, I was able to watch the monitor and listen to the agents. They even had agents placed at the far corners of the ranch all night long for security. Each agent carried a walkie-talkie to keep in touch with each other and the agents in the house. A Secret Service agent was stationed inside the house with television monitors and other equipment to help supervise the agents outside and was always listening to the men in the field with the walkie-talkies. The agents took shifts so that there was always someone fresh and alert manning all the "posts" 24 hours a day and night.

Reagan laughed a lot when he was Governor and in the beginning days of his Presidency, but he acted very differently after he was shot. Kind of like how different Nixon became after the Watergate scandal broke. Like the life went out of him.

Reagan gave me a bracelet on one occasion when we were at the ranch. But I had to turn it over to the men who flew me by helicopter back home to Agoura. Nancy had been gone that weekend. She usually was when Reagan and I were together sexually. But, she saw me when Kissinger and Reagan or Bush used me at the ranch for mind file use. It seemed like she hated it when she noticed her husband perk up when I was around, so she was mean to me. Actually, even under mind control the parts of me that were dedicated to Reagan felt sorry for her, having to be married to him, if he had sex with her in the same passive manner he did with me.

The Conception of Our Third Child Under Mind Control

In 1980, I felt a deep desire for a third child, though I am not sure if I ever really was solely responsible for having decided such things on my own, or if it was up to the Council, Bob, Henry, etc. My husband fought me for months on end, with the logical reasoning that we had the perfect family - a little boy and girl, and for him they were enough. But for me, it wasn't. I was experiencing excruciating female reproductive pains and had been for a long time, and my pain seemed to increase as time went on. When I sought medical help, Dr. Feldman, my OB/GYN doctor, examined me and said, "You have a large fibroid tumor growing in your uterus," and his avenue of resolve for my worsening condition was a hysterectomy. Looking back on this situation from where I am now in my more healed understanding, I realize it was indeed this man's attempt to help me remove my "hysteria." Unfortunately, I was unable to understand that this hysteria that manifested physically in my innermost female private part, was the cellularly stored terror and devastation of my children and me. I was unable to think on my own, but I could understand what I felt. And, what I felt in my heart was that I wanted a third child and I wanted him desperately. I don't know if I was programmed to know, but I knew then that this child was to be a boy.

From his authoritative position between my legs, as he examined me, my doctor's orders were that I could have 30 days to try to conceive a child and after that time I was to return for the hysterectomy.

Craig and I used the "scientific method," the same method we used in the past to insure that the sex of our third child was a boy. And he was. Daniel Robert Ford was born on March 15, 1982 at Los Robles Hospital in Thousand Oaks, California. I was 31 years old. I have little conscious memory of Danny as a baby. When he was visiting me in the summer of 1996, he looked at me emotionlessly and said, "Mom, I don't remember anything about my childhood." He just stated the fact. What was very apparent to me was that my teenage son had no emotion attached to this statement or even any means to think this thought through to understand what it all might mean. It seemed like he was merely reporting it to me and, having done enough of my own healing to realize what this all meant, I was devastated. Understanding now that my children will not be served by remembering anything about their past until they are in a safe, supportive environment to do that, I simply acknowledged his reality and recommitted to doing whatever I could to bring about his freedom.

War Games at Jordan Ranch to Terrorize Kelly and Me

When Kelly was around three years old, we were told to walk down to the "end of the road," which I knew to be Bob Hope's Jordan Ranch. Once inside the fence we were injected with drugs in the back of a limo and were told to start walking out onto the ranch. Somehow, all of a sudden, my little daughter was gone. There was a whole group of men in army fatigues who I later found out were playing war games. But in the drugged state of mind they put me in, I had no way to know this was just a game. Bob had a walkie-talkie that he used to radio instructions to the men in army fatigues. He told them what to do and say to us. I know because the guys would listen to their walkie-talkies while I heard Bob say directions like, "Ok, rape her now."

These guys were shooting their weapons and throwing hand grenades. As I revived the memory I was able to realize that the hand grenades and gunfire were all fake, but the drugs I was subjected to made everything feel very real and very terrifying. While these men were shooting at me, I was running for my life, ducking under bushes trying to stay alive so I could find my little girl, and the drugs made it impossible to think clearly. They told me Kelly's life depended on me finding her quickly. A helicopter flying overhead landed nearby and I finally found Kelly, naked and huddling near a small scrub bush. She was very dirty and had cried so much that her little eyes were swollen nearly shut and her face was covered with dirt and tears all mixed together. She was crying so hard that she was shaking and had begun the involuntarily sniffing and jerking that infants do when they have cried for a very long time. I picked her up and took her, as directed, over to the helicopter. Due to the severe trauma, I was unable to retrieve the rest of this devastating experience. This is the type of activity these men needed to use in order to guarantee that, under national security, a mother and her baby daughter would never remember the perverted experiences for which they were being used by Henry Kissinger, Bob Hope and the agenda of our other high-level controllers. When I was deprogramming and really getting beneath my instilled trauma-based programs in order to retrieve my experiences, my programmed mother sent me a picture of Kelly that she had taken. In it, Kelly was crouched down, hiding beneath a bush. Most likely our controllers had my mother send that picture in an attempt to tap into this traumatic memory in order to remind me what my odds were, in order to keep me under control.

Trauma Before Use

After I had my children, they always inflicted trauma on me and one or more of my kids (always with my daughter Kelly) before an assigned rendezvous took place. Those experiences were terrifying and horrific enough so, that my controllers felt very certain I would never gain access to memory of the experiences the trauma was meant to cover. The trauma they inflicted on me and then on my children in front of me, began when they were born.

The following is a vivid example of the kind of programming and torture my family and I had to endure before I was used with a President, Governor, Senator, entertainer, or whoever else they decided they wanted to send me in on. I have no way of knowing what the rest of my family might have been assigned to, in my absence.

This time, we were in Catalina and my husband told the kids that we were going to look at a new hotel complex on the island. When we arrived, three men in suits told us to go into a room where there was a single row of chairs lined up against the wall. We were told to sit down in the straight back chairs. Passively and robotically, we helplessly complied. Kevin our oldest son., who then was nine, was the first in the lineup; then Craig, me, and Kelly, who was seven, and last, at the far end, our youngest son Danny, who was three. One of the suited men took a razor blade or something similar and started with Kevin and slowly and deliberately ran it over the top of his legs, then onto Craig's, then mine, Kelly's and little Danny's. All of us were bleeding and traumatized, in a daze, physically frozen, staring straight ahead. I was terrified and panicked, but sat

there, helpless to do anything to protect my children, as a result of years of abuse and mind control programming.

Craig could do nothing to defend the children or me. He couldn't even defend himself. All of us just sat there like zombies with blood trickling off our burning legs. One suited man informed us, "This is just the beginning," and they took Danny and threw him up against the wall. With the air knocked out of him and in obvious pain, he crumpled over and crouched up into a small ball, already, at three years old, knowing better than to cry out or make a sound. They always did something horrific and if the kids or I cried out or showed any reaction or retaliation, they would hurt another one of the kids or me even more. Craig simply took his seat and never moved until he was told to. He was totally and completely immobilized.

Watching my children get hurt was always the worst; nothing they ever did to me was ever as bad. Then one of the men took a cotton ball doused with alcohol and dabbed the blood off our legs. It stung badly.

Then the men in suits took me away, and told my family, "run along and play at the beach. Your mother will be along in awhile. You will never even miss her, never even be aware she is gone." Without reaction, Craig stood up and robotically walked out the door with the kids following in like manner.

After my family was gone, they took me to an empty room, ordered me to strip naked and they began slapping me around until I sank into a shivering, naked ball in the corner of the room. The rest of the day, all night, and part of the next day, I was left in isolation. Food and water were deliberately withheld until I was reunited with my family, which could be up to three days. A man in a suit would come to get me out of isolation and take me to get ready for Reagan or Nixon, or Pete Wilson or whomever. I was instructed to shower and dress in the clothes they provided. Outfits, complete with accessories just my size, were left for me.

After the sexual encounter was completed, I was taken back to the room and ordered to put on my own clothes. Hypnotic commands were given to, "simply walk out and sit down with your family on the beach. You will not notice any lapse of time, but will resume interacting with your family normally and naturally." On this occasion, I was told to sit down next to Craig on my beach chair and it was as if I had never been gone! No one mentioned another word about it. The experiences were supposedly wiped away from all of our minds as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

Each time I was taken, there was similar trauma before they could "safely" use me and be able to insure that my programming and amnesia would remain locked up tightly. All of this for a Governor's or President's sexual perversions, or for the fulfillment of the New World Order agenda.

Bob Hope's Escapades

We owned a large family camper that was fully self-contained and we kept it stocked

and packed, completely ready at anytime should we decide that we wanted to get away for a long weekend or week vacation. We traveled regularly on Thanksgiving holidays and during summers, often driving up Highway 1, winding up the scenic and beautiful California coastline. We went to Ojai Valley, Big Sur, Carmel, Monterey, San Francisco, Oxnard, Paso Robles, Santa Barbara, Leo Carrillo State Beach, Emma Woods State Beach, Pismo Beach, San Luis Obispo, and Napa Valley. At other times we went up into the High Sierras, to visit Mammoth, Sequoia, Tahoe, Reno, Yosemite National Park, Big Bear, and Crestline. We also took the children to Six Flags Magic Mountain and, of course, Disneyland.

Bob Hope showed up in many of these locations. It seemed like he was everywhere. I had a number I called to let him know my vacation plans or he would make the suggestion of where to go. When we arrived at our destination, I wouldn't consciously know to expect to see him but the part of me that was programmed and readied for the rendezvous was instructed to walk towards him when he appeared. Sometimes he would snap his fingers in front of my face or jingle his keys in front of my eyes to get me to respond. He often liked to meet for sex or information exchange in mountain cabins. He would say he needed some time away from the hustle and bustle of city life and I was his plaything. He said I was better than "Jeanie" (the genie) because all she did was come out of a bottle. He said with me he could rub my magic spot and it was magic-he'd come! He usually spoke in clever little lines and phrases. I met him aboard yachts, also, even when I thought Craig and I were simply going sailing with friends. What actually occurred often was a rendezvous with Bob or some leader they needed to get information to. Sometimes Reagan was brought out on a little ocean excursion and ended up navigating right to us. I was then transported aboard with him for sex and messages. Sometimes I stayed all night with him on his transport and then was put back on the sailboat I came on the next day.

Reagan in Mazatlan

I was with President Reagan in Mazatlan, Mexico. In fact, my husband and I acquired a timeshare, the "Presidential Suite," at the El Cid Hotel, in Mazatlan, where we went in later years.

One evening in the early 80's, while we were 'vacationing' in Mazatlan, Craig and I dressed to go out and I became panicked because I put my contact lens on inside out and couldn't get it back out. From my attempts my eye was becoming red and ugly. Craig's father was with us at the time and the two of them thought I was acting very strangely to be so upset about such a little thing. But, my inner system of personalities knew that this would not do when I was nearing an assignment with the President.

The next thing I remembered, I was escorted by the Secret Service to the back door of a dark Mexican Restaurant. I joined Reagan in a booth in the back of the restaurant and waited for him to finish eating. It wasn't long until we walked out on the beach. We walked hand in hand along the beach with the Secret Service agents following a short distance behind us. As we were walking on the beach that night, Reagan seemed upset and anxious, very nervous. He said he was concerned about the 'state of affairs.' With

my pre-programmed sexual orientation, my mind immediately went to the thought of sexual affairs, but as he continued speaking I realized he was speaking of the affairs of the nation. He went on to explain that being President was difficult, that there was a lot more to it than I could imagine. He said he was concerned about the way things were going and was upset with Kissinger about some things he had handled. He said he was very upset with Henry for taking so many matters into his own hands. He said he knew a few hours with me would help him snap out of the mood he was in.

I had been given a few key words by the Council to help Reagan "snap out of it" when he got into one of his slumps. They were very simple phrases like, "everything will be okay," said while I was rubbing or caressing his forehead over and over. He seemed to respond to that like a kitten going into a purr. I would generally rub him all over, front and back, before climbing on top of him to satisfy him sexually.

We went into a little cabin-type motel on the beach. It was just the two of us with Secret Service agents all around outside. The little room was done in Mexican design; a red bedspread in Mexican colors, yellows and blues, and a little pair of maracas sat on a wooden dresser. I had sex with him and then we left; he did not go to sleep as usual. He hugged me briefly outside the motel and kissed me on the cheek before he left with the Secret Service agents.

A Secret Service agent took me back to where I was staying with my husband. It was a very quick encounter; rushed, like Reagan had somewhere else to go.

Craig and I returned to our home in California without conscious knowledge of my "missing time" or of what he did during my absence.

NASA

When Danny was an infant we went for programming together. He was a year old when his innerspace mind files were created in order for him to have a wide range of access points, without the necessity of as much trauma as was necessary back in the days when mine were created. Time had shown our controllers that trauma itself was one cause for the breakdown in slaves. So Danny was exposed to their newer technology, from birth, and Danny and I were both heavily programmed and cross-programmed together.

I was there with Danny when he was 3 or 4 years old. It seemed like a school field trip, but the series of events that unfolded were much different. Danny had on long baggy blue print shorts and a light blue T-shirt. We were sitting with other mothers and children, in the front row of a circular auditorium. Men in NASA suits, who were dressed like astronauts were all around and one of them came over, lifted Danny up and put him into a chair. "Like the real astronauts sit in!" the man explained. This chair had equipment all around it.

Danny smiled so sweetly across the auditorium at me like he was so proud and so happy to be chosen to sit in the big astronaut chair. There was such anticipated

excitement and innocence in his joyful smile. Soon the man instructed him to lean back so his head was properly aligned to fit into a silver band and when Danny was in the proper alignment, I watched the NASA official clamp the back of the silver band to fit snugly around his little forehead. Danny looked up at the NASA official, eyes wide with innocence and youthful exuberance, and smiled as the man said to Danny, "Hold on for the ride of your life!"

Another man brought in some sort of visual/optical glasses (virtual reality?) to rest in front of Danny's eyes and told him to look into the viewer. Then to my horror, the man standing next to Danny gave a cue to another man and I watched in agony as Danny's little body jolted. They must have been giving him electroshock and God knows what else. After a time, his little body went limp and he was unconscious.

I was dying inside, but knew from many past experiences with his older brother and sister that if I made any attempt to interfere things would only get worse for all of us, especially Danny, so against all maternal protective instinct, I maintained my composure.

Pretty soon the NASA official waved a smelling salt or something in a cotton ball bound with gauze, in front of Danny's face. He came to abruptly and they released him from the equipment and then from the chair. He was sweating profusely around his forehead and under his nose. As the man helped him out of the chair, Danny looked over at me and several facial expressions quickly washed over him. At first he looked utterly humiliated and embarrassed, which was soon replaced with a look of utter shame that spread over his entire face and down his little body.

He could barely walk over to me and when I stood to help him, the NASA man said, "He's a big boy, he can do this on his own."

"Mommy, I feel sick," my little son said as he hobbled over to me and put his head in my lap. The men did the same thing to several other children, including another little girl from Danny's preschool, Born Learners. Soon we were escorted out, put on a shuttle back to the airport and were flown home. None of this experience was available to my conscious mind until years later when I began the grueling process of deprogramming. And, to this day, Danny has no memory of this event available to his conscious mind.

Different parts of me took care of Danny and our controllers assigned other parts to take him to places for conditioning.

The Highway to Heaven billboard that we had to pass along Kanan Road on the way to Zuma Beach or Point Mugu dissociated me. Instead of the actual sign, I would experience an internal experience of, "You are going to another plane of reality, one that only exists in your imagination and this Highway is your start off point in going there," and, I would go into a programmed mode that my controllers called the Highway to Heaven zone. There were landmarks (landmines) all over California that they used in order to keep me in line, "in the right state of mind."

Danny's mind files were filled with data early on and expanded after he was three years old. I drove him to Point Mugu or we were intercepted at the intersection of Kanan and Agoura Road, and go in the car with these men. They usually drove a dark colored sedan with tinted windows. Whether I drove or not, these men took my son from me in the car at Point Mugu in the morning, and returned him back to me at the car by late afternoon. He would just limply lie on my lap all the way home, and then I put him to bed in his crib where he slept until the next morning without waking.

Whenever he and I would go to the beach to fly a kite or play in the sand, they always took him away from me and brought him back later. Once some men on a Coast Guard boat took him from me at Zuma Beach when he and I were playing. He was around five. They came up close to shore, yet remained just beyond the crest of the waves. A lifeguard type guy in a red swimsuit that was about 25 years old took Danny by the hand from the beach and swam out to the boat with him. Then they took off with my son, while I stayed on the beach waiting, just sitting all alone, zombie-like until they returned my son. I helped Danny walk back to our brown station wagon and we went home.

Henry Kissinger filled Danny with high-level information, intended to span many years and to be delivered whenever necessary at specific future dates to large crowds of people. Danny had historical files put in, as did I.

At Born Learners Preschool at three to four years of age, Danny started special computer classes that kept him at school long hours, sometimes into the evening. When I asked him if he wanted to stop he always said he loved it, as did his best friend Justin. I believe programmers do more of the training via computer screen now, often using virtual reality. After computer class, I took the two of them to Monarch's Gymnastics, the same gymnastics school his older brother and sister went to for lessons. I usually waited in the car or ran errands while they were there and I was always so exhausted I could hardly stay awake. I had usually been to therapy abreacting the horrors of my own childhood and hurried home from Westwood to pick up Danny and Justin from preschool, and later on Danny from Kindergarten. I didn't like Mike, the man who ran the gymnastics center. He had a very bad temper and was often emotionally out of control. Kevin, Kelly and Danny all went to Monarch's Gymnastics in conjunction with the Montessori preschools.

I thought I would not be able to bear the pain and grief when I began remembering scenarios of the ways in which I had been programmed to be a part of my children's preschool mind control experiences. This is information I would prefer to withhold because it goes against everything I believe in, but in order for people to understand how this system works, it is necessary for me to share the following. Keep in mind that this scenario could have happened to any three of my children and indeed it did. But once again, I will use an experience I remembered about Danny because, for whatever reason, I have more memory retrieved about him.

This event occurred in Danny's preschool. On occasion, I helped out in the class. I

remembered standing with Danny's preschool teachers who were instructing the children in a game where they all had to take their clothes off, step onto a colored circle and then take turns doing sexual acts to the child next to them. The teachers were laughing and clapping and everything seemed surreal, just like it always did when programmed events of horror occurred. As the game progressed, with music playing in the background, the children looked progressively more stunned. They were told to walk in a circle and stop on a color. If they didn't do what they were told, the teacher yanked them out of the circle by the arm and yelled at them. I couldn't tell what she said but it scared the child into compliance. The games always took place at the same time in the mornings and were centered around colors, music, body movement and hand signals. Hand signals were taught to the children this way and put to music for reinforcement.

There was a VCR off to the side of the classroom where an individual child was placed to watch a special pre-selected tape. The child was taken out of the circle, sat in front of the VCR and told to focus on the movie. This way each child got the individual training they were supposed to have according to what their curriculum planners felt were their strengths and career aptitudes. All of the special private preschools my children went to took this approach. And, ritual trauma and sexual perversion was often the way we were programmed to begin with the children.

Danny completed computer classes in preschool before he was four years old. During my deprogramming process, I was horrified when I remembered that I continually read him the story of Danny and the Dinosaur. As I re-read the story years later, I found a phrase in the book, which states, "there's no place to run, no place to hide." And here again was another example of how I, as his programmed parent, was used to keep my own son's programming locked tightly in place, reinforcing the programs that were used to keep the parts of his mind that were compartmentalized for our controller's use, separate from his conscious everyday awareness. And consciously, neither of us had any idea that any of this was occurring.

Henry Kissinger has been Danny's main man. He was the one calling the shots and organized the creation of Danny's mind files for NASA/military use. Danny was, and may still be, scheduled for a major position within NASA one day, following in the footsteps of his grandfather Ford and Uncle Lyle Curran. They have him scheduled to become a scientist or something of that nature. I overheard Henry talking to someone about it.

Danny has very specific programming themes that center around all the planets - Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Pluto, Saturn, etc., and I was programmed to tell him often before he went to sleep, "I love you to the moon and much, much, much, much, more than that. A thousand times more than that. A trillion times more than that," and on and on until we got to the highest number beyond infinity, and Danny knew that number. For some reason I can't remember it. I never could. Then, he would go to sleep.

Danny and Kelly both had those neon, glow-in-the-dark stars and planets on their ceilings and so did I. Danny has tons of high tech information in his brain. I saw him

demonstrated at Point Mugu when they put him in front of a group to demonstrate his capabilities. Henry took Danny to different locations to 'display the technology,' showing that a five year old could appear to be genius level, "a computer whiz." He had mega memory, displaying the intelligence level of what they termed a "Junior College Student." Danny was seen as having the intelligence of the future and they said he would blossom in high school, whatever that meant. They said that, by then, Danny would be fully functional and used by them extensively in international work. Henry talked a lot about Danny and I remember Danny holding onto Henry's leg one time when he was demonstrating Danny in front of a whole group of people. Despite the programming, Danny remained very shy until he was 5 years old.

Danny was also traumatized at Disneyland year after year. The Matterhorn ride was one they used before they took him away from me at Disneyland for other programming.

There was further programming done at Edwards Air Force Base. Craig took us all there as a family in our camper and we stayed overnight and were programmed the next morning. Two men in white uniforms came to get Danny and me from the camper and compliantly and mindlessly we went with them. Kelly, in her little strawberry blouse, was crying that she didn't want Danny to go and Craig held her and spanked her leg to stop her crying. The men took us through glass doors and we were escorted once again to the big chair, where the nightmare started all over. We sat side by side in the big heavy, metal chair while we looked into the large goggles that were placed in front of our faces. Before they began, we were injected with a drug. Earphones played music at times, but mostly sound effects, while they told us we were 'one' and the solar system that we saw through our eyes would now exist in the innermost regions of our mind. There was a beautiful visual of the stars and planets and the whole universe. They told us that we each had a system, but that we also had the other half of the other person's system much like those friendship bracelets that are separated and when they come together they are whole. Afterwards, Danny's eyes seemed to be moving all over the place at once and not together. Even in my drugged state I was terrified for my child. Looking at what his eyes were doing was scary. Afterwards, they escorted us out and I helped my little boy into the camper and laid him up on the top bed so he could sleep. He lay backwards on the bed and didn't move, totally out of it for the rest of the day. I walked around outside in this big white gravel parking lot with the other kids in a total zombie-like state. I felt totally drugged out of my mind and I fell asleep sitting up outside. When I woke up, I ran frantically into the camper to check on Danny. I held him and loved him. He looked to me like he was going to die. I said, "I love you Danny, is there anything I can do for you?" He was sucking his thumb by then and without any words, shook his head no. So I just held him.

Kelly was taken to military bases in Ventura, Oxnard, Point Mugu, and Edwards Air Force Base, but Danny went mostly to Point Mugu. The whole family went to Edwards Air Force Base. Sometimes from Point Mugu, they would helicopter Danny away and I never knew where they took him. Parts of Danny were programmed very early on to play the perfect game of chess, in order to take up where I left off in deciphering and delivering cryptic messages.

Catalina Island Excursions

One or two weeks a year were set aside for a planned vacation. Extended weekend excursions were commonplace, often planned at the last minute. But, our August week on Catalina Island, 26 miles off the California coast, was a standing vacation for years. Craig and I went there almost every year from 1971 until I left California in 1991; nearly 20 years. My children still go there with their father and, now that they are older, they have gone independently.

I was used on Catalina Island, for sexual rendezvous with Reagan and/or sometimes other public officials or entertainers. I was programmed to have sex with Reagan at the Wrigley Mansion, the Zane Grey and other hotels on the island. It seems Reagan was usually on the island anonymously; for security purposes, no one was to know he was there.

While I was busy carrying out my duties, I had no idea what my children and husband were up to. It seems likely that there was some reason they had us all there together.

We're Paying Taxes For What?!

And, I am sure that you the reader were unaware that your hard earned tax dollars were being spent on security, airflight, and high tech programming in order that Presidents and leaders could be extramaritally satisfied sexually, and that messages fueling the success and implementation of the New World Order could be sent and returned via a national security mind-controlled asset. Not to mention the salary of politicians and NSA people like Henry Kissinger who spent countless hours strategizing agendas to carry out their personal plans. I can only imagine the cost to privately helicopter, task a team of Secret Service agents, coiffure, and ready a mindcontrolled operative and then pay a limo to deliver her to her assignment. A few years ago my daughter was transported via ambulance after one of her many suicide attempts, as she carried out her program command to kill herself if she began to remember. That bill alone was unfathomable.

"...but you shall cry out for pain of heart, and shall wail for anguish of spirit." -- Isaiah 65:14

Chapter Twenty-six: Dodger Diamonds

The following information documents some, but by no means all, of the experiences I recovered in relation to my use with Tommy Lasorda and the Los Angeles Dodgers. I have randomly selected specific events I believe will aid you the reader in understanding just how far mind control, gone unchecked, has proliferated.

Tommy Lasorda gave a new meaning to the Dodger lineup. Instead of the Dodgers lining up, it was women and children lining up for the baseball team to choose from, for sex. A Dodger incentive to do better - to win more! If they won, they got to choose - if they lost, no women.

"Dodger diamonds" had a double meaning. In addition to the baseball diamond as on a baseball field, in my experience, it also referred to the "Dodger Diamonds," the mind-controlled women the Dodgers could select from for sex. Lasorda often spoke in cryptic language, intended to manipulate and inspire the Dodgers. Here's an example. One evening as he spoke to the team, he said, "If you play good on the Dodger diamond (the playing field), you will get in return a 'Dodger Diamond'" (a sex slave). Presidential model sex slaves often wore diamonds as program identifiers. My daughter and I wore diamonds, as well.

Back in the men's locker room when the women and children in the "Dodger lineup" were in their places, Lasorda would point to a woman or child who had been 'chosen' by a player and say, "he'll take that one." He never referred to anyone by name - always just pointed and said, "that one." It was part of the "game" they played after a win. The Dodgers weren't allowed to just go up and pick one of us. They had to tell Lasorda who they wanted and then he would make the announcement. We then stepped forward to the player we were chosen by and went with him to another room, corner or wherever he pleased. Sometimes the locker room was filled with Dodgers having sex with women and children at the 7th inning stretch, to "inspire and invigorate the team," as Lasorda would say. But most of the time it was done after a winning game.

Sometimes I got stuck with that little short guy - the one that walked like a duck to first base. His name was Ron Cey. He would often pick me from the lineup. After I was chosen, he would lean against the wall with one arm and talk casually to me for a minute before he had sex with me. He was impressed with how well I could have sex standing up against the wall. He also liked my hair and the whole idea that I was married. He seemed to know all about me, while I knew nothing about him, except that he smelled like sweat and was really gross to the personality inside me who was created especially for this Dodger purpose.

Cyndy Garvey (Steve Garvey's now ex-wife) was often part of the "Dodger lineup" of women and children to be chosen by the Dodgers for sex after a winning game. My daughter Kelly was also occasionally used. They usually put Krisha and Whitney (the Garvey's young daughters) into the lineup. The players who performed the best during the game got to choose first.

One night when they put Krisha and Whitney in the lineup, it was Whitney's first night. She was now "old enough" to participate, in spite of the fact that she was only four or five years old. Cyndy started screaming, "No, not Whitty!" (That was the nickname she called Whitney.) Two men stepped forward and grabbed Cyndy by the arms and whisked her away. They took her into the next room and we could all hear her screaming. It was awful.

"If you step out of line, you always pay the price, maybe with your life." Lasorda said. Then they took Whitney out of the line and into a side room, and we could all hear her screaming and crying. Lasorda said to those of us remaining, "We won't have that problem anymore, will we." He was very brutal.

When they brought Cyndy back into the room, Lasorda said Cyndy's behavior had caused Whitney to get hurt. He said, "If the mother had acted respectably, there wouldn't have been a problem."

When they brought Whitney back out, she could barely walk. She didn't make it into the lineup that night; she was too injured.

I experienced and witnessed these types of horrors that kept me from ever interfering with what they were doing to my children, especially Kelly. I knew from experience that they would hurt her worse if I ever tried to protect her.

On nights the Dodgers lost, there was no Dodger lineup game and we would all go home, but not before the Dodgers saw us lined up and then leaving. Tommy said he wanted the boys to learn from their mistakes and to have incentive to win big. "Big wins equals big bucks," Lasorda said.

Tommy Lasorda and others humiliated Cyndy. They brought me into the locker room and put me up against the shower wall. They put Cyndy across the room but close by, and they brought Steve in. He had sex with me standing up against the wall. Cyndy was forced to watch and then someone, usually Lasorda, would tell her she wasn't good enough or enough of a woman for Steve. They told her she was stupid and backward. Then Lasorda slapped her across the face really hard. I don't know why they did that, but they did it to me also and I watched other women get slapped often. While this was going on, Steve was laughing sadistically. Cyndy looked like she wasn't really "there." Soon after, Tommy Lasorda took her out and sat her behind the dug out where she usually sat during the games - being the dutiful and supportive Dodger wife.

On nights like these, Tommy gave the press orders not to talk to or interview Cyndy. He told them if they did he would have them thrown out of the ballpark and he would have their job. If they asked why, he would say, "She's not quite herself tonight."

In line with the information about Project Monarch, some rich people actually own certain Dodger players and their children. Often it's cryptically called "sponsoring," but it's really ownership (much like owning a racehorse) because the owner makes all the decisions about the players life without the knowledge or consent of the player. When the player does well, the owner collects large sums of money from behind the scenes.

Steve Garvey, his (now ex) wife Cyndy, and their two children were "sponsored" (owned) by some wealthy person and from what I saw, the family was manipulated much the same way mine was, through mind control, for the financial benefit of others.

One night I watched, as I waited for the "lineup," while Lasorda was coaching the team. He chalked a diagram of the field onto a large chalkboard. The Dodgers were all sitting on a bench in front of him. Lasorda spoke in funny rhymes to some of the players, rhymes that didn't make much sense to me. It seemed that the players were like robots

that were robotically manipulated by the words Lasorda spoke to them. I overheard him say, "Steve (Garvey), you will hit a home run. Ron (Cey), you will bunt since you're a runt. Only runts bunt." And he went on and on like that, seeming to program the plays into the players.

I never did end up watching much of the ballgames. If I tried I couldn't concentrate to watch because I was programmed to not see the players or to recognize them if I should see them. I was pre-programmed to not look at the Dodgers with the phrase, "there will be blood everywhere, if you continue to stare," or "you won't recognize them anywhere, you won't even know they are there." People who didn't know how I was programmed often teased me about my inability to follow or understand baseball games. One time, after attending games for a long time, I asked my husband and the couple that was with us, "Who are those men down there in suits?"

They looked at me like I was retarded and laughed in embarrassment for my question, and then explained, "Those are the umpires." I didn't know. I was just obeying program.

Craig took me to the Dodger games, but I never wanted to go. I hated to go, but had no reason I could "think" of for not liking or attending the games. Sometimes our small children would go with us, and then they would show up in the "Dodger lineup" to be used by the Dodgers for sex. I felt very out of control, despite the mind control I was under. Personalities inside of me didn't know how my children got there or how they would get home or if they would be safe or killed. Craig stood and watched like a zombie and often had this strange, nervous laugh that happened when he was anxiously trying to be a part of things. We were both totally helpless to think or act in order to protect our children or ourselves.

Tommy Lasorda was connected to a lot of mob-type men. They were always around Dodger Stadium in their suits with concealed weapons.

At times there were secret, private meetings at Dodger Stadium during the games. Sometimes the meetings were between politicians and at other times there were meetings where drug deals took place, or meetings between mob members and other top leaders in politics and/or the entertainment field. These meetings often took place during the time the games were being played. In the early years, money was transferred for drugs, illegal stocks, bonds, or other investments. Money in briefcases was exchanged for something in another briefcase. In my experience, this could have been anytime from 1976 on. Bob Hope was limoed in just for a brief exchange and then left quickly. He had a thing for Cyndy, always kissing her and touching her breasts while she just stood robotically.

Whoever owned the Dodgers at one time used to come into the big fancy restaurant there at Dodger Stadium or into the locker room. Many times Bob Hope would limo me in and give me specific instructions on how to seduce this man and ask him key questions or deliver messages. One owner had dark skin, dark hair, was average build, and always wore a suit and dark glasses. He liked it when I took his glasses off his face,

laid them down and started kissing him. He wore strong cologne and black underwear, and had a holder for a gun he carried on his ankle. I was used to "disarming" men by "carefully" removing their weapons while I was seducing and disrobing them. I was instructed to do that sometimes for people who wanted others eliminated. They sent me in to seduce and disarm the person and then they would send in a hit man. I wasn't functional for days after one of these events so they quit using me for that type of assignment.

This particular Dodger owner didn't like to be seen in public. He didn't operate alone and had a company of mob-type men who worked for him. One day Bob Hope sent me in to "console" him. He was sitting alone on a locker room bench. I walked up to him and put my hand on his back so as not to startle him. He knew me and thought I worked for Lasorda. So, he let me go through my routine as I kissed him, rubbed his neck, and got him calm and relaxed. Then he said, "Let's get out of here." And he took me to a room at the stadium that is plush with a big bed in it. He ordered a bottle of champagne and caviar from the restaurant and we got it quickly. I used the little white pills I was instructed to place in drinks to get the most cooperation when I was sent in to gather information. He had sex with me and afterwards I asked him questions about a Colombian drug connection. I asked him where the transactions were taking place and he said, "Jamaica." Then I asked him when they were taking place and he

answered, "in the spring when the apple blossoms are on the trees." And I asked him "who" and he told me, "Tommy's group and the Feds." It seemed like everyone always knew everyone else.

Reagan came to the Stadium on occasion. He often met with Hope. They met in the restaurant there when the restaurant was closed to the general public and made plans. I know because I was witness to their conversations as I sat with them. Sometimes my job was to listen and correct them if anything they said went against something in my data/mind files. These deals were connected up to whoever was in the White House at the time. Reagan, Ford, and Bush were all there at different times. With the Presidents, it seemed that there was already built into this corrupt drug/porn network a place or slot for the highest levels of government - the President - because the people who were Presidents came and went, but the job they did was always the same. It seemed like the stadium was a place where they could meet undetected or something.

On occasion I was flown away in a helicopter with Secret Service agents and taken to DC and debriefed or given new information to deliver somewhere else around the country. Then I was flown home.

Leaders from all over met at the Dodger Stadium. It was where the U.S. Government, White House level and state level, met with the Mob drug connections and made "deals." These deals were made with people and leaders from all over the world. No one ever knew they were there as they were limoed or helicoptered in and out at precise times--carefully coordinated and timed by the Secret Service.

During the time Steve Garvey was playing for the Dodgers he had an office in Calabasas that was used by him and the group that controlled him for illegal activities and pornography-adult and kiddie porn. I was filmed pornographically in Steve's so-called office with a variety of people, including himself, his wife, and his children. Even my own children were pornographically filmed there at different times.

Sometimes they filmed my daughter Kelly with Whitney and Krisha in kiddie porn. Lots of other children were filmed pornographically including our oldest son Kevin. But these weren't filmed at Dodger Stadium; instead they were filmed in private offices or homes.

Cyndy and I were filmed together in porn, at Steve's office. We both had little skimpy French maid aprons on and nothing else. Cyndy wore something like a black eye mask, maybe in their effort to disguise her. She had a bowl of whipped cream that she held and smeared all over her body and I was forced to lick it off of her while they filmed. I was told beforehand what to do and say. They took close up shots when I was commanded to perform oral sex on her.

There was other pornography shot during this time, beginning in the 1980's. When my daughter Kelly was old enough (3 and up) they began filming Cyndy, our daughters, and myself. A title to one of these films was Mommy and Me.

Porn of Cyndy and I was filmed on a private beach in Malibu. I was picked up in a white van and at other times was picked up by a limo. Cyndy, some dogs, and I were running naked on the beach while they filmed us. Some of this was filmed in the "Colony" in front of one of Barbra Streisand's homes. Barbra wasn't home when they took us to do the porn.

"Our love must not be a thing of words and fine talk. It must be a thing of action and sincerity." -- I John 3:18

Chapter Twenty-seven: Education 2000

Las Virgenes School District

Henry once said, "There is nothing more convincing than to have a pregnant woman speaking out for educational issues." He had me speaking to groups that were involved in various aspects of education from the top officials and big wigs down to California State legislators. He said I was fighting to increase the level of education for my future progeny; starting now, so by the time they were in school I could rest assured that they would get the finest education possible.

I began this in 1978 when I was very pregnant with Kelly. He used me in Sacramento to "further legislation for our children's education." And I went to Washington, DC, when it became necessary to take what had been won in California in the way of educational advancement and present it to influential people in DC who could make a difference in furthering this goal. California was the model and once the framework was set they wanted the new educational system to be used nationwide, but that took planning and

fortitude. Years of preparation went into this to insure that the nation's children would be ready for the year 2000, when their transformation of the masses would be complete. "...And peace will guide the planet and love will rule the stars ...the dawning of the Age of Aquarius." Through programming, this song was instilled within my mind to anchor a lot of this educational activity and to also bring me under a greater influence of my true birth sign, Aquarius. The plan was for my humanitarian interests to be of such a magnitude that I would become internationally known as a leader in ending child ritual abuse. This focus would have served to keep those who found out about this abuse "busy" and distracted with "satanic behavior," and still not aware of mind control, until they could gradually implement the transformation to get people more completely under control. They referred to the time frame after the year 2000 takeover, as "The Great Transformation."

Don Zimring, the Superintendent of Schools for the Las Virgenes School District (LVSD) was heavily involved in deciding which children got special instruction. Each 'special' child in the school had their own program design and was individually monitored so they would get the early training and conditioning they would need to fulfill their destined position within the hidden inner circle framework. I was programmed to report to the LVSD office to see Don Zimring in order to be "instructed" in regard to the "special" children who were in need of individual attention and individual programs. I sat before him in a robotic "sponge" state, while he rattled off profiles of children and special videos or instruction booklets they were to be subjected to. By the time the children hit elementary school they were conditioned sufficiently so that their "programs" could be absorbed readily and easily through just saying a word that opened their access way to special abilities, like photographic memory or rapid learning states. Many women, purposefully placed in teacher and principal positions, were either programmed themselves or just didn't pay attention when a child was removed from class for "special instruction." Children were targeted for their natural talents and abilities. For example, in families who were athletically inclined, or where one or both parents excelled in sports, they put in access codes for "super athletes" and then someone from higher up had the option of stepping in and 'sponsoring' a child with a promising future. Which meant that this "higher up" funded so-called 'special education' for this child, often without the parent's conscious involvement or consent, and from then on had a special interest in how things were taught to the child. Kelly was monitored closely, always having a special tutor to "shore her up." Our controllers viewed her as a young beauty and noted her extremely positive social skills and built upon those. There was an "inner group" of school officials, parents and teachers who were involved in seeing to it that the preconditioned children were groomed in the ways necessary for them to step into future pre-designated positions.

The people behind this scheme have done endless research on the brain in response to everything, including spinning rides at amusement parks, and know just what level of stimulation is needed to make programming most effective. Over the years the research has been tried and tested through the experimentation on children who were targeted before birth. The genetic engineering aspect is highly used and they take into consideration the inherent genetic talents and abilities coupled with just the right training

at the right age to produce a "highly advanced child." But, in essence, what they truly have created is a highly advanced robot that has been dehumanized to the point of not being able to think or choose for themselves. They have been robbed of their free will or any real choice in their lives.

The California Capital 'Sacramento' and Senator Pete Wilson

The organization and framework is large. There were many people involved and the technology over the years has risen to the level where children in the preschools require less trauma and torture in the beginning stages to set in the "cues and programs" that will be built upon in later years. Pete Wilson was very involved with all of this and was set into position in the 1980's. I was sent to Sacramento with Ann Eklund, the principal of Sumac Elementary School, in the early 1980's, to set up these programs through the school districts. Although at the time I didn't know I was participating in this, years later, during a flashback, I remembered boarding a plane with her, getting off with her and being met by a taxi that drove us to offices of the California State Department of Education. It seems that the instructions to implement these "special programs" filtered down from "the top." The higher ups see it as technologically advancing the children, creating "mega minds of the future" for later use within their own system. The children are force fed information into previously set up inner systems of mind files and are trained to be able to accept vast amounts of highly technological information beginning at age three. They are not taught to think, but only to be used and accessed like a computer.

Ann Eklund was highly involved in the project and had been since its inception. The framework was set into great motion in Sacramento in the early 80's between Ann, Don Zimring, Pete Wilson and several officials from Washington, DC. I was flown to DC to speak before a committee meeting to describe how the program was progressing. Sometimes a child would be "demonstrated" to the committee to show the advanced mind technology that was possible. Disbelieving Senators and Congressmen 'in the know,' needed to see to believe. The child could be made to perform on cue and recite mega amounts of highly complex technological information. They saw these children as being prototypal descendents of mine. These particular politicians knew how I was used with Henry Kissinger and were "amazed" to know that any similarly conditioned child could possess the same qualities of mind ability. Reagan was also involved and so was Bush. Our instructions for individual children's programming often came from the White House level as many of these wealthy people "adopted" and "supported" children "with promise." These elite overseers viewed the 'special' children as the minds of the future, the future world leaders, preprogrammed with their own wisdom and desires for how they feel the world should be run, based on their own values. GOD HELP US!

LVSD was the No. 1 pilot program and many funds were approved to be used within the school district, but were actually skimmed off the top to finance a lot of "special programs," really aimed at the children who had been targeted. Children who were targeted were dismissed from class, taken to a room for special attention and were hooked up to special audio tapes, linked with accompanying picture books, in the beginning years, and then later on to computers and sound. Large reels of film were

used occasionally when not available on video and it was timely for the information to be "visually cued" into a child's brain. But usually it was done by video or computer. It created complex brain function and set up controls within the child that these people manipulated. They have performed experiment after experiment over the years to develop the most effective equipment to use on children. Much of the funding earmarked for use within the school district was siphoned off to be used for research and to pay technicians to develop and test the equipment, computer programs, etc. During that time, many of the state school funds were misappropriated and used for things other than what they were approved for.

I am pretty sure now that the memories I had of accompanying Reagan to Point Mugu and other places for speeches, was when I was being "demonstrated" to others and was cued to speak about the same technology that was being used with children three, four, and five years old. Reagan used me often for demonstration because he said I stood the test of time, which meant that I had been in operation for over 30 years without a leak, or without a problem. I heard him explain to people that I was so "real" that he sometimes forgot I was a programmed robot. He said he liked that because, "you get all the benefits of a robot with human softness added." He was very proud of the technology and spoke freely about it within a trusted group. I was presented to the military, to politicians, etc., for them to see and witness the technology, and then I presented my pre-programmed information. Many requested private demonstrations of my sexual capabilities in order to become believers. Whenever there were men at the presentations, and usually they were men, there were private one-on-one sexual demonstrations afterwards.

In my head, when I was retrieving these memories, I kept hearing the phrase, "Senate subcommittee meetings on advancing education in America." I remember Pete Wilson speaking and there was a demonstration done on the educational system that had nothing to do with what was actually going on behind the scenes, but they had to justify the large amounts of money that they were trying to appropriate for their secret system. It was all a sham - they knew they would get the money, they knew where it was coming from and how they could get it. It was just a matter of making the steps and actions look like it was all above-board, while behind the scenes they planned the new technology in education, privately. Their attitudes were that other people in the private sector wouldn't be able to grasp what they were doing because they didn't have the required intellect. So, they justified its secrecy this way, feeling this new system was the advancement of society and until people could really see the results in action and how effective these methods of education would be in the advancement of society, they needed to keep the methodology quiet. They used big words to intimidate those people they wanted to leave them alone and they were quite successful at accomplishing that. People who couldn't understand what they were saying would back down and walk away. They used me for this project beginning in the early 80's and didn't care whether I was pregnant or just out of the hospital or what. They just overrode what my personal situation was by using my multiplicity.

Pete Wilson was probably elected governor so that they could pull this whole thing off

without any problem. Ann Eklund introduced me to him in the very early 80's and the sexual connection was made, then I was fed information by the Council (from the hotel room in the Holiday Inn or the Marriott) to "deliver" to Pete even in the early years. He jumped through all the hoops they presented to him with no problem and so they kept promoting him just like they did Reagan. Only difference was, Reagan seemed ignorant compared to Pete and I guess that meant that Pete was more knowledgeable and better informed about certain situations, beyond acting in accordance with what the Council wanted. Reagan just acted in accordance, like a puppet with no understanding of what he was doing in so many situations, always worried about the state of affairs of the Nation, but easily calmed and his attention diverted to another subject.

The school district plans were directly tied into the preschool abuse. They made sure they had "qualified" preschools set up in areas near the elementary and secondary education schools so the children would be "prepared" before entering kindergarten. Then the public school system had in place the network of people to carry out the children's "further education." The controllers have people placed in positions, high up, in widely varying areas to fund their plan and to fill the positions required in order to make it successful. They had programmed people in place from the janitor all the way up to the school district supervisors and on into the state and federal government. All key positions were filled to make sure their plan is implemented and failsafe. They moved key people around as needed.

In 1985, not long after my April 12th auto accident, I continued on as coordinator of the carnival at Sumac Elementary. I had been working on it for months. But I was in so much pain that I had to do it with a neck brace and the aid of Percodan. My mother and father even attended, with my father in a wheel chair-all this took place before I remembered any of my past. The funds that came from that little Saturday event were significant enough, with thousands of dollars raised, that the head of the Park and Recreation Department for Agoura invited me to be the fundraiser for the local parks department. Between the money earned by this carnival and the large sums earned by the Agoura Great Race, organized by a friend of mine, the school was able to buy computers, turning a whole section of a stage area into row after row of computers. It was a few years later that I began remembering a little boy sitting at one of those computers working away, 'lost in time.' I walked behind him and, as programmed, I intentionally lost my balance and drove my knee into his back in order to further 'dissociate' him, and then I tapped him on his left shoulder twice. There was usually a word command coupled with these actions, something that would cue the child back into a specific mind state or program at a later date. I also remember going up to one of Danny's teachers and saying something like, "Are you going to teach the child about Napoleon?" Napoleon was the key word. I don't know what it did or was suppose to do to the teacher, but it also was coupled with a tap on the left shoulder. Of course, while I know that I didn't consciously plan why I said that, I also wonder who coordinated all of this, cueing me to cue her and some of the students.

This new computer area installed at Sumac Elementary got the 'special' children out of class and gave anyone who wanted to approach them, access to them. They got a

permission slip from their teacher and went by themselves to the computer area. Later, in therapy, I remembered pulling a videotape from my purse and coming up behind a child and changing what he was watching on a VCR. Later, they had computer disks that were similarly brought in. These children had been targeted since they were very small. Many children at the school did not receive this "special attention" - only those who were to become leaders in the future and those who were sponsored.

Of course, in the intentionally created reality driven by the mind control I was under, I simply believed that I was a good wife and dutiful mother. I had no way of knowing I was being used in this way.

"If I can stop one heart from breaking, I shall not live in vain.
If I can ease one life the aching, or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin into his nest again, I shall not live in vain. "-- Emily Dickinson

Chapter Twenty-eight: Reagan, Kissinger, Bush and More Horrors

One day, on assignment, I was standing at the top of a very tall set of four or five tiers of marble stairs. President Reagan walked out of a room below and paused a moment before he looked up and saw me. Quickly he put his finger to his lips and I knew that meant to keep quiet. He motioned for me to come downstairs and meet him outside. I promptly looked away from him so I wouldn't be publicly noticed or connected with him, and started walking. Once outside, a Secret Service agent directed me toward a limo and as I got close he took hold of my head and pushed me inside. I was waiting when Reagan arrived. He stepped in backwards so no one from the outside would be able to see me. After the door was shut, he smiled and kissed me and said that he had missed me. He said he needed me to go with him to the Pentagon to introduce me to some friends of his.

There I was exposed to file after file of small typed information and was introduced to an officer who had on a dark blue uniform with gold trim that looked like a Navy uniform. Reagan instructed this man to show me information that was top-secret. This was information I needed to have in my mind files for some upcoming meeting. Then Reagan left. I followed this man to his office and watched while he opened his file drawer, took out some files and laid them open on his desk. He left me with them and went out of the room, locking the door behind him, locking me inside. I was in his office for quite some time and went over four files in detail. I couldn't remember the details when I was deprogramming the documents to read them to you now. The officer kept checking on me and when I was through he escorted me to a waiting limo. Reagan wasn't there.

White House Humor

"Once in the White House always in the White House, I know my own way upstairs!"
Bob programmed me to say to Presidents.

When I said that to Reagan he said he didn't find that amusing. I told him, "Well Bob

said for me to say that."

Reagan immediately softened up, laughed and said, "You tell that ole' buzzard I said hello."

Once you are on the list "to do the White House" they keep using you over and over if your Boss man agrees.

Cozumel

During September of 1984 or 1986, Craig and I went to Cozumel on a scuba diving vacation with a group of dental friends. A day and a half of the trip was reserved for Reagan. The men in suits came for me in the middle of the night. It often happened that way, where they just appeared in the room and took me away. They said they had come to "prepare me," which I knew meant torture and isolation, to be readied for my time with Reagan. I was put into a cement utility room. It was dark except for the pilot light from a hot water heater located in the corner. That was the only light until daylight. I was stripped naked and left in the cold cement room all night alone. The men opened the door every so often and used electro-shock on me, by putting a prod on my hips. My body contorted and convulsed, and my hands involuntarily rose uncontrollably into the air. Then, I collapsed into a heap on the floor and they told me to keep standing, not to sit down or go to sleep. They checked in on me every so often, to see if I sat down or had fallen asleep, and if I had, they zapped me again with high voltage, and even if I hadn't they would zap me. Either way, I got it.

If I had to go to the bathroom, I went in a corner and then they would slap me for that. The men in suits were brutal. Slapping me, shining bright lights in my eyes, shocking my body. . . it was sheer torture. They injected my arm with some drug and I slumped over. One of them covered me up with a sheet and carried me to a black car, and the next thing I knew I woke up in a hotel room where I was told to shower, wash my hair and dress in the clothes they left for me.

When I finished dressing, they took me to a dimly lit restaurant where Reagan was sitting in a candlelit booth, already eating. It was late and there weren't any other people in the restaurant. Reagan smiled and took my left hand activating my touch program as he squeezed it. He winked at me as he continued eating. I just sat with him, with the Secret Service waiting behind him, while he ate. I was very out of it, and was having trouble focusing to keep myself together. My inner system of personalities was programmed to never make a mistake in regard to which personality was "presenting." I was forewarned by my controllers that if this ever happened it would be a fatal mistake and I was programmed to keep my inner personality system in check by an internal oversight committee that decided who was to be out in a split second snap of the fingers. It wasn't that I was switched to the wrong personality for this event; I think, at that moment, I was just physically incapable of performing.

Reagan said, "You look beautiful as always." I smiled shyly and he lifted his hand up, brushed my hair off my shoulder and pushed on the side of my neck. I felt like my eyes

rolled out of my head. He looked to the Secret Service agents and said that he didn't think I was "quite ready. "

The Secret Service agents took me outside into the ocean air and walked me around a bit and then took me back to him. They said, "Perform!" and I sat down, this time more alert, bubbly and talkative!

Finished eating by now, Reagan took my hand again and said, "Let's get out of here." We walked through the kitchen and out the back door, with Secret Service agents before and after us, into a waiting limo. I asked him where Nancy was and he said, "She's home where she belongs!" He pulled my legs up over his lap as we drove away and said, "You're in for a real treat tonight."

It was late at night when we pulled up in front of a big white hotel. We went in quickly, after a Secret Service agent checked to make sure the lobby was clear. Reagan and I went hand-in-hand to the elevator up to the second floor. We followed the agent down the hall and waited as he stopped in front of a room, while two other agents guarded Reagan outside. There was a balcony off the room, and we could hear the surf. It wasn't the plushiest of rooms, but it was nice.

Reagan took off the white summer coat I'd been given to wear and sat next to me on the bed. He started talking to me as he undid the back of my dress. He undressed me this time, revealing the sheer white lacy bra, panties and white nylons I had been given to wear.

Reagan was aggressive this night. This was not typical behavior for him, as he was usually so passive. He pushed me back onto the bed and kissed me eagerly while I began undressing him, one button at a time. He was in a hurry and very passionate. I was surprised at how different he was. He nibbled my ear, rubbed my navel to access touch programming, and I performed oral sex. While he lay on his back, I climbed on top of him to bring him to orgasm. Soon I lay down next to him, and we dozed off to sleep.

A few hours later, a Secret Service agent woke me up and put his finger to his lips to keep me quiet so I wouldn't wake up the President. The agent grabbed my clothes and shoes and took me to another room to dress. They put me into a dark sedan and took me back to my hotel, the El Presidente.

The next morning I woke up next to my husband in our hotel room, as if from a nap, feeling really strange, very tired, and out of it, but with no trace of memory of my time with Reagan. That evening my husband and I went to dinner with our friends and I was unable to think or do much more than eat my dinner and smile occasionally at someone as they spoke at the table. I did manage to stay awake through dinner but couldn't wait to go to sleep. The next morning I woke exhausted and feeling ill, but didn't know why. Waking weary and worn out was such a common occurrence for me and I had no way of knowing why I was really tired. I just figured that being tired, dazed, and feeling ungrounded was the way I was born. I never was able to think past that thought in order

to penetrate the amnestic barrier, until much later.

Catalina Island

I was used on Catalina Island, for sexual rendezvous with Reagan and sometimes other public officials or entertainers. If Nancy didn't accompany Reagan to Catalina, it usually meant my use with him was for sex. She accompanied him at times when business affairs were at hand and other people were present for meetings. If Ronnie would touch me on the hand or look at me, she would get upset. Quietly and off to the side, he would tell me not to worry my pretty little head about her. I was programmed to have sex with Reagan at the Wrigley Mansion, the Zane Grey and other hotels on the island. It seems Reagan was usually on the island anonymously; for security purposes, no one was to know he was there.

There were usually two Secret Service agents who escorted me to my assignment. We often walked to our destination on the island when it was only a short distance. They directed me where to go and stayed behind me so that it would not appear that they were with me. An agent delivered me to the hotel room to wait for Reagan. Reagan preferred for me to wait for him naked, but he told me each time how he wanted me to be the next time and I did as instructed.

The agents who delivered me were always waiting right outside with the other agents when it was time to go. Then, they delivered me back to my hotel room.

When I looked at Reagan's body when he was naked he had a white flabby stomach and buttocks, not fat, just flabby and old looking. When I was scheduled to be with him, I was preinstructed to put on five strategically located sprays of Oscar de la Renta perfume - one spray on each side of my neck, one on each wrist and one in between my legs. He was very sensory oriented and my body had to be super clean. He often told me he liked how I smelled.

Reagan literally lay on his back the whole time we were having sex and had me do him. It was always one-on-one with him, usually quiet and sedate. No violence, no intensity. He liked for me to rub his back and then help him on with his pajamas. At this point in the evening, I often felt like I was pampering and putting a child to bed, despite the fact that he was 40 years older than I was! He made sure everything was comfy and in place. It was fairly routine, never much variation.

One night at the Wrigley Mansion, Reagan wanted me to pretend like I was forcing him to have sex with me. After the game, he put the stun gun to the small of my back. I never knew when it was coming with him because he would smile and all of a sudden I'd get zapped. Then I passed out, just sort of fainted over on him and he would catch me and direct my body over next to him, and then he would turn away and go to sleep, but his body was still touching me.

Sometimes the stun gun was placed at the base of my skull. Different places for different reasons. In the forehead it was meant to erase the mind file just used.

Chronic Pain

Over the years, I suffered from chronic pelvic pain and sharp stabbing pains that shot up through my vagina and rectum. I went to the doctor in an attempt to alleviate the cause, but by 1984 it was decided that a total hysterectomy was the only cure for my pain. I was 33 years old. After the surgery, the pain did lessen, but wasn't completely gone. At that time I was still unaware that I had been abused but when I began to have flashbacks and memories of the extreme sexual abuse that I had endured my whole life, the pain lessened. Once my hidden past was brought to conscious awareness, I healed and the pain went away for good.

Secretive Meetings with the Owl

I had to maneuver through lots of fairy tale programming like the following in order to gain access into memory of experiences when I was used as a mind file for Henry Kissinger at secret meetings. There was a fairy tale about a beautiful redwood forest, but it wasn't real, it was only fantasy. It had beautiful giant trees with red bark and it was in the mountains. There was a beautiful fairy princess who visited there and she was allowed to because she had special connections to the forest animals. She made friends with the great owl who watched over her and kept her safe. He alerted her if there were any problems because he was so big and so wise. He looked big to her because she had taken the magic mushrooms just like Alice in the Looking Glass and she couldn't tell if he was really big or she was just very tiny, but he could watch out for her.

This fairy tale was intended to cover and scramble the real memory of a men's camp of sorts in the California redwoods. There was a wooden box mounted on a tree with a special phone inside that the group of men who met there could call from. Henry needed me there to assist him with data. After the meetings during the day he would layer in the fairy tales at night in an attempt to scramble my memory.

Kissinger also met with George Bush at a place outdoors in the mountains that was like a men's camp. There was a large wooden building that they used for meetings. They slept in smaller sleeping cabins. I slept in a separate screened-in cabin and Henry put me into a mode to stay there and not leave until he came to get me. Henry met with George Bush when he was Vice President, more than he did with Reagan, who was President. This was because Henry and George had more in common on this particular endeavor and worked hand-in-hand on the project.

Then Vice-President Bush, Kissinger, and a White House correspondent met to decide what the White House Correspondent was going to put out through the media to the public to insure success of their plans. Henry always had his strategies and accomplished a lot behind the scenes by working through and directing other politicians or people connected to the White House.

At another meeting, Henry and George accessed my geographic locations file and gained access to information about certain foreign countries. They would pick perfect

strategic locations to start wars and/or disputes they wanted in order to distract the American people and others about what they were really doing in an area. I would rattle off information about an area, describing its climate, terrain, ocean access, mountain access, etc., and I would keep going on with information until they heard a location that would work for their plans. Then they would say STOP and I would stop. Meetings took place there often.

Kissinger Mind File Use During Bush's Vice Presidency and Presidency

During Reagan's administration, Henry Kissinger and George Bush used me often in a mind file capacity. When Bush became President, my job didn't change - only the person holding the office of President did. One day Henry and I were at the White House and he shook hands with Vice-President George Bush. I was there for mind file use. They were talking about the IranContra situation and Henry was telling George what to say publicly to cover their tracks. He had a lengthy conversation with Bush, telling him "key phrases" to say when asked certain questions so they could keep their stories straight.

George didn't like Henry smoking his cigar inside, but Henry smoked anyway. I guess Bush needed Henry's help so bad that he didn't press the cigar issue any further. Henry filled my mind files with information to bring back to the Governor of California, who I believe at the time was Governor Deukmajian. We sat in wooden chairs with leather seats in front of Bush's desk. The floor in the room was wooden, with a large throw rug over it. There was an American flag to our left - to Bush's right. Bush took his glasses on and off when he got upset or nervous.

Dinners held to entertain important foreign leaders or politicians from our own country often involved Henry Kissinger. He was not one to be social, but attended these dinners out of duty. If I was to target an individual in attendance, I often went with Henry. I was "strategically" seated next to him as well as the person they were trying to monitor or influence. Henry always briefed me beforehand in regard to things that were important to a foreign leader or a certain Senator or Congressmen. I would say sentences that had been implanted in my head to draw them out and get them talking. Sometimes I was given little white pills to drop in their wineglasses to "help them loosen up a little," is what Henry would say.

At these dinners, the President would clink his glass with a fork or spoon and propose a toast to the honored guest. All the presidents did it. Tapping of the wineglass was a means to call me to attention; most often it was a time when a very specific code was introduced to set me up for what I was to do the rest of the evening. After they clinked the glass, I subconsciously received the directions carefully embedded in the toast. Although Henry was the mastermind and loaded me up with information for targeted people for the evening, the Presidents were always told that I was at their service for the evening when I was included at a dining arrangement. Henry really had his own agenda that I fulfilled within the evening, mingling with those persons he predirected me to. But he took the courtesy of letting the Presidents feel they were in charge of me, so my instructions were to listen with an ear to hear the coded instructions and file them in with

the instructions Henry had given me for the evening. Although I didn't understand consciously what to do, the coded parts inside of me knew exactly what to do and what area within the personality structure would carry out the duty. The Presidents I worked with knew exactly who I was, and knew that as a robot, I needed direction while I was sitting at the dining table with the guests. They gave me direction in relation to foreign leaders and which to target and what information to go after. If there were two foreign dignitaries then I would be told what to do with each of them. Bush utilized me often like this to hunt out information or find where loyalties lay.

Some of the guests at different times were royalty from England, foreign ambassadors, and other leaders from around the world. They often had interpreters with them at dinner so they could communicate. Henry put key phrases in my mind files, created especially for them because my knowledge of foreign languages was limited, but later, sex usually bridged the language barrier.

I was told what to say when questioned. Sometimes I said I was working for the State Department. Some of the men must have been given prior permission to have me sexually because they would touch my leg under the table or slip their hand up my dress. These men thought they were being given a gift, but they were really being interrogated or seeded by a programmed operative who had been well trained to do just that sort of job interwoven with sex. Sometimes it was just quick sex in a back office and then they would go home with their wife, or sometimes me. When I was to spend the night with a guest, we were often limoed to a nearby hotel for the evening. This happened when the men in control wanted some serious information. At other times, my instructions were merely to sit next to a targeted guest, deliver preprogrammed messages and record in my mind files their responses, reactions, etc.

Once a Machine, Always a Machine!

At times, Bob met and played golf with George Bush. "Once a machine always a machine," Bob said about me to Bush on the golf course in Palm Springs. Bush told Bob he acted like an old married couple with me. Bob laughed and said, "There's nothing old about her!" Bush didn't think it was so funny and just went on to the next hole in silence, followed by Secret Service agents.

George Bush knew all about my use as a human computer. He treated me very unkindly, like I wasn't human. One day, Henry and George got into a fierce argument over how George treated me. Henry said, "Would you go over to an expensive computer and kick it if it malfunctioned?" This was during Bush's Vice-Presidency when George accessed my files often and participated back and forth with Greenspan and Kissinger during that time. Henry said, "George if you're going to use the equipment you're going to have to learn to use it properly."

George said to Henry, "Hank, this young woman is nothing but a piece of equipment and if she continues to malfunction on me, I'll have to put a stop to her use." I sat blankly while they continued their argument.

The Game of Life or is it Slow Death?

George Bush was always mean, gruff and degrading. Overtime, he continually gave me brutal 'attitude adjustments.' He knew just how to twist the knife psychologically and could get me 'back in line' quicker than anyone else, due to the fact that he had abused my daughter and could devastate me by reminding me of the brutal things he did to her. Or he would say, "I can read you like a book and don't ever forget it. If you ever get a notion in your head like this again your daughter will be motherless. Don't cross me again." He was always yelling at me. He also started this program about 'life.' I had eaten LIFE cereal my whole life as part of a program, and he said to eat it and remember while I was eating it that, "only by going along with the program will you stay alive and continue your duties to your family and country." In programmed response, I ate LIFE cereal all the time, even carrying little snack bags of it around with me if I felt scared or threatened. Bush also had my children play the game of LIFE with me and reminded us, "Spin the dial and see what life has to offer." George would remind us to remember whenever we played, "if you get off track, you will loose not only your own life, but the precious lives of those traveling with you, your children." (Or, in my children's case, "your mother or father.")

Henry was so busy perfecting and guarding his technology within me that, at the time, I experienced him as protecting me, since he personally wasn't violent with me. But I know now that he was very much a part of the group of people that hurt me and, in fact, had to have orchestrated a lot of my high-level abuse. At times Henry acted like a mad scientist, so pleased with his creation, yet lost to humanity.

Mexico

Lots of drug transactions took place in the middle of crowds, such as in parades. I was involved in a big one in Mazatlan on Cinco de Mayo. We had just eaten dinner with Craig's family, aunt, uncle and cousin at the Shrimp Bucket restaurant. They had a lot of alcohol to drink and Craig's aunt took me into the restroom and passed some drugs off to me and told me to put the bag inside my dress. I was wearing a peach colored cotton sundress and I did what she said but didn't like to put the package in my panties like she told me to because it made me look pregnant or fat. Soon, we all left the restaurant and stepped out into the street where a festive Cinco de Mayo parade was in full swing. As we entered the huge crowd of people dancing and marching in the street, we moved along helplessly sandwiched in between the crowd. Craig kept laughing hysterically and smashed confetti eggs in my hair. I was terrified because nothing felt real, and the loud noises and all the people jammed close together frightened me. A man with dark skin, wearing white cotton pants, shirt and straw hat grabbed my arm and pulled me away from the crowd, down a dark side street. He pulled me through what at first looked like a doorway into an old abandoned building but as we made our way to the back, I was escorted into a room that was restored and decorated. A group of men were sitting around a table with a low hanging lamp, smoking and playing cards. "Here she is," my guide announced.

Another dark-skinned man came over to me. I think they called him Johnny T. He patted my stomach and said, "What do we have here? A gold mine?" He pulled up my dress

and removed the package. In front of all the other men, he set his cigar down, pulled off his belt, unzipped his pants, let them fall to the floor, stepped out of them and said to his comrades, "This is what I've waited all night for." And he pulled me to the ground and raped me in front of the group. When he was through with me he opened the package I had delivered and said, "Tell the United States government, we thank them for their gifts, for their generosity, and tell them we like the way they do business," everyone laughed as he continued, "and that we will continue to hold up our end of the bargain." Another man took me out to a waiting car and I was delivered back to Craig's uncle.

George Bush was often a part of the illegal drug activity in Mexico. It felt as if he followed me and my family around on our vacations; no matter where we went, he and "the boys," showed up. I realize now our vacation spots really revolved around our controller's agenda but in those days I had no way of knowing that. It seemed like Reagan was just a puppet and Bush made all the arrangements, did the thinking, planning and carrying out of the deals. At meetings and social gatherings, Bush made the connections and cut the deal while Reagan just acted oblivious - which is not to say he didn't know or wasn't aware, he just wasn't ever the mastermind. Bush was ruthless and brutal; the end justified the means. He even had a red handkerchief he kept in his pocket for wiping blood off of Kelly or me. He had high expectations and often expected us to do things that he had inadvertently forgotten to tell us, at which point Kelly or I got slapped, beaten, or dealt with in other torturous ways. There was a time on Maui when a Secret Service agent came to my aid saying to Bush, "Sir, I don't think you told her that." That was the end of his job; Bush fired him on the spot. One day Bush took a pocketknife out of his pants pocket and I was terrified that he would use it on me, but instead he used it to cut the skin off a green apple. He told me I'd be next to have my skin cut off in the same slow, torturous manner if I didn't cooperate.

I saw the Mexican leaders more frequently at the White House than in Mexico; they were usually brutal and violent.

Craig's Uncle Lyle Curran, who worked for NASA, specially arranged for us to purchase a timeshare; the Presidential Suite, at the El Cid Hotel, in Mazatlan. My husband purchased the use of this suite, for the same week in April, every year for the next 25 years. My family and I always thought we were going there for a vacation. But that was never what occurred. On one such vacation, a man in a suit met Kelly and I just after we had bought our 'strawberry banana smoothies' at the hotel shake stand. Later I discovered that these drinks, although very healthy, were programming cues that were installed at an earlier time when we were taken to the Santa Monica Pier and put on the Carousel Ride. A man put both of us on the horses and told us, "tied together, you are one." There was other mirror programming and suggestions that created confusion over where I started or ended physically, and Kelly began or ended. There were to be no separate identities.

Anyway, we had on our bikinis and this suited man followed us over the bridged overpass that led to the Presidential Suite. As we went into the room he slipped in behind us. He told us to sit down on the bed. He put earphones on both of us, and

injected our forearms. Kelly sat with one leg folded under her, in half Indian style position. We were body programmed and different body positions meant different things. George Bush arrived, dressed in a tan suit, and Kelly was "prepared" for him. Bush, a couple of Mexican leaders, and one other man had a meeting in our suite. I sat next to Bush at the meeting while he accessed my mind files. When the meeting was over George waited until everyone left the room, shook their hands politely at the door and when they were gone he went into the bedroom where Kelly was waiting. I sat robotically at the table.

Awhile later, when Kelly came out of the room, she had a smile on her face. Per programmed conditioning, she always wore a smile but she didn't look good to me. Bush left with two Secret Service agents that were parked outside the door to the suite. One of them called him, "Geo."

Another time Henry Kissinger was sitting with George Bush at a meeting that took place at the large dining table in our Presidential Suite at El Cid with two Mexican men. I was there to be used in mind file capacity. There were other such meetings that took place at our family timeshare, at El Cid, in the "Presidential Suite."

"Honesty is the first chapter of the book of wisdom." -- Thomas Jefferson

Chapter Twenty-nine: Back to the Future

More High Tech Classified Projects

In 1985, after a head-on collision and the ensuing healing process necessitated by the auto accident, my direction and course were irrevocably altered. I left my position in my husband's dental practice, returned to college and attended Pepperdine University in Malibu to begin classes to fulfill the requirements for a degree in Psychology. But as always, in addition to the coursework leading to my degree was an alternate, hidden agenda, planned and orchestrated by my controllers. Along with attending classes at Pepperdine, I was used in the Malibu area for experiments that furthered parapsychology research, as well.

At Pepperdine there were experiments and research on the nature of higher consciousness, how the brain intercepts thought, why some brains process higher thought and others don't, how pure diet and water effects the brain, the effects of meditation on the brain, remote viewing and out-of-body experiments. I was programmed to meet with a group in a small room at the University where we watched movies. My attendance was carefully tied to my use in the projects and with Ronald Reagan. There were others in the room robotically watching the movies. They treated us like monkeys.

Telepathic Experiments

Among other things at Pepperdine, tests were done on studying and learning in altered states of consciousness. I began reading endless books on psychic phenomena and began being psychically trained and further experimented on. Each day at lunch I

reported to the large cross that graces the hillside at the University, in order to sit in the small area inside and go into a meditative state. I did this each and every day and felt as if I was communicating with the whales and dolphins in the vast ocean that spanned the panoramic view from that location.

Part of the experiments focused on telepathic communication and my controllers were sending messages to me via satellite systems to see if I could pick them up. They tasked me with these assignments that had to be performed in the ocean or near the ocean so it would be easier to pick up the telepathic messages sent over the airwaves that they were broadcasting to me. There were times I consciously thought I was just going to go for a drive, to have the day to myself, when in reality I was instructed and directed to different locations. One day I drove into a remote canyon high in the hills above Malibu. I positioned myself on top of a mountain in my beach chair and sat all by myself and read a book on Edgar Cayce. When I looked to the sprawling mountaintops, my eyes focused on all sorts of satellite dishes and instrumentation on the hill in front of me. After spending a few hours there I returned to my home in Agoura Hills. Later that day, the phone rang. I picked it up and a man asked me questions before saying, "We see you picked up the message about where to go today and followed our instructions impeccably. Good work and be waiting for the next set of instructions." Click, he hung up. Robotically I hung up the phone and went on like nothing had happened. Immediately this slice of reality submerged itself deep within the programmed recesses of my mind, and was kept there until a later time when I was reaccessed.

There were many places I was telepathically directed to in response to messages sent to me by my controllers. Often I was led to believe that incarnate guides and masters were leading me when I was really being led by the men who were instilling these thoughts in order to direct me to various places where they wanted me.

Further Adventures Along the California Coast

The American government seemed to be willing to sell anything, including children, to foreign countries in order to gain monies to fund the mind control and other research projects. Reagan presented it saying that it was the only way we would survive - that we would all be killed by nuclear destruction at the hands of these "foreign morons" unless we were able to have more control, and the mind control projects insured American safety. He made it sound like something the United States had to have to stay a safe and free nation. But the Council knows the bigger picture lies beyond what Reagan thought was "national security." It was really an international takeover by a group of megalomaniacs who have decided to insure the future for their own genetically advanced progeny. From my perspective, it had nothing to do with American freedom or safety. But Reagan was a pawn and didn't have all the information or know about the Council's higher agenda. If he had, he would have known the United States was being duped.

Reagan sent for me and I was picked up, once again at noontime, while I was 'meditating' under the cross at Pepperdine, in order to be taken for demonstration to men from all over. They were usually small groups because Henry or the Council was

working that angle, too, putting together different foreign scientists or foreign leaders who would naturally be competitive so they could get the most out of them. Often Reagan, or a military officer, would explain the project to them as a group and they would toy with their national pride and play off their natural competitiveness and ego. Then after the meeting, one of our people would take them aside, into a separate room and tell them we were interested but that such and such a country (Saudi Arabia for example) had more to offer. They worked them like that to get more cooperation in hopes that maybe the leader or scientist would offer more favors, resources, connections, etc., so we would get even more out of the deal. Henry really knew how to work people, and he knew how to be very convincing. He told Reagan and others that it was all for national security, American safety, and these men all believed it, they all thought Henry was so smart and so pro-American, but he never really was. He just talked that way to get people to do what he and the Council wanted. "Reagan isn't a robot, but he might as well be," Kissinger said. I'm not so sure.

During the 80's I was keyed to a computer in my bedroom, where I began to get instructions at home from the Council. I didn't think I was very good at computers since I'd taken a computer class and felt I really couldn't learn the technology. But while the "I," the conscious part of my personality, was unaware of my computer proficiency, other parts were completely in tune! Upon awakening, before I brushed my teeth, I was instructed to report to my computer. It displayed a symbol if I had instructions and was to continue for further instructions. They made it simple for me to access. There were codes for 'regulars,' people I met with weekly, like some of the movie stars in Malibu and Beverly Hills. I was given schedules and lists of people to meet, or to be expecting to meet, and dates to be at certain places at certain times, so I would know to have my hair done, nails polished, what time, location, etc. I didn't any longer have to report to the room at the Holiday Inn; I could get my instructions from home. After the mid 80's, my controllers began accessing me more directly without Craig being so much in charge. They took more direct control.

Often my instructions were to wait in meditation beneath the cross at the University. I was used heavily during this time, and spent less and less time with my family. Men in suits or men that looked and dressed like they were gardeners at Pepperdine would come up to me and give me messages while I was in a meditative state. Later, men in suits would pick me up, tapping me in code on my shoulder two or three times, after which I would get up and go with them. This particular time, the men drove me to weapons warehouses where I delivered detailed messages to arms dealers and recorded their responses to take back. Lots of foreign countries' arms 'deals' took place in warehouses, at least the original dealings. After that I would take the message back and deliver it that night wherever I was directed. Then I would return home in the evening to my family, having thought I had 'studied' in the university library the whole day. Fat chance!

Mind Control Adventures

An Iran-Contra arms trade took place in a warehouse in Santa Monica. Nothing was ever to have been traced back to Reagan because it was to have been a covert

operation to raise funds for other projects, "research projects." They felt justified in selling arms to anyone, including our enemies, because they felt that the days of armed conflict were over. Instead we could now win wars using our high tech psychological, chemical and electronic warfare, if we ever needed to, and be able to use mind control technologies to insure the enemy laid down their weapons. But in the meantime, we could sell them comparatively obsolete weapons and make money for furthering the research in mind control.

Lots of drug and arms deals took place in warehouses in California, especially in and near Santa Monica and Malibu. A lot of foreign connections were made in order to increase the funds for the continuation of the research projects. And they used the mind-controlled robots they had created to earn money for them. Many, many people are under mind control and have been working for them for years - men and women who are dentists, attorneys, stockbrokers, doctors, psychiatrists, psychologists, politicians, bankers, corporate heads, engineers, newspaper editors or owners, nurses, teachers, principals, etc. etc. etc. And all these programmed people are used to further "the cause," each placed in strategic positions for use by the Council.

The technology available is so advanced that most people couldn't even dream of it. It far surpasses anything yet seen on sci-fi movies or read about in books -- total automation, even of people.

They put mind control operatives into jobs that included travel and then used them internationally to further their cause. They felt there was no way that they couldn't succeed since so many are now under their complete control and are able to be controlled by universal signals, enabling them to put certain words, phrases, or symbols into the current media (movies, television, newspapers, music, etc.) and the mind-controlled robots are programmed to step up their pace. Certain words have been paired through programming to different tasks these robots are assigned to do. So all they have to do is to hear the word combinations, tones, frequency, etc., and they can all be commanded within a very short time to carry out their programmed instructions.

Fun in the Sun?

At other times I would report to Zuma Beach and think I spent the day relaxing in the sun by myself. In actuality I climbed out of my beach chair and walked out into the surf, swam into the waves, sometimes for long distances, easily and effortlessly, as my programming commanded, to meet a boat just outside the wave break. A man in the boat who helped me on board, dripping wet, handed me a towel and once said, "My, but you must be an important person." I couldn't comprehend or respond because I was in total program and this event 'wasn't really happening.'

He drove me to Point Mugu and apologized when due to large surf conditions he couldn't get in closer when we neared the rear entrance. I told him not to worry that I was used to swimming long distances and was adept at swimming waves. I told him I'd just use the waves to get me in easily. I had a program that rendered my body incapable of feeling the temperature of the water, so I could enter very cold water and

not get cold. So I dove off the boat in my bikini and swam to shore. There were some pens and an underwater screen that I knew to swim around to get to the shore. I walked onto the beach area, to the cement and the chain link fence, then waited until a man in a white naval uniform let me in and escorted me to an outside shower they used when they swam. He took me inside to a bathroom, where I found a naval uniform, white blouse with navy blue and gold trim, and a white skirt and navy blue heels neatly piled up for me to wear. My hair was trimmed every 4 weeks so that I could just run my fingers through it and it would look okay, since it was naturally curly. The same officer took me through an area where they used a metal scanner on me for security purposes and I had to pass through a light monitor and did so with flying colors. Then I was escorted in to see whomever I was to report to - an officer, Commander, Reagan or sometimes Bush. But this time I was there to meet Reagan and to be demonstrated to a group of foreign scientists they wanted to recruit for research.

I was put into a clear cylindrical capsule, maybe for show, and then Reagan showed these men how I reacted upon command. He demonstrated the use of my mind files by quickly asking me for detailed information and descriptions of schematics. I performed up to speed, dictating to them the elaborate 3-D holographic craft images that I was viewing in my head. All the men clapped. In the beginning they had to condition me to the clapping because it flipped me out and switched me, and then I would be surprised to find myself where I was. Usually after the demonstrations were finished, Reagan would limo me out with him and we went for a quick sexual encounter somewhere, locally. Later, they put me into another car and dropped me back at the beach, where I changed once again into my bikini. Lying on my beach chair, enjoying the California sun, I obeyed my program that commanded, "Slowly come out of the meditative state."

Later when I returned home I would stand in front of my computer and hit the buttons I was programmed to select in order to type in a message or answer from Reagan or whomever I had been with, so Henry would get the message. I don't know how it worked but there would often be an instant reply typed back on the screen, coupled with a command to "erase the day, that it was a relaxing day in the sun and surf."

Working Girl

There were times I was taken by the life guard boat to Point Mugu and escorted to a Captain's quarters to be used. They gave me other clothes to wear and then helicoptered me to Reagan's Ranch, usually for meetings with foreign leaders. And when Henry wasn't there (he often wasn't), I was there standing in for him, but the attendees thought I was a secretary to Reagan. Reagan relied on information I had in my mind files, put there for his access by Kissinger. Kissinger ran large portions of the foreign diplomacy of the United States Government by sending me to these meetings.

Over the years when people like Rebozo, Sinatra and Bush wanted to take me out (kill me), Henry would stop it because he and the Council had worked years, even decades, to set up the connections I had with people. Henry had key robots in key situations so that everyone was working in perfect three-part harmony. I had been put close to U.S. government leaders, British royalty, Margaret Thatcher, and leaders of other countries,

and these relationships were "seasoned with time," Henry would say, and so he wanted to keep me in as long as possible. Henry said these relationships were priceless because these contacts knew and trusted me over time, with no ill effects, so in the future they would share information with me about more important things without worry.

Henry had me tested often, especially after the accident and when I began psychotherapy full time. I was breaking down but they were building me back up in other directions without my missing a beat in my assignments. My personalities who were close to foreign leaders had not had the accident and were cut off from that experience. Instead they enjoyed total health and well being in order to continue their work. Different personalities had been created for different leaders so Henry could easily instill new information or messages, yet retain the personality as it had been created especially for the individual leaders.

I was flown by helicopters that took off from naval ships out at sea, into foreign countries to be the connection maker for munitions or drug transactions with various countries - Columbia, Bolivia, Mexico, Jamaica - I can't remember them all. But I was dressed in a military uniform and flown in helicopters down into these places to deliver messages, usually to a man in uniform who was heavily guarded. But here again, they didn't have a clue that our country possessed weaponry that looked like anything but weapons - that couldn't even be seen: invisible weapons that could drop people to their knees and render them incapable of functioning. No need to kill them, just send targeted energy and control their brain wave activity.

I remembered a time when the pilot called to a foreign bank to see if the money was in the account before he would release the sale of weapons. Money was made not only on the sale of the weapons, but even more on the financial arrangements made that created huge revenues from the interest on the loans to desperate countries, willing to pay whatever it took to save the lives of their people. So they paid top dollar for the weapons and paid interest on the loans in addition. All this was planned, down to the instigation of wars that would create an international weapons market. It also kept nations busy buying obsolete weapons America said were the best. We kept them looking the other way as we were secretly using the copious profits from the sales to fund more mind control research, so the plan for the world takeover could be implemented. All this was done by very smart and manipulative people who used very strategic planning. Saudi Arabia and other foreign countries inadvertently funded a lot of NASA research and, when there were arms embargoes or other embargoes, all it meant was the price was forced up and the United States made even more money.

Point Mugu Demonstrations

After demonstrations at the circular arena in Point Mugu, Reagan left in a limo with Secret Service agents flanking him heavily because of the assassination attempt. I was escorted out and after the agents put Reagan into the back of the limo, one of the agents took the passenger spot in the front seat opposite the driver and gave him instructions on where to go. Then, after some of the agents left to report to their next duty, a remaining agent opened the back door and put me in next to Reagan and we

were off. The glass was put up between the front and back seats before I got in.

Reagan became very good at saying things to me in order that I might feel like he was being polite, when he was really getting around the fact that I wasn't allowed to eat. One day we were taken to a fish restaurant in Malibu on a Monday, when the restaurant was normally closed, but they opened it for the opportunity of serving the President. Reagan went in first with a phalanx of Secret Service agents flanking him on all sides. You couldn't even see him in the group and after he was seated in a secluded booth in the back I was brought in and they told the waiter I was his visiting niece. With a towel on his arm, the waiter asked Reagan, "And what will the young lady be eating this afternoon?"

Reagan looked at me and I said, "Thanks, but I've already eaten."

Then he made some joke about it as he began eating his fish, carrots, rice and salad. I sat and smiled at him while he ate, and listened intently. When he was finished, the Secret Service took care of the bill and he was escorted back out to the limo in the same way he went into the restaurant - then they put me back beside him. Our next destination was a grouping of small rustic cottages along Pacific Coast Highway. The driver drove around back and the Secret Service agents went to the room first, opened it, checked it out, and then came back to the car. opened my door, escorted me in, shut the door and I waited, parked in robotic mode, while they Reagan in.

After the agents left the room, Reagan commented that he liked the place, that it reminded him of the Ranch. He took my right hand and asked, "Should we do our dance?"

"You bet," I answered. So he twirled me around several times, for programming purposes and then laid me on the bed. I was wearing a white pantsuit with fancy tassels on the front and short white boots. He had given me a Reagan watch to wear for the day, but later the agents took it away. Reagan loved the watch. He unbuttoned my shirt as he lay on the bed next to me and went directly for my belly button and began tracing his fingers around my navel. Waiting for my programming to kick in, he laid on his back for me to satisfy him. Afterwards, he took a short nap and then sent me out to notify the agent who was waiting in the limo. The agent snapped to attention and directed the driver to get into position, and they escorted Reagan back to the limo.

We took off down Pacific Coast Highway again and they stopped to drop me off at a gas station in Malibu, where I met a man in an unmarked car who drove me back to the cross at Pepperdine. When he let me out he said, "Weren't you meditating?" In response, I robotically walked under the cross and sat there again. He yelled, "Not too long!" and drove off. I stood up, totally unaware I had been with anyone, thinking I had only been in deep meditation for a long time. I found my car and drove through the canyon home where, with the help of our maid, I prepared dinner. I was pretty out of it.

I was used with Reagan hundreds of times if not more, ever since I was a teenager. He

knew that I had to have time in between when he used my mind files for demonstration or information and sex. So having a leisurely lunch provided the time necessary. A cue or signal had to be given to shut down the mind files and then, from that time on, a certain amount of time had to elapse before sex. Once he was President, the Pepperdine cross served as a pick-up point where I was taken to cabins, cottages, or out of the way homes to be with him sexually after the Council had input me with information for him via my home computer. Many messages were phoned to me by Bob, or more often Henry, when they were of a political nature, because political details were more complicated and took more time than the simple well-grooved routines of sexually satisfying stars or political friends of Bob's.

In the early 80's I also rendezvoused with Reagan for sex on nights I drove off by myself in the car, telling my husband I needed to learn to become more independent. I got in my car and played the 'metaphysical game' I learned from books I was suggested to read. For example, I just drove spontaneously and magically stopped when it 'felt right.' One evening, it just 'told right' to stop at a very expensive hotel in Santa Barbara and I checked into a room and waited for Ronnie. Naturally, before he got there two men in suits, carrying briefcases full of programming equipment, let themselves into my hotel room and tortured me in preparation for the President.

Another time it just 'felt right' to stop at a large hotel near the pier in Santa Monica, where again, I met with Reagan.

Point Mugu Naval Weapons Station and Dolphins

I remembered being on a gurney at Point Mugu, with a white sheet over my body, a white electrode cap over my head and an IV in my arm. I was hooked up to electrodes all over my scalp and on my wrists and they were having me listen to whale and dolphin sounds via headsets. Huge banks of audio equipment and big tapes on recorders were all running. They often played music or sounds in one ear and tones or word instructions in the other. Sometimes the sound was excruciatingly loud in one ear and nearly inaudible in the other. The words were barely audible but I often tried really hard to listen to what was being played in my ear, though it was impossible to hear. The loudness hurt my ear and the two extremes coupled together nearly drove me crazy.

There were dolphins in tanks at Point Mugu that were also used in research. At times, they also had electrodes on their heads. I think they were attempting to measure thoughts and telepathic communication. At one point they directed me to send a message to the dolphin with my mind, and then listen and decode the language of the dolphin's reply. They tried it with whale language also. The swim programs that allowed me to swim long distances without tiring, were also coupled with the hypnotic suggestion that I was like a dolphin and could swim forever like one.

I think the dolphin research was a secondary project, and among other things was a project to further U.S. Intelligence technology in telepathy. The dolphin research continued because we could communicate long distance with the dolphins, sending messages, and when I received them, I was given a number to call immediately to

report what I heard. They paired this need to report with having to go to the bathroom and once in the bathroom I would dissociate, switch personalities and phone in to report, sort of like "ET phone home."

Just a week before my husband and I were getting ready to go on a sailing trip to the Channel Islands, I remembered performing a visualization I was taught, where in my mind, I pictured myself in the middle of a group of dolphin. I performed this whole process in an attempt to actually link up with the dolphin on our trip. Before we left, I told Craig I was going to have a dolphin experience! Low and behold, way out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, a whole pod of dolphin swarmed our boat. When I saw them coming I got so excited that I slipped on my diving mask, and jumped off the boat into the middle of them. No one on board could believe my impulsive actions! It seemed that time stood still and I felt like I was held in a state of suspended animation as one large dolphin seemed to energetically link up with me. Time seemed to stand still and it was an amazing experience! After that I began to "see light in everything." I still don't have an understanding for exactly what happened, but I began having incredibly prophetic dreams and more psychic experiences. I believe this also was part of an experiment.

There was extensive "dolphin programming" done on me. Movies, stills and motion pictures with beautiful music were shown, administered together with drugs they injected into my arm in order to put me in a state of utter euphoria while I was viewing the dolphin pictures. These movies and other positive stimuli reinforced good feelings that emerged in order to deter me from the Star Wars information. Dolphin programming covered the Star Wars Project. Whales covered a NASA project. This all-powerful programming was meant to keep me from accessing the information stored neatly in my brain away from my conscious awareness.

There were movies I felt drawn to all of a sudden leave my family at night to attend. I went to different new age bookstores or other places where I was told to go to see dolphin movies, some very sophisticatedly created with music. A couple who created and traveled to share their dolphin movie, told the small audience to go into a meditative state and watch the film in order to gain expanded consciousness. The movie contained different geometric shapes shown along with the dolphins in underground cities. The dolphin theme was continued when I was living on the island of Kauai.

President Reagan's project, STAR WARS, was located in my mind files under Dolphin programming. I accompanied Reagan lots of times to Point Mugu and other military bases, but Point Mugu was the original site where I would download top secret information from the mind files, first. Then I was taken to different bases all over, usually without Reagan, to deliver the same information, over and over and over again; all over the world to the major players. The Around the World In 80 Days movie and song was used to cover this activity. So I'd think of that movie and believe I was remembering that instead of my actual assignment. Other movies were used in an attempt to cover and intentionally scramble my experiences. As I retrieved memory of ways I was used, I sorted through the 'movie realities' to discover what actually happened.

Star Wars was a global network working together for global control. This network continued as I was transferred to the island of Kauai where I reported often to Barking Sands Missile Base.

Dolphin Programming and Pornography

Another auxiliary project, one that brought in proceeds, was dolphin pornography. Dolphin porn was filmed in Malibu and in the dolphin tanks at Point Mugu. It was convenient because they had cages already built and so the dolphins could be housed there for use almost anytime. Reagan really loved the dolphin stuff. He watched a porn video of Kelly and I with a couple of dolphins. During the viewing he smiled, patted my leg and said, "I'll be with you later." He wasn't into sex with children and didn't have sex with my daughter. When the film was over he said, "Watching you do underwater ballet is beautiful, but seeing you with the dolphin is out of this world!" He laughed and looked up, like he was seeing a missile or shuttle launch. Lots of dolphin porn was filmed. I believe Bob gave copies of it to Prince Charles, Prince Phillip and Margaret Thatcher, who is a lesbian.

Over the years my daughter Kelly was often programmed next to me. We would be instructed to both touch our noses at the same time and then a shock would be delivered though the electrodes stuck all over our bodies. We both had IV's in our arms and despite the trauma, we were giggling like we were both drunk. She was very young and they continued this over the years. In addition to all the regular programming, they also programmed us to be a mother-daughter sex team. There was lots of programming laid in that made us believe that we were twin souls, "two peas in a pod." I was programmed to believe that half of me was in her and half of her was in me. There was lots of identity confusion. They programmed us to be totally synchronous, so we could flow together and work harmoniously while sexually servicing whomever they sent us to.

Our controllers' used the movie ET as a "screen memory" to cover memory of these actual experiences by telling Kelly and I that we were like ET and Elliot, and if one of us got free the other would die. The message given was, "If you get deprogrammed or a hospital frees you, you will get separated from each other for the rest of your lives. ET almost died and had to go to another planet away from Elliott. A wilted Chrysanthemum flower plant will remind you, it will wither and die if it's off the vine, away from its source."

At three months old Kelly was able to float on her back with no assistance, and further swimming lessons early on enabled her to be an excellent swimmer, natural in the water. She also had programming that enhanced her natural swimming capabilities, enabling her to swim long distances. Kelly was good with the dolphins. She was specially trained this way from the time she was very small.

Years later, in 1993, as I became aware that my children and I had been taken to Point Mugu for programming, I returned, trying to get a closer look in an attempt to understand what these people were doing. But it was heavily guarded; now I know why. Interestingly enough, last year on a plane flight, I had the opportunity to sit next to a

man from California. I was spiritually guided to share with him my experience of programming at Point Mugu Naval Base. When I got to the part about the dolphin tanks and banks of recording equipment, his eyes widened and he said, "You must have been there; no one knows about those unless they have been there; it's a classified area." After our conversation he just kept shaking his head.

My family and I bounced from Point Mugu to UCLA for programming often, and when necessary were taken to Edwards Air Force Base for further programming.

The Star-Spangled Banner

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming.
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming.
And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Yeah, it still waves, but not over the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"Fear them not therefore: For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; nothing hid, that shall not be known. " -- Matthew 10:26

Chapter Thirty: UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute

Is It East or West?

I experienced many, many episodes of brainwashing, mind control, electroshock and tortures of the mind at the University of California at Los Angeles, Neuropsychiatric Institute in Westwood. Their involvement was the government's insurance that I would remain functional and amnesic of my use. Dr. Louis Jolyon 'Joly' West's horrific expertise was involved so that I could be used at the highest levels over the years without risk of my breaking down and remembering. Henry sent me with messages to give Dr. West, with instruction in regard to things within me that he wanted checked out. Bob Hope didn't have that connection, only Henry had access to West. I reported there for years but began going regularly after Craig got into University of Southern California Dental School in 1973 and we made the connection in Westwood with Dr. Milo Brooks, my original childhood pediatrician.

Nurses there checked me and wrote notes in regard to my pulse, eye movement, foot responses, etc. In an attempt to scramble and confuse my conscious mind as to who Dr. West actually was, he would cross his arms and point in both directions saying, "Is it east or is it west." And even now when someone asks me for directions and mentions

east or west I become momentarily confused and can't give them the directions. Dr. West also programmed me to the red and green freeway on and off ramp signals, by hypnotically suggesting that when I saw the sign upon entering Westwood it would make me switch to the personality who had the information and knew where to go to report into the hospital. After my visit, when I saw the signal on my way home, the sign was to remind me to forget what happened.

I was never allowed to walk near or ever act like I knew Dr. West when I saw him walking in the corridor of the Neuropsychiatric Institute. I was instructed to walk by him with no recognition whatsoever. He was a very large, heavy man, the "big wig" around there, and seemed to be in charge of everything and everybody. I was programmed to report there to see his doctors for many years. There was a younger doctor who put me in an examination room and did lots of neurological testing on me and checked my responses to make sure I was still reacting within the normal range. He also directed me to walk into the hall and go into a bathroom and wait for him. When he arrived he had sex with me and afterwards gave me the suggestion that I wouldn't remember.

There was a room with a two-way window/mirror. After awhile I knew there were others watching from the other side of the two-way mirror, since the doctor testing and asking me questions would occasionally glance up at the window/mirror as if to communicate to those watching - "see, I told you," or "pay attention." They asked me lots of questions and at times I was displayed so other doctors could see how I worked. I was seen as a high-level success since I was so split that I could be used in many different modes without conscious awareness. I had actually been directed to enroll in the study of psychology at Pepperdine University in Malibu. They were concerned that, if what I'd been privy to hearing there at the NPI leaked into my conscious mind, they could have problems. So they had me get my degree in psychology and study enough to make sense should my vast reservoir of psychiatric knowledge and jargon leak into conscious awareness.

They had to check me more often after my accidents in 1985 and 1987. During the time I was a student at Pepperdine University, I was more accessible to the Malibu and Point Mugu areas, and so, available to Reagan at a moment's notice in the Malibu area when he was in California. Occasionally Dr. West would slip into an examining room when the younger doctor was examining me. He explained that there were some things he wanted to see for himself. He was arrogant with the young doctors and very authoritarian. I heard him make condescending remarks about psychiatrists and clinical psychologists as being beneath his level of expertise, since he was an MD neuropsychiatrist. He thought my therapist in Westwood, Stuart Perlman, Ph.D. was uninformed and easily controlled in my therapy in 1988-91, since Stuart didn't consider the biochemical aspects of my case. I reported to NPI on an irregular basis when I was told to report and I took Kelly there when instructed. As my functioning level decreased when my early childhood memories began leaking back into my conscious mind, I was instructed to report more often to UCLA-NPI. They knew the chemical combinations to shut me down at night so that I couldn't access certain portions of my brain and memory during dream state, which I had begun to do. That was why they had me take halcyon

with a glass of wine every night during my term of therapy with Stuart. Whatever this chemical combination was, the nurse told me to, "take 1/2 or 1/4 of a halcyon tablet followed immediately with a glass of wine, preferably white, and you'll notice immediate sleepiness and will fall into a very deep, peaceful sleep."

Then a doctor came back into the room after the nurse left, and said, "Repeat the directions to me." So I did and he said, "Exactly right. You're to follow these directions every day in every way in order to feel better. You will not, I repeat, you will not jump off of any building. You will not harm yourself in any way. Do you understand my directions?"

Eyes closed and listening intently to his instructions from a deep trance state, I nodded yes.

He said, "Fine, you may go home now."

And I got up, walked out of the hospital and all the way through the campus to my car that I parked near the library. When I drove past the stop sign on the freeway on-ramp it reminded me to "tuck this experience into the deepest recesses of your mind," and I returned home.

When the memory of events I was programmed to forget began flooding into my conscious awareness, I began responding by wanting to cut, burn myself or jump from the top of a high-rise building in Los Angeles. I just thought I must be really psychologically disturbed to want to do something like that. I simply could not fathom what was wrong with me and why these selfinjurious commands continually caused me to feel like compulsively hurting or killing myself. And I had no way of knowing that my controllers were not actually ready for me to do myself in, at least not until my assignments with them were completed.

Mind Control Tune-ups

There was a surgeon at UCLA who instructed me to drive to the hospital to have sex with him. He had dark hair, lightly dark skin, brown eyes and hairy arms. He was 6' tall, of good build and on the young side. I was instructed to meet him at the doctors' cafeteria. Usually he had on his surgery greens or blues and we would have lunch together. He was a vegetarian, and I watched him eat and later he had sex with me in a small bathroom in the Neuropsychiatric Institute. The bathrooms in the NPI were unisex and he would open the door, wave his hand for me to pass inside, and then he would quickly slip in behind me and whisper, "shhh," so I wouldn't say anything. He switched the light off and began feeling me all over and he usually preferred entering me from behind. As programmed, I smiled and laughed and acted pleased no matter what. He liked for me to give him oral sex in his red sports car, but not when the top was down. For programming purposes, he jingled keys in front of my face and then he'd take me out and sometimes we walked in Westwood or went to lunch in a back booth at The Bratskeller restaurant. He had a good laugh when I told him about my therapy with Stuart. He said, "Dressed in little shorts like that and looking innocent like you do, how

do you think he can keep his mind on business?" I laughed and told him Stuart didn't understand. Truth was, Stuart wasn't sexually addicted.

This UCLA doctor took me to different rooms in the NPI for reconditioning and "tune-ups," he called them. One day he lifted me up on the examining table and I was giggling. He said they were taking real good care of me, keeping all my parts oiled and lubricated to keep me in good working condition. There were large tube-like machines that they put me into. When they closed the door, shutting me inside, it made a vacuumlike sound as it closed tightly and it kind of echoed inside. I lay on my back and there was a small square mirror, mounted over my face. I think it was suppose to make normal, regular customers feel safe or less claustrophobic. Although this doctor stayed with me during the horrible tests, he was kind to me most of the time. I didn't like the tests, but he told me what the doctors would do and when. One time two doctors used a scalpel and cut a small incision behind my right ear for something. I didn't know exactly what they were doing to me. They were always testing, probing and x-raying me. They must have a stack of records on me a mile high.

They put me into a machine that was like a cylinder that spun me. I saw lights, and color; blues, pinks, yellow, white, coupled with sound and electroshock. I watched and recorded in my photographic memory as the doctors in white coats mapped my forehead and face and attached wires to me. At this event there was a whole room of people sitting still like zombies, all with our heads totally mapped out. Each mind-controlled individual has code numbers that follow them no matter what research projects we were assigned to. They were studying our brains in all different contexts, in all different environments, with different stimulation. They were also studying the genetic effects. They studied a wide and varied range of the effect of environment and genes on a persons brain function, their life function, their longevity, and their productivity. They monitored brain function by reading EEG printouts taken from electrodes placed on my head, and registered and mapped lots of data that was inputted.

Mind Control Technology of the Future

There were lots of times they laid me on a gurney and injected me with drugs, and then the doctors talked to me while I was under the influence. There were many doctors at UCLA who knew all about mind control and were well-trained for the technology of the future. They were told they were specially selected because of their intellectual abilities "to participate in an effort at world peace in the only method known to man." They were trained in the latest methods in how to program and operate under mind control. There were lots of doctors involved, different ones at different times in different places. I was "demonstrated and modeled" often over years for their learning, understanding, and financial benefit. There were demonstrations for doctors, scientists, prison officials, and other professionals who were selected to receive this top-secret mind control information.

Reagan was involved in this endeavor for years, ever since he was Governor and because he was cooperative and "went along with the program." Then in later years, as President, the amount of people who witnessed the demonstrations grew as the plan for

the New World Order grew closer to implementation. Those who were brought in to see the mind control technology could never go back to not knowing. They needed an army of professionals to carry out the plan and the numbers of people involved increased dramatically in the 80's after Reagan and Bush got into office and cooperated to the fullest.

During Reagan's administrations the doctors at UCLA did tests and demonstrations in front of other doctors explaining how I worked, but they called this "studies" of the mind or brain. They didn't refer to any of it as mind control, but instead gave it the catchy name "behavior modification." They had a circular arena where they conducted the demonstrations while I laid on a table or sat in a chair naked, responding like a puppet to their cues. The demonstrations involved simple mind control techniques as well as telekinesis. Once the doctor directed me to bend a spoon across the room with the power of my mind. They told me to see the spoon bend in my mind and to focus solely on this thought to see it, and hear the words that played in my mind; then the spoon would bend and sometimes it would even move and fall off a table from across the room. Once I was programmed to hold out my hand with a key in it and with my mind I bent the key. I curled it all up while I held my palm and fingers still, my mind totally focused on the key. Most people have no idea the power a focused mind has. The doctors watching would gasp. They also programmed me to start a fire from across the room with my mind.

Large grants were given to doctors who wanted to do further research into the power of the mind or the mind/body connection, or studies of the brain. During one such demonstration, a group of doctors witnessed the presenting doctor give me the hypnotic suggestion that I would not be burned. He held a lighted match to my arm, and just as he said, I didn't get burned. One particular doctor filed by at the end of the demonstration to get a closer look at my arm to see if, indeed, I was not burned. After viewing my unburned arm, tears welled in his eyes, and in Catholic fashion he performed the sign of the cross on himself and said, "Forgive us," and walked away.

Over the years, most scientists and doctors didn't respond as this sympathetic, compassionate, scientific human being did. I believe that many were uninformed as to the level of the mind control experiments and usages, and did not know exactly how the mind control was accomplished. But my controllers were well aware of these technologies and used them to have me appear as "supernatural" to people they wanted to influence. They could pre-program in these manifestations and have them occur seemingly spontaneously without outside interference. This was how they rigged so-called miracles for the Pope and other Catholic leaders at the Vatican. They programmed in 'miracles' like making my hands bleed at the palms like Christ did or making me speak in high Latin tongue to the Pope or Bishops, delivering messages that dropped them to their knees, kissing their rosaries or necklaces or my feet. I didn't know what they were saying to me because I didn't really know Latin. They, like many others, were open to these miracles delivered to them on what they thought were the 'wings of angels' (me) to influence them. They thought I was some oracle delivering God's messages or angelic messages. I even delivered messages to Reagan with a religious

theme, but it only worked on those who were religious.

I went between UCLA and Point Mugu Naval Base often for this technology. Point Mugu had large banks of audio equipment, dolphin tanks, and a pool, and UCLA had brain-testing equipment, MRI, and virtual reality gear.

"For wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to destruction, and many there are who enter that way." -- Matthew 7:1

Chapter Thirty-one: Weaponry Technology of the Future

Kissinger and Nixon Visit the Reagan White House

Nixon and Reagan talked a lot together. I know because I was there a number of times when that happened. They even talked at the White House after Reagan became President. One time, Reagan was sitting at his desk in the oval office when Kissinger escorted Nixon in. Kissinger greeted Reagan by saying, "Mr. President, Dick is here to talk with you. He has some very useful information on foreign policy that will help us." Then he added quietly, "Now I know as you do that no one is to know where this information came from, but I thought you should be informed."

"Sure, have a seat Dick." Reagan said. Nixon smiled awkwardly as he held out his hand to Reagan.

Initially, Reagan didn't seem too happy, as if he had some reservation, but appeared to quickly work through his feelings, and gathering more acceptance, reached out and shook Nixon's hand.

Nixon said, "I have information on some key foreign policy that needs to be implemented before the year's end to insure smooth diplomatic relations with Russia and Saudi Arabia and a few other minor European Countries." Standing there in his light brown suit, Nixon looked pretty nervous.

Kissinger said, "This information may be key to unlocking broader and deeper foreign relations, especially with the Soviets."

Reagan leaned back in his chair and clasped his hands behind his head. Then, he closed his eyes. I could see what he did because Henry had placed me off to the side by the wall on a wooden bench, in my "parked" mode, waiting for further direction.

"Russia will be an ally if we can provide the following." Kissinger said.

"Guns (munitions), corn and," Nixon added, following his comment with a laugh like this was absurd or something, "they would like free surplus wheat and grain - whatever we have in the stockades. We wouldn't have to go to any expense. These surpluses have

already been subsidized by our government, so there will be no further cost to us. It's all just a layout on paper with no money exchange, just surpluses in exchange for information."

"What sort of information?" Reagan asked.

"The sort of information that is held in top secret abeyance. It will have to be approved by the higher-ups." Nixon said, continuing, "If we don't agree, there could be dire consequences for our country. The higher-ups said we have no idea the havoc that will be created if we don't comply with their requests. There's little to lose - just some excess surpluses."

"So you're saying I need to authorize the transfer of these surpluses?"

"Yes, Sir," Kissinger said, "the others will take care of this information on their end. You need not be worried with the details, they will be taken care of and if there are any loose ends, I will personally see to it that they are wrapped up." He handed Reagan a piece of paper to sign. "We need your authorization for the shipments."

Reagan put on his glasses, picked up a pen and signed the paper Kissinger set before him. "Dick, I appreciate your help in this matter. Foreign policy always came so naturally for you and I appreciate your continued interest." He leaned back in his chair again.

"Anything I can ever do to help." Nixon said, standing and offering his hand to Reagan again. Then he turned to Kissinger, shook his hand and left saying he would see himself out the side door.

Henry sat down across from the President, leaned forward and with great seriousness, looked down at his folded hands, "I don't have to tell you how damaging this would be to the American public if it got out that Nixon was advising us on foreign policy."

"No, no of course not Henry. Look, I have a meeting at 10 with the White House Staff. I appreciate your help with this foreign policy. We all have our strengths and weaknesses." He smiled apologetically to Kissinger and reached out to shake his hand good-bye.

Henry stood up, shook Reagan's hand, completing the handshake by putting his other hand over the top of their handshake. I don't know what that meant, if anything. Then Kissinger nodded to me and we walked out to a waiting black limo. Lots of times in DC I waited in the limo for Henry while he went in and out of places. We were all over the place. Henry had keys to lots of offices. I don't know why, but he did.

Lots of times I sat in on the meetings Kissinger had with Reagan and others, so I could report back to the Council (in a debriefing) accurately, exactly what was said and done at different meetings.

Arms Distribution - Guns for Drugs

Some countries wouldn't take anything except guns in exchange for their drugs. Reagan knew all about it--Costa Rica, El Salvador, Jamaica, and other countries. Reagan cooperated with the Council fully, doing everything they asked. He okayed American ships to meet with Soviet tankers to exchange guns. Sometimes drugs were laundered through several foreign embassies so they couldn't be traced to their original source and then the American guns would be transferred to Russia, China, Japan, etc.

The Council members were kingpins of drug coordination and money laundering down through specific American corporations in order to get political favors and laws enacted in their favor to keep their top companies. AT&T was one of them. The Council insured the financial success of these companies so they could continue using them as fronts for their operations. The Council is at the top of the powerbrokers. Each President went along with them or they are killed like JFK was.

My mind files were filled with information on guns, armories, and statistics on where the guns were located and the inventory. Involved foreign dignitaries or leaders could access this information in my mind files so they could know what was available to trade, then they would send me back with a message regarding how much the gun supply could wield or buy in exchange for drugs. Then I would be debriefed by the Council and prepared with a return message for the foreign leaders. From what I witnessed, illicit drugs and gun running backed much of the American economy.

Reagan was not in any way unaware of the arms deals we made with foreign countries as he publicly portrayed. I know because the Council sent many arms trade messages through me to him and then he would give me the message and the Council would retrieve it through debriefing me. This was a message I gave him from the Council: "Mr. President, the Council sends their amicable message to you. Arms will go to Iraq in exchange for hostages." Sometimes after I delivered the recited message, Reagan got really nervous and paced back and forth. But finally he would give his answer for me to take back to the Council. Usually it was just a "yes." Lots of times Reagan made the decision without Bush's knowledge. For some reason I felt like Bush really knew what was going on. Reagan always seemed so uninformed, he never seemed to know what was happening and he made many decisions blindly without knowing the details.

More on Guns and Drugs

There were wooden boxes of munitions on a dock that were to be loaded onto a large ship. I was there to make sure the load of "sugar" got on safely and that payment was made. The men accepting the shipment waited until the men in black police uniforms walked away and then they opened one of the boxes and lifted guns, rifles, and hand grenades out of the packing. Packed on top were bags of sugar to make it look like the whole shipment was sugar, but it was only a cover for what was really underneath. This was a government operation - a highly camouflaged, covered up government operation. A group of American officials were selling munitions to a nation we were at war with. It made the United States government lots of money. They didn't even care that the guns were being used to kill our own soldiers. Noriega was involved. It was a dangerous

operation. The orders were that if there was any chance of being caught, the shipment was to be thrown overboard. It was too risky to get caught.

There was also a naval officer that was involved. He was shaking hands with a man that I came with and they were talking privately out of my earshot so I couldn't hear. The officer gave commands to one of the members of the crew to unload the shipment onto the docks and then they rolled the cargo down the docks and stacked it on large carts. I climbed aboard the ship and we left immediately. There was a window of time that was opened to get in and out to complete the deal. It began at 0800. So we left port immediately and were quickly underway. There were some kind of devices on board that rendered our ship untrackable at sea, so that they could not be detected. This way no one would even know that the United States ship had been to the port. Sometimes the big naval or other kinds of ships would unload their cargoes onto smaller ships that would then go into the port to deliver the goods. Our government had very dirty operations. I was sent to deliver messages, many of them in foreign languages to whomever the delivery was going to.

Another time I was used in a drug operation, I was delivered aboard a large Navy ship to an Admiral who was standing behind his desk giving directions to a lieutenant. The blue eyed, heavysset admiral was dressed in a white uniform and hat with navy blue and gold trim. He had on black patent leather shoes and was very brutal. I think his name was Brimhall or something like that. I was ordered to give him oral sex and some of his ejaculate fell onto his shoe. For that he slapped me with the back of his hand so hard that I fell backwards.

We were going out to sea and when we neared Mexico we went into port for "supplies," which meant a drug transaction. There were transactions in the Caribbean, also usually aboard Navy ships. I was on board to service the Admiral and then complete a drug transaction. The Navy ships went the route and to destinations of a major drug cartel. What looked like the defense of our nation or training of our troops was really drug transportation that made lots of money for the U.S. The Presidents were usually well aware of this business. The revenue was justified as funding large projects deemed necessary for American defense. It was all a vicious cycle of lies and manipulations.

I was sent ashore to meet "the man with the parrot" and was usually dressed appropriately for him to recognize me. They dressed me with a parrot shirt to match the parrot man I was meeting. The messages were always different; sometimes I told the man to meet us with the stuff at 0800 at a certain latitude and longitude out at sea off this or that coast. Lots of the deals and the boarding of goods (drugs) took place out at sea. This way no one could detect illegal drug trafficking, as there was no one to monitor the transactions late at night, out in the middle of the ocean.

Everyone in the government that held any position of power was well aware of these drug transactions and their importance to our country's economy. In part, this is what keeps America head and shoulders above the world economically. These ships went all over the world Mexico, Caribbean, Costa Rica, Haiti, Cancun, Cozumel, Cabo San

Lucas, Panama, Brazil, even Germany and USSR.

For years, I was used off and on to carry messages. They used lots of different slaves for these activities because, otherwise, someone could get familiar and be detected. I know because I overheard them talking about that type of security and how important it was for the Lieutenant Colonel to widely vary the "pigeons," used for messages. I was taken from my home late at night and boarded onto a ship, did my assignment, and was returned back home late at night. I was just phased back into bed with my husband, as if I'd never left. I was kept at Point Mugu or other bases in isolation, and then debriefed before I was driven home in a sedan to Agoura Hills. Sometimes I was helicoptered to Point Mugu, but always transported late at night. During the drug transports I was always assigned to top men on the ships with orders to please them in any way they desired. Then I was usually taken into the Admiral's or Captain's private quarters. These rooms were nice, but small, and I was told to wait for further instructions or to have sex with him. There were portholes in the room and it was simple but very expensively done, as far as the materials: nice wood, brass and usually decorated in red, white and blue. Sometimes after sex I would sleep in his bed with him until it was time for the transaction. Then he would wake me up and instruct me in what to do, what to wear, what to say. Sometimes there were palm trees on the beaches where we dropped off a load of 'goods,' on a remote beach. It was always at a different time, different location; so no one could detect or monitor what was occurring. Sometimes the coast guard in certain locations was involved but not on a regular basis. They must have been individually involved.

On many of these excursions, other factions would interrogate me in an attempt to find out information. They would use bright lights, exhaust me, yell questions, withhold food and pull my hair or take hold of my hair and smash my face into a desk in an attempt to gain information about my job, why I wouldn't talk, who I was working for, endless questions. But nothing would come of it, because they didn't know the keys and codes to access my mind file information, nor did I consciously know.

Some of the big deals I witnessed, involving more international figures, took place in the Hawaiian Islands, like on Maui. And the deals involving Mexico took place in Mexico, often in Mazatlan. While vacationing one year on Maui with my husband, I was taken away from him by men in suits, put on a commercial airline by two Secret Service agents and flown to a location like Jamaica or Costa Rica to deliver a message. I was given a clever disguise, dressed in a tourist costume - a fruit patterned skirt and blouse, with a big straw hat with fruit on top of it, and made to look like an overweight old lady. The place I was taken to was about an hour's drive from the airport by limo, and I was delivered through a dirty and poverty-stricken town full of dark-skinned people, to a harbor seaport, then taken down to the docks to make the deal. This way the person I was meeting on the ship could simply cut the deal and leave by ocean without ever needing to be on land. There were palm trees by the ocean and the coastline area was pretty much uninhabited toward the port. It was a rocky seacoast in many areas with few sandy beaches. I was instructed to deliver the message only to the man in the white uniform who took a hold of my left hand and elbow and asked me if I was lost. A man in

a white Naval uniform and hat brought me on board the large ship, momentarily, to receive the message I delivered, "Sir, the bird is flying north." Then he quickly shuffled me off the boat and the Secret Service agents took me away by limo and I was flown back to Maui. I was kept in isolation, without food or water for a day, before I was returned by my husband's side at the pool where we were vacationing at the Hyatt Regency in Maui.

Weaponry Technology of the Future

While money was made during those days from the sale of weapons, the Council said guns and munitions would be obsolete by the year 2000. The frequency warfare technology they possess will make guns and munitions powerless because those wielding guns will have their brainwave frequencies altered by the new weaponry to such a degree that they won't be able to think to commit a violent act. Society is being kept unaware of this until these self-appointed overseers of our world have completely stepped up the mind control within the populace. Then the people won't care about having obsolete weapons because they will be under the total lull and control of specific, targeted electromagnetic frequencies. Individuals won't be able to commit crimes against the populace. My controllers spoke about this as, "creating peace on earth, contemporary style." (For more information on this still classified technology read: Angels Don't Play This HAARP, Nick Begich Ph.D.)

Kissinger Displays His Robot Technology

Over the years, Henry had me programmed to deliver information regarding the mind control robot technology to different groups of men. These meetings took place my whole life. He or a spokesman introduced me and explained to the audience, which were usually small, pre-tested groups, that I would deliver a very powerful message.

But, the most important message they were eventually to take away with them was that I was a human robot delivering highly technical information and that this was to be the technology of the future.

While I was being introduced, I sat at the front table looking straight ahead, waiting in "park mode." Then I went to the front and initially explained, "Due to the inherent leap in technology, what you are about to see and witness is very real. Along those lines it would be most appreciated if you would hold all of your questions until the end and our moderator will be more than happy at that time to field any questions you might have. Thank you and now we'll begin." Certainly, I was delivering this message verbatim, as preprogrammed and couldn't have thought on my own to answer any questions.

And so I began, "The history of controlling man is old. Could we have the screen turned on please?" I asked the man at the projector.

"As you can see, man was attempting to control his fellow man even in the cave man days. Actually this attempt for control goes back even further." Meanwhile the moderator flipped to a slide showing androgynous man pulling a woman by the hair where he wanted her to go. "So," I continued, "man's control of man is ancient. What is on the

cutting edge of technology today is what we choose to call, 'harnessing the mind.' Who among us wouldn't like to be able to have instant recall? Or to be able to read and retain information or documents." At this point they flashed slides pertaining to whatever career paths these men were involved in and I had documents pertaining to each field, e.g., legal documents for attorneys, medical reports for doctors, case histories for psychologists, account ledgers for bankers.

"Who wouldn't like to have at your fingertips all the millions of minute details we find we need everyday to function efficiently in our places of employment? Gentlemen, you are not alone in your needs and desires. Since I have not seen a single hand in the room raised, I take this to mean that you, too, could highly benefit from this new state-of-the-art technology in the future of mankind's ability to think clearly, efficiently, and above all, with complete accuracy."

"Sound too good to be true? You will be pleasantly surprised to find that this technology is not only true, but you also could benefit from its use. Other corporations, (or if it was a professional group, I'd mention doctors, dentists, lawyers, etc.) around the country are at this time utilizing many facets of this state-of-the-art technology. The computer will one day soon be hardware of the past and the companies that have this new technology will be among those on the leading edge. It will be impossible to compete with individuals or corporations who are currently adapting to our new modes of technology."

"Now, I'm sure you didn't get to your current level of success by using outdated modes of operation. Why no, I'm sure each of you was among the first to own the latest in computer technology. That is what sets you apart from business people (doctors, lawyers, CEO's, etc.) who did not have the foresight that you had to opt for the latest technology has to offer."

After listening to this whole spiel, they were taken to their first demo, and afterwards they were asked to fill out a brief questionnaire. They were asked to fill it out in order to insure the perfection of future presentations. The questions were slanted toward gathering data -)n each participant's attitude, openness, etc. They were also told they had the right to remain anonymous; however, they were told there was no risk due to the fact that no one else would have access to these questionnaires.

As a final note, I said, "And to thank you, we will be sending every person who takes the time to fill out this questionnaire a very special booklet we've been privy to call, "How To Insure Success in Business: Without Burnout." So gentlemen, please loosen your ties, sit back, relax and enjoy the final portion of today's presentation.

At which time, they were shown some more slides and given a little more information.

After 12 such sessions, if their returned questionnaires kept indicating they were "remaining on track," they were introduced to the higher level of being let in on the secret. Then they were told that I was "a robot" and they too could own one, at very little cost to them. At that point they were asked to, "just sign here for more information and

one of our representatives will be glad to further assist you."

These demonstrations took place all over the world, for all different professions, including the scientific research and medical communities. Even as a child of eight, Henry said I demoed so well and had such an enormous impact on audiences that they would have their mouths gaping open, and Henry was so proud of himself. By the time I was eighteen, I had spoken to groups all over the world.

Over time I went to "mini-conventions" for people who owned slaves, where slave tips, slave toys, slave trades, etc. were exchanged amongst this certain group of men. "Men in the know" is how they referred to themselves, who met to share their latest information.

I was there to hand out brochures before I was demonstrated. People loved the continual line of programmed jokes that I spewed out and thought it was hilarious that I was handing out my own brochure, miming like 'a perfect robot.' At times both men and women were in attendance. There was some other business I was promoting, initially - not mind-controlled slaves - but that was what really was being promoted under cover at these meetings. Certain pre-selected men were given large wooden, golden keys, each displaying a phrase or word to unlock me. These individuals were allowed to unlock and use me for the evening at pre-specified times. It was explained to these so-called gentlemen that these "keys" only worked for this one night. It was further explained that due to the kaleidoscopic programming effect, that the keys would revolve a band on the outside of my skull and would stop in just the right place so the eyes of the personality specifically keyed would lock in each and every time. I think those men who were given keys were the only ones allowed to know the true nature of my mind control programming. They must have been interested in purchasing "their own." But publicly acceptable business also took place at these events parallel to this subterranean line of business, so that money was made from all angles.

In later years, Kissinger used the movie Working Girl as a scramble in an attempt to keep these memories from being clear to me. It was not only used for me but for lots of other corporate robots like me. Henry said it should sufficiently remedy any problems or questions... should any of us robots begin to remember.

"The kingdom of heaven has suffered violence, and men of violence take it by force."-- Matthew 11:12

"Blessed are those servants whom the master finds awake when he comes."-- Luke 12:37

Chapter Thirty-two: Robot Breakdown

The Second Accident on April 12 was No Accident

On April 12, 1987, at 9:15 a.m. I had another accident. I couldn't fathom how or why I could have another accident at the same precise date and time, two years later. But, after smashing my head into a tree and breaking my back in a horseback accident I began flooding with more memories of the past and began having even more trouble functioning in my day to day world of responsibilities. I was forced to take more time out to rest and heal in my conscious life. I sought more chiropractic care and began deep healing with prayer, herbs, and increased body therapies. During this time of physical healing I also grew spiritually closer to God and gained the strength of perspective I would need to face further reality.

A Visit to the Mental Hospital

It took a couple of years but as my programmed systems began breaking down, causing memories of my past to begin flooding uncontrollably into my present awareness, I became increasingly more dysfunctional. I had trouble performing my daily duties as my past came crashing into my awareness, often with many memories flooding in at the same time. I had trouble dealing with my outer physical reality, because there was so much going on inside my head to distract me. Paying attention simultaneously to both inner and outer realities was a challenge, especially with my programming throwing up hypnotic commands to become confused, have a migraine, burn or kill myself, or redirect my thoughts in another direction my controllers dictated. After numerous memories of abuse by my father, mother, brothers and others, including ways in which I myself was used within the system to abuse others, I asked my therapist, Stuart Perlman, to call Department of Human Services (DHS) with me and report all of us. He did as I asked and I gave lengthy interviews to authorities, hoping someone would help me stop this abuse and insure that my children and the other children in the family would be safe.

As I became increasingly more dysfunctional, I was admitted to a mental hospital in Westwood for ten days and got another dose of reality. While in the mental hospital, a suited man entered my room at night while I was in my bed sleeping. He opened the door, came in, sat down on my bed, hypnotically commanded me, looked around to insure we were alone, then quickly put a tourniquet on my arm and injected me. Very quietly he said, "You are safe, you are very, very, safe. Nothing you are remembering is real; it's all just a bad nightmare. Close down section 34 and remember you are safe, very calm and very safe. You don't need to worry about anything anymore, everything's been handled." Adding another vial of the drug to the syringe, he injected it into my arm and began round two, "Stuart Perlman is your friend. He is your trusted friend helping you through these difficult times. He and he alone can help you, no one else can quite fill his shoes and every time you look at his shoes when he is sitting in front of you, you will remember this. Now you will sleep very deeply and when you wake you will not remember any of this or the sound of my voice, but now you will sleep very, very deeply. Your children are safe, you are safe and you will rest and sleep very deeply. Remember, you are very safe." When he was through, he took the needle out of my arm, put all of his paraphernalia into a black doctor's bag, and quietly slipped out of the darkened room. As usual, I viewed all of this from other personalities within, ones that were not asleep.

What these programmers need to know is that when a person has multiple personalities, especially personalities that have been programmed to have superb memory capabilities, those personalities can and do take note of everything that is occurring. If the presenting personality is drugged, there are still other personalities left inside, untouched by the drugs who 'take note' of what is happening. Due to this, myself and others have recovered volumes of experiences, as we healed and reintegrated, in order to be able to put together this larger picture to present to you. Their misuse of the technology failed. Sorry Henry, back to the drawing board. I guess you need a further distilled diagram, because, Henry, your security system was not locked up as tightly as you might have thought.

During my hospital stay, I brought up the issue of my children's abuse. To my utter disappointment, DHS failed to take seriously the allegations of abuse to the young members of our families. Further, as I was released from the hospital I leaned over the desk to see my medical chart, which read, "Delusional." No one took me seriously then. I hope you the reader will now.

Further Monitoring at UCLA

My visits to UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute (NPI) occurred more often after my 1985 and 1987 accidents, and the ensuing head and back injuries. I waited in a room lined with chairs and, when called, I robotically walked where they told me to and did everything just like they requested. If they said, "take off your blouse," I did. Anything they asked of me, I did. They put me into an examining room, and tested me neurologically, saying things like, "touch your nose, move your eyes up to the left," that sort of thing. Then they tested me walking, bending over, etc. I saw the white uniformed doctor refer to a list in a little notebook. He asked me questions to which I replied robotically. He asked me, "What is your name? Where do you live? Who is your husband?" All these were standard neurological examination procedures.

Then an older doctor came in and told me to follow him into a different room. Things got more technical then. There was a room full of large recorders, the reel-to-reel type with a chair positioned next to them. He sat me down next to the equipment and gave me long round bars of metal to hold in my hands. They were always testing different things. I didn't know what, but tried my best to do them "right." If I did it wrong they got angry and then I got hurt. The doctor hooked me up to headphones and told me to hold the metal bars real tightly, and I was instructed to go into a very deep trance state.

After certain word phrases, I was electroshocked. I never knew when it was coming and was told not to let go of the metal bars. When the phrases didn't apply to me, like for instance, "I'm an Eskimo" there were no shocks. But after a true statement that was applicable to me, I was shocked. Some things felt very personal and could have only been applied to me. Like, "I love my husband Craig." Or, "I am a good mother," or, "I am happy in my life; therapy is making me a better person." All kinds of statements like that were played through the headphones. Sometimes they shocked my feet instead of my hands or my head. Things varied often and so did the people administering the 'tests.'

At other times a white van picked me up from the streets of Westwood, after a therapy session, and took me to UCLA. Sometimes they did stuff to me right inside the van. They had equipment inside and they said things to me and delivered electroshock. It happened often when I was in therapy with Stuart, in Westwood. The van would pull up to the curb and when the driver leaned toward the passenger window with his arm across the seatback and looked at me, I was programmed to come toward the van and step inside. The driver's uniforms varied, like a mail delivery or some bogus repair service, and the man accompanying him would do the work on me. Sometimes they would initially slap me around. I never knew what they were going to do, it was always different and I was caught off guard and couldn't protect myself. I couldn't ever think to protect myself, even if I knew it was coming. They caused all sorts of violence in order to keep me under control; they tied me up in a chair and put a gun to my head, or raped or tortured me in some other way. They put knives to my throat - anything they thought would scare me. At times there was a large mirror in the back of the van and they would stand me in front of it, tell me I was so and so, and give instructions to that part of me to do jobs or report things. There was a wide variety of electronic equipment in the back of the van. They injected my arm with some drug and then showed me clips from a video. One time they showed me a clip of a person unscrewing a big round cap that let water into the room that they told me I was in. I was told it was real and that I would be safe if I didn't remember the past. In this virtual reality session they told me that the water would come over my head and I would drown if I continued to remember. All this was done in the name of "national security." There was great personal confusion over being in charge of my body or its safety, as a result of all these tests. It was like my mind was removed from my body and acted separately, and it was very scary because I wasn't able to be there to protect or help my own body, or my children's.

When the men in the van were finished with me, they pulled up next to my car, which was parked in Westwood. When I saw my car I was programmed to switch to Sue and not remember anything that had just happened, but the other personalities were given the hypnotic suggestion to remember to keep their instructions hidden and separate from Sue. The men told me to get inside of my car, sit there for awhile and drive home when I was ready. If I was running late they told me an excuse to deliver to my family when I got home. This happened more often and the trauma got more intense while I was in daily therapy with Stuart and Margie.

Another time at UCLA-NPI, I was sitting on a stainless steel table where they had been photographing my brain from a x-ray machine that stopped and shot pictures in four separate places as it scanned my head. The doctor said my brain was in a perfect state for some sort of link up. Next they laid me on a stretcher and tied my ankles and wrists to the bars on the side then they slid me naked into a long silver metal tube. They placed a small black mask over my eyes just before they shut the door. I thought maybe they were going to kill me but they said only parts of me died for others to be reborn. A continuous cycle of life and death for personalities kept things in order, preventing chaos from an overcrowded internal system. This was how my personality system was kept neat and clean, maintained for their use.

The scientists and doctors turned everything into a study. They merely turned a mind control slave system breakdown or "containment problem" into another project to further their research.

"You have heard that it was said, 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' But I say to you, do not resist one who is evil. But if any one strikes you on the right cheek, turn to him the other also; and if any one would sue you and take your coat, let him have your cloak as well; and if any one forces you to go one mile, go with him two miles. Give to him who begs from you, and do not refuse him who would borrow from you.

"You have heard that it was said, 'You shall love your neighbor and hate your enemy.' But I say to you, Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you, so that you may be sons of your Father who is in heaven; for he makes his sun rise on the evil and on the good, and sends rain on the just and on the unjust. For if you love those who love you, what reward have you?" -- Matthew 5:38

Chapter Thirty-three: Bill Clinton and Hillary

Over the years Bill Clinton surfaced in higher level political circles. At one of Bob's parties Bill was all made up in a Statue of Liberty costume, decorated in red, white and blue, complete with blinking lights. He was holding a torch and he acted feminine. I had to have sex with him later on and it felt confusing to me because it was like having sex with a girl in a man's body. That was strange to me even under mind control, even compared with all the other strange and perverted experiences to which my controllers subjected me.

In 1992, before he was inaugurated, Kelly and I were prostituted to Bill Clinton in Klamath Falls, Oregon. On the ride to meet him, we were told, "Remember Chappaquiddick - that same type of accident could befall you."

When we met Clinton, he said, "Did you know that I am now your boss, and you will do exactly as I say. You are under my command." With a robotical tone of voice he told me to give him oral sex and to get down on the floor where I belonged. Then Kelly robotically sexually serviced him after which I gave him a message before we were let out of his room.

Later on, I delivered messages to Clinton from the Council, from Kauai, before he was President. I was delivered aboard a very large ship, put into a stateroom and told to stay on the bed and wait for him. I did. He slipped into the room without knocking and locked the door behind him. He said, smiling coyly, "I believe you have something for me?" He had sex with me, with my dress and his pants still on. It was a quickie and then I gave him the message. It required a simple answer that I was to deliver back to the Council. His answer was agreeable.

Bill liked to be sung to and have his forehead rubbed. He liked to play mommy and baby

baby Bill. He was often very strange.

When it came to Bill Clinton, Henry would stoop low. He even sent up bags of cocaine with me to use when I was with Bill or Hillary in order to get them off guard. Bill and Hillary both did the cocaine. I placed it on a small mirror for them and they had glass nose straws they snorted it through. Bill could do the whole little white pile with one snort. Hillary took two or three sniffs to get all of hers. Then we usually had sex.

When I said certain things, they thought I was a gift from Bob Hope, the entertainer. Bob and Henry's real relationship was kept quiet. The Clintons didn't seem to know that Henry and Bob were working so closely together, one getting me into the White House while the "Expert" Henry Kissinger delivered the goods in order to find ways to hang the Clintons. Henry said, "I want them so badly."

After I was through, two men in black uniforms with yellow-braided stripes on their shoulders came to get me and one stood on each side as they escorted me back to the helicopter that was on one end of the ship. It was a white helicopter. They put me in with the pilot and I was flown back to the small airport on Maui, near the Coconut Inn, where I was staying, as I worked on the writing of my first book, Starshine.

Before he was President, there was an occasion in a large hotel in Los Angeles. The Clintons were already heavily guarded with a whole group of Secret Service agents.

For my use as a sexual slave, I was trained to make love to married couples by always bringing the focus back to them. "Isn't your wife beautiful! Isn't your husband strong," or, whatever statements would strengthen their bond and love for each other, if they were to be kept together. When I got through with couples they were totally enamoured with each other and hardly noticed when I dressed and left the room. I was used in this way with the Clintons. There was usually cocaine, often a gift from someone they knew, routed through me.

After the Clintons went to sleep I left. A man stepped toward me as I exited the room and escorted me down a red carpeted hall, to the elevator, and down to the lobby, as he held my elbow and lower forearm. At this point, another man took over, making a very smooth transition. I was pushed down into a waiting limo (I think it was a black Mercedes), as the man hurried and slammed the door. I was taken to the airport and the driver radioed ahead, and a man met us at the curb and hurried me onto my plane.

Now Clinton is President

Kelly had a school function or a friend's party at the Beverly Hilton. I hadn't seen her in awhile as she was living in California and I was living on Kauai, but I was brought in to help her with "The Prez," who was then newly-elected Bill Clinton. He had a group of girls and women there and that night he wanted only oral sex, along with chocolate and fruit slices. Afterwards, it was my job to redirect the girls back into their social function so there would be no mix-ups.

Sex slaves were used to sexually service both male and female members of the White House when our controllers called for it, and I was not to be exempt. Once when I was flown to the White House from Hawaii, Hillary played what she called "the tease game." She tied me up so she could be safe, she said. When she was through with me she looked at her gold watch, said she had to go, put on her dress and left. I put on my clothes and headed out to the waiting limo to Henry.

Henry always wanted to know exactly what Hillary's verbal responses were to things I said to her and he listened very carefully for speech patterning. They were trying to create a phrase of words that would stop her dead in her tracks when she went to court for the Whitewater incident. They had been planning this one even before Clinton took office. Henry knew and so did his people. They were trying to destabilize the government by ousting the President. Their plan was that "A cornerstone will fall, and further destabilize the American people. First Nixon, now Clinton, thus the people will lose faith in their leaders and the democratic way of life. So they will want to change it and will lean toward World Order." I knew in 1993, long before the Monica Lewinsky affair, that if Clinton was ousted, they had succeeded again in their plan and movement toward the New World Order.

The programs I had for the White House were pretty well-worn and grooved. Henry often rode with me in the limo to the White House if he hadn't had time to load me up beforehand. Sometimes, he wanted to sharpen me up or check my systems. He often went to have a cup of coffee or a cigar while I was doing the job. When I came out of the White House, flanked by Secret Service agents, I'd get into the limo and he would ask me to repeat verbatim what was said. I'd tell him exactly what they said and how they enunciated it. I could record not only what they said, but I could repeat it back just like they said it - tone, inflection, and all. And from that, Henry and his boys could run a voice print; then, using it, they developed a way to control people through their own language patterns. Henry put his cigar to his mouth before saying, "If you can get their patterns, you can control their minds." They put me close to the Clintons so they could obtain speech patterns, information about weaknesses they had and ammunition to get Clinton thrown out of office. They would stop at nothing in their effort to chip away at the Constitution and democracy.

Henry Kissinger hated Bill Clinton, but he especially hated Hillary. He wanted to publicly humiliate and disgrace her by showing that she had illegal investments and that she lied. Henry said, "People (the public) will be manageable after this is exposed."

Al Gore was easy for the Council because I believe he is a robot like me. Al Gore had me perform oral sex on him. He didn't do cocaine, though. He adamantly refused. Henry said, "He's a robot of choice."

I also had memories of experiences where I was at the White House with Hillary, Chelsea and a famous female vocalist, involved in a sex ritual.

My personal belief, based on my experiences, is that over the years, more leaders were

under mind control. I believe it to be vitally important to dismantle the system that has created this, as well as gain aid for the victims, but not to further punish or humiliate the victims who are in need of professional help to heal. I know there has been corruption at the highest levels in the White House, and whether compromised through blackmail, lack of spiritual integrity, or mind control, I believe the Clintons are caught in a "Catch-22."

In a society where mind control is insidious, the whole of society is responsible in some way, whether through ignorance, denial, spiritual disintegration or greed. To the extent that some of us are not free, none of us are free. I believe it is God's perfect plan for those able persons to come to the aid of those who are in need.

In the center of the flame there is a hollow place
and nothing can burn in this sheltered space.
For the fire builds a wall, scientific fact claims,
and insures a safe area in the midst of the flames.
And in the hurricane's fury there's a center of peace
where the winds of destruction suddenly cease.
And this same truth prevails in life's tribulations;
there's an island of calm in the soul's meditations.
A place that is quiet where we're shielded from harms
secure in the haven of a kind Father's arms,
where the hot flames of anger have no power to sear
and the high winds of hatred and violence and fear
lose all the wrath and their savage course
is softly subdued as faith weakens force.
So when the fires of life burn deep in your heart
and the winds of destruction seem to tear you apart
remember God loves you and wants to protect you.
So seek that small haven and be guided by prayer
to that place of protection within God's loving Care.-- Helen Steiner Rice

"Every word of God proves true; he is a shield to those who take refuge in him."--
Proverbs 30:5

Chapter Thirty-four: Excuse Me, I Would Like My Life Back

As parts of my personality tried to break free, there were many, many attempts to bring me back into the fold; all of which included torture and trauma. In an attempt to understand what was wrong with me, I began reading every technical book I could get my hands regarding Multiple Personality Disorder. In the 80's, there wasn't much written. As I read I recognized symptom similarities but didn't seem to fit the mold of the 'garden variety' version of MPD, caused by abuse without programming. My search for the truth was unceasing.

Desert Hot Springs

Between 1985 and 1990 my husband and I often went to Two Bunch Palms, a spa resort in Desert Hot Springs, which is a neighboring desert city bordering Palm Springs. Craig and I would go for a few days to rest in the mineral pools and utilize the luxurious massage therapy and green clay facemasks that were a part of the resort's celebrity reputation. Once before I went, I watched a King Arthur video and when a shaft of white light shown down on the oracle as he kneeled to deliver a message from God to the king, I began crying and knew at once I needed to go to Two Bunch, alone. Witnessing this, my husband said, "Fine, it's okay. Just go. Do what you need to, honey." I left immediately. Arriving at Two Bunch in the dark around 10 o'clock at night, I was terribly afraid, but didn't know why.

"Two Bunch" as we referred to it, was a 'double edge sword' where I was accessed by Bob Hope and a group of men, including the Council. At the same time I was receiving intense bodywork from professional practitioners, which helped shake loose memories at a cellular level, other dedicated parts of my personality structure who were skilled to withstand torture and humiliation continued to do so on an increased level so that I could continue therapy and healing. I prayed daily for the Holy Spirit to bring to mind those things that needed healing in the perfect time frame, and that is just what occurred. These personalities cooperated over the years of my battle for freedom by absorbing the threats and abuse and, in addition, kept it separate from my conscious mind so I could continue my quest for freedom, unencumbered by fear or resistance. After an intense session with a gentle little old man who was an expert in Trager bodywork, my memories began to increase. During the same visit, I was instructed to attend secret meetings at Two Bunch where I stood back while a group of men talked. My husband was seldom there. I believe one meeting was "The Palm Springs Civic Committee." Bob golfed with them and they had business dealings together.

There were times I was picked up in the parking lot by a silver limo and taken to Bob. Sometimes I wouldn't even get out of the limo; I'd wait for Bob and he would enter to direct me. Other times I would spend the day with him. One night I was directed to a bunch of palm trees late at night to look for the White Owl. Bob Hope ended up being the White Owl I was looking for. At the time, I was unaware that this was a program. I walked outside into the late night breezes to report to the Palm Trees and to Bob, the White Owl.

Late on another night at Two Bunch, in a nightmarish reminiscence of the movie, Stepford Wives, that I had been required to watch years before, I robotically responded to programming as I trekked out to the parking lot in the white robe provided by the spa. A limo pulled up and mindlessly I climbed inside where a man immediately injected me with a drug. When we arrived at a big warehouse-type building in the desert that was like a robot reconditioning facility, the man had to help me out of the limo because I was so drugged. Once inside, doctors in surgical greens placed me on a gurney and started an IV. It may have been filled with a truth serum drug, because that is the type of questions they fielded me. They were trying to identify what I was doing in therapy, what I was remembering. Repositioning me to a chair, they slapped me over and over and I wasn't allowed to go to sleep. If I began to fall asleep, they slapped me again. They

were very upset about the therapy and told me lots of lies while they made me look into bright white lights. If I didn't keep my eyes open long enough, they would hold my eyes open and face me directly into the bright lights. They kept injecting my arm, as they yelled at me.

A man, approximately 35 years old, dark-skinned with brown hair, wearing a green tie, tan tweed jacket, white shirt and tan pants, entered the room. He directed the doctors what to do and told them what he wanted to find out, then they supplied the drugs, electroshock and lights. Returned to a metal gurney, he asked me questions over and over that didn't make sense to me, while I sat on the edge of the gurney with my head hanging down, totally out of it. He showed me pictures of people, men usually, and asked me questions about them and kept slapping me. Parts of my personality system would not comply and talk to him and it was making him very angry. In response, he took something sharp to the bottom of my feet. Then he called in the bright lights, and when my eyes could no longer stay open as he commanded, he had another man hold my head up, prop my eyes open and direct the lights in my eyes. They kept this up for what felt like forever. Then he laid me down and put a long rod up my vagina to shock me as he said, "She'll talk, just give her time - we have all the time in the world."

But I was dissociated deep within myself and really didn't care if they killed me or not. I had been conditioned from birth to take what they dished out and if I died, I just wouldn't have to endure any more. No more suffering, it would be over. His frustration level saturated, this man instructed his assistants to lay me down and they took an electric sheer, the type you use to clip a dog, or prep a person for surgery and ran it up my pubic hair, up my stomach, all the way up to my chin. He said it was something to remember him by, "To keep remembering what happens if you don't comply."

After I'd given up and was "gone" they pulled a plastic cap dotted with little metal electrodes over my head. They told me over and over that they would make it much easier on me if I would just cooperate and quit therapy. But I didn't stop. They had to carry me out to the limo and when we arrived back at Two Bunch, the man accompanying me snapped his fingers in my ear and commanded, "Snap out of it!" and followed up with the suggestion that I was very, very tired and wanted a nap. Slowly, I trudged back to the room and went to sleep. I don't know where Craig was.

Desert Hot Springs was a place of horror for me as I attempted to get well by working hard in therapy with Stuart and Margie. I remember Stuart saying to me after I continued to show up day after day with more pieces of my painful past to process in therapy, "I have never seen anyone who is more motivated than you; it's like you're running a marathon."

I responded, "I don't feel like I'm doing this fast enough." No wonder - neither he nor I consciously knew that I was still being tortured and reprogrammed; reporting to the Federal Building, to UCLA, to my political abusers and to Bob Hope when assigned. Consciously, I thought Two Bunch Palms was a place where I went to get rejuvenated to do more abreactive work in order to recover. But even in the midst of the chaos there

was a divine plan and timing to my life; I just had to be extremely patient.

As my healing defiance continued, I was returned to Two Bunch. One night I got dressed to go eat in the restaurant. There was a very large clock that hung over the entrance of the restaurant and my instructions were to, "walk to the clock at 6 o'clock." But instead of going inside, I was instructed to turn and walk to the parking lot where a man in a white suit drove me by limo late at night to a club. He took me inside and seated me in a maroon colored booth tucked away in the darkened club. Sonny Bono came out and told me to enter the cleared area. He was twirling a whip like he was going to lasso something. Then he cracked the whip. He did it over and over and it terrified me, because I felt he was going to hit me with it. Sonny said there was nobody there to hear my screams. "Scream all you like," he said laughing. Jokingly he added, "I kinda like it." He went on to explain that he was "giving me what I deserved for trying to break the mold."

I was helped up off the floor where I was huddled and delivered to a group of men in suits. They said I was the guest of honor, but it wasn't fun. They said I was stirring up a bit of trouble back there in Southern California and they just wanted to make sure that nothing bad happened to me. They took a long time to tell me all this, slowly, calmly and smoothly, before another man took me to a dressing room type of partition in a back room and, holding me up by one arm, threw me up against the wall and beat the living breath out of me. I ended up in a heap on the floor with my mouth bleeding. Giving me one final kick with his pointed boot, he said, "There, that ought to do ya."

Another suited man came in and began "taking care of me," he said, while he took pictures of me all beat up to send to my family and friends, and he told me over and over, things that didn't make sense to me like, "You are a queen. You will always be a queen; you have no successor so you must always remain the queen. It's a matter of privilege; you must remain the queen." His last instruction was, "Lay by the pool and get a tan," that I was going to be visited by "the man." I knew the man he spoke of was Bob Hope.

After I was returned and spent the next day recuperating and tanning by the pool, I was picked up again. On the way to see Bob they said my clothes weren't suitable to see him so they stopped at a dress shop in the Springs and one of the suits went in with me and picked out white slacks, a yellow shirt, a gold belt and sandals. Throwing my clothes in the trash he said, "these are more befitting."

We met Bob in a public place. I was taken to him and he broke free for a moment and came over to me, "Tsk, tsk, is this anyway for a woman to be showing a good example to her offspring?" He was referring to my attempts at freedom.

To further frighten and intimidate me, he pulled a picture out of his coat pocket of Kelly and I naked together and said, "The time will come my fairy princess to speak of better things," and he continued, finally commenting that he needed to, "teach me appreciation." Roughly, he took hold and squeezed my collar then abruptly let it go and

walked away, like he was through with me. Unfortunately, he wasn't. I was taken back to Two Bunch where I left the new clothes in a massage room and returned to my room with another white robe on.

Another occasion Craig was with me at Two Bunch, when late at night a limo picked us up in the parking lot. We were taken some place and reprimanded for the therapy I was doing and were threatened with the "loss of many things," if I didn't stop and if my husband didn't make me stop. A man in the limo took hold of Craig by the shirt and warned, "Bob doesn't want to have anything happen to his important asset. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," my husband replied. He was very scared and for some reason I started laughing.

Within seconds the man delivered a blow to my face. I felt the stinging of my cheek as his attention turned to me, "Do you find something funny, young lady?" I became very serious and stopped laughing.

I didn't have any way to know then the uphill battle I faced, the magnitude of the system I was attempting to break out of, or the many obstacles, heartaches and abuses I would have to withstand over time in my battle for freedom. Despite the threats, my husband continued to pay \$3,000-\$5,000 a month for psychotherapy and bodywork, for four more years of my recovery. My controllers found the fact that I was in therapy amusing, totally assured that I was processing from anywhere but the National Security guaranteed, mind-controlled area of my brain. Since they saw me as a robot, they didn't worry about being discovered. Plus, they felt their secrets were protected by their sheer incredulity.

I was programmed to report to the Federal Building, which was in very close proximity to Stuart's office and to UCLA. I went upstairs to the 7th floor, exited the elevator and went down two doors on my left. I was told, "You will find a room with a view," which cryptically meant there was a closed circuit television for instructions. Further I was told, "Sit down, soak up the view, then go back downstairs and try to read the newspaper in the stand and report back if you can." Due to programming against it, I couldn't read it but always followed orders and tried. I was at the Federal Building often. It was a place of "orders headquarters" from Henry. He gave me instructions over closed circuit television when he couldn't gain access or time with me anywhere else.

I had a lot of disguises to wear into the Federal Building. Hats, dark glasses, old baggy dresses, or skirts I'd throw on over my short shorts. I received closed circuit instructions at other locations also, like in rooms in hotels or at corporate offices, office buildings in Los Angeles, Santa Monica, or in the San Fernando Valley. But, at times, Henry had something urgent and needed access to me immediately, so he sent me to the Federal Building. I also delivered my own medical reports from UCLA to the Federal Building to send back to Henry. I guess it was like a mind control report card. My continual breakdown created more need for "check-ups."

Hope Tries to Bring Me Back Into the Fold

During this time as my memory began bleeding through, per program, I suffered with severe migraine headaches and other programmed responses to this security breach. In another of a series of containment efforts, Bob directed me to hike up to China Flats, a small waterhole area located on the Jordan Ranch, down the street from my home. He told me to meet him there at 4 p.m. Bob was flown in on a two-seater helicopter. This meeting was intended to bring me back in line and was not much different from the little chats he and others had been giving me. Like always he started out very calmly and before he was through ended up shouting at me as he paced all over. He always said a lot of, "When are you ever going to learn?" in between the programs he triggered me with and he called me, "my child." What he and others didn't understand was that I was not any more capable of really controlling of myself and my actions than I had ever been. The actual problem was that now I had parts of me who were becoming conscious, which was triggering the acting out of their program commands and this was disrupting my usage and threatened to destroy their plan for my life. In my soul I wanted to be free, but it would take time to accomplish that.

Robot Breakdown Strategies

One day, Henry and George Bush were having a "meeting of the minds," as they called it, to decide what to do with me since the efforts to keep me 'in line' and 'on line' were continually failing. As I sat in 'park mode,' overhearing their conversation, George Bush said, "We're going to have to waste her Hank."

Henry replied, "George, we have to be rational and calmly think ahead to the future. Just look at the situation we are faced with. This isn't one isolated case. Sure, she has been my closest watched, but if she's breaking down after all we've done, then the others can do the same thing. We could have a world of trouble on our hands and I don't mean that lightly. We have got to restore her and send her back out there. We'll need a hundred of them like her to help keep the others marching in line. We'll just create a new scenario. It's our game, we can create it anyway we choose, like we always have. I just need some time to figure out a plan. Take her out now and we actually will lose control. We can use her to learn from our mistakes to correct them next time. I'm sure I can devise a plan that will capitalize on this. I just need time to go back to the think tank."

As I continued to break down even further, I overheard Henry Kissinger say to a man I didn't know, "We may as well monitor her closely and watch how she breaks down. We've got a lot of others like her out there that are going to need tending to. So we'll learn from her how to best take care of the others." Through my therapy with Stuart, Henry was hoping to seal up the holes in my consciousness that were leaking memory of my past, especially the over the rainbow parts of my life experience that I was programmed not to remember. They were attempting to do a repair in my mind from my childhood so it would shore me up for further use. They also wanted to set me up to keep others locked into programming, while they listened to me lecture on how I got out, which I wouldn't really have accomplished. After the culmination of their plan, they felt they would have the masses' minds under control and would no longer need to continue

the charade since no one would be able to think to question anything that was occurring. They felt this would greatly simplify the human condition so that those self-chosen elite who were qualified could exist in peace and have superb quality of life. Henry said he had been witnessing too many robots cracking up and he needed me to be restored so I could complete the business that was planned for me with the contacts that, over the years, had grown to know and love me. He said I had put in the time and had gained an intimate trust with many important key players and I had to finish out my time by continuing to be of service to the people that had grown accustomed to me. So they shored me up with therapy, submerged me in the new age healing program lock-ins and began getting me conditioned to not be with my husband so much. Craig and I had been inseparable for many, many years, so this was a slow but steady change.

Henry had me peruse the leading bookstores, buy a variety of new age books from different categories, read them and report back a synopsis. This gave him plenty of current 'rages,' he called them and data that he could tap into to devise a strategic plan for the future.

And Henry's plan soon emerged. One day after my therapy session, men in suits accessed me in Westwood as I went down the stairs that faced the back parking lot and confiscated my whole journal. Skimming through it, one said, "She's written out a whole agenda." They told me I didn't need to worry about this anymore, that they would be glad to handle it for me. And they walked away with my journal. Then I had to report for more reconditioning in their attempt to shut down the leaks. This was in the late 80's. Henry felt it was crucial to monitor me heavily until I'd made the transition fully into the new 'persona' they were creating me to be: increasingly a more independent woman, very together, good speaker, writer, etc., for the future. In this way I could serve as an attraction and ultimately a containment person, with an agenda of speaking out about satanic ritual abuse. Then others would miss the real story about the mind control while their own programming would be sealed even tighter by words they would program me to deliver. "Like one of those Chinese finger puzzles," Henry said referring to the containment web. This was all done so when they transferred me to Hawaii, the transition would go smoothly.

Was it Escape or Relocation and Redirection?

After I fled California to Kauai, what I was still not yet aware of was that as parts of me celebrated their freedom, other programmed parts were still intact, fully programmed and still serving "the cause" my controllers dictated. Actually my "flight to freedom" was not yet fully realized; instead it turned out to be a clever plan my controllers devised in order to use me to the fullest during the stepped up culmination years of their plan. They went about destroying my marriage and having me watch movies that superimposed the reality they wanted me to believe. I was directed to watch the movie Shirley Valentine and when I went to the Whole Life Expo, a psychic that I walked by reached out to me and told me that I would be making a trip across the oceans to a new life. My life was still out of my own control and unbeknownst to me I continued to serve their plan, only now from the tiny island of Kauai.

A Heavenly Message

Feeling lost, disoriented, and missing my family I left behind, I sought out places of solace on the island. One day I had an incredible experience. The white sand beach on Kauai felt warm beneath my skin as I allowed my body to melt into the relaxation of the soft sand, basking in the warm gentle rays of the Hawaiian sun as the wind gently caressed my aching body and spirit. The sweet smell of the pungent plumeria flowers that I laid near my head continued to waft a heavenly aroma. My body felt exhilarated from the swim in the beautiful blue Hawaiian sea water. The uplifting Christian praise music that played through my Walkman lifted me ever higher, soothing and easing the tension in my wounded, terrified, disoriented mind and body. As I rested, I once again heard, very clearly, the words of the Holy Spirit, "Doesn't one so wounded, deserve to heal in the most beautiful place in the world?" Tears of acknowledgement streamed down my cheeks and dropped onto my large magenta beach towel.

Silently I cried out in desperation and despair, "God, I miss my kids and my husband. I'm so confused, I feel lost and weak, what should I do? Help me Father, please help me." Soon I felt comfort as the Holy Spirit wrapped His huge loving, soothing arms around what I was to later discover was this most wounded of souls. I fell into a deep, peaceful slumber, momentarily letting go of all of my cares and burdens and was entered into that peace that passes all understanding. And I began to realize the meaning of those words learned so long ago in Sunday school. This peace, enveloping me in the midst of the chaos and confusion of my life, gave the promise of hope. And this time it wasn't Bob.

When I awoke from this peaceful slumber, I was guided by the Holy Spirit to take a walk. Silently, I was led in the direction of an old sign that read, "This is the site of an ancient Hawaiian refuge, a sanctuary for natives escaping unjust accusations and retaliation by their accusers where those seeking protection can find refuge." Tears came to my eyes as I realized I, too, was being allowed to take refuge there. And for the moment I felt safe. The Holy Spirit gently nudged me, like a loving father caring for his young, in the direction of the crescent shaped rock wall bordering and enclosing into safety, the small swimming beach called Lydegate. I stopped to take in the incredible view, the turquoise blue waters, sending wave upon wave crashing into the large rock fortress that protected the beach. I marveled at the glorious sense I felt that the Almighty Creator of the heavens and the earth was gently rocking the world, thus creating the beautifully graceful, never ending wave formations.

Breaking my thought the Holy Spirit spoke again, calling me by the nickname He has used over the years, "Starshine, look to the right of the large rock beside your foot. There you will find a gift."

Hardly believing my ears, I questioned, "A gift for me from my Heavenly Father? Was I hearing correctly?"

Curious now and with the anticipation of a small child awaiting the opening of the first

gift on Christmas, I bent to discover what sort of gift from God was there for me to receive. Reaching out, my hand found it before my eyes, and I pulled the small object from its home on the sand and held it before me, carefully examining each and every detail. It was so tiny, so intricately detailed and so, so fragile. The paper thin shell remains of the mini sea urchin was so extremely fragile that I was afraid I would crush it and break it simply by holding it.

As I continued gazing on this miniature gift from God, I listened with quiet intent as my Heavenly Father spoke to me once again, "My child, you are so precious to me. I will hold you in the palm of My hand, just like you are holding this small gift from me. You need to know that as this shell is extremely fragile, so are you at this time, in ways you have yet to understand. Do not fear, be patient with yourself and know that I am guiding you step by step. Most of all remember, you are never alone."

Deeply touched by this message, yet completely without understanding of the ways in which I might be as fragile as the tiny, delicate shell that I held in my hand, I cautiously wrapped my fingers around it and went back over to my place on the beach. Lying down, with the gift still carefully held in my hand, I contemplated, "How could I be that fragile?" As I thought, the only explanation I could come up with was how at times, due to the many still unintegrated multiple personality states I often found myself in, I was often unable to perform even the simplest of tasks. For instance one afternoon, alone at Kay's, so far away from my home in California, I found myself hungry yet unable to even think to remember how to go about making my lunch. Feeling two years old and indeed locked, for the moment, into a very childlike personality, I could not even begin to think how to make myself a sandwich. The perfected gears in my mind were not turning on their own, as the sophisticated machinery created by Henry Kissinger, Bob Hope and others, broke down and came to a screeching halt. And where it stopped, left me often locked into the mindset of a two-year-old. I just couldn't function. And so I thought, perhaps this was the type of situation that my Heavenly Father was aware of and was reassuring me that He was there for me, all I had to do was trust. Broken and unable to do anything on my own, yet with the trust of a child, I allowed myself to relax into His promise.

Later that night as I got ready for bed, I placed the tiny, fragile shell on my windowsill, to remind me of the promise. And so it was that God led me to healing and complete recovery, in His time, and in His way, so that I could be with you to share His message today. For God wants all of the wounded, mind-controlled slaves to be freed and he has tasked me with the assignment of being the fiduciary, His trusted servant, willing to facilitate the release and healing of those wounded souls locked into the bondage of mind control. And so if you find yourself not free, God will make your way to freedom, and will lead you every step of the way, just like He did for me. He has promised to make your way. Jesus said, "Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives; he who seeks finds; and to him who knocks, the door will be opened." All you have to do is ask.

Interwoven into the many experiences I had where the Holy Spirit came to guide me,

were also other experiences where the parts of me that were still programmed realized that I was still not free. Soon after I moved to Kauai, without my conscious awareness, I was delivered to

Barking Sands Missile Weapon Site, located on the south shore of the island, and at other times serviced people like Ronald Reagan, Bob Hope and his friends on the golf course in Princeville. George Bush met me at the tiny Princeville Airport in order to direct me into further assignments and threatened me in his attempt to keep my renegade freedom fighter personalities under wraps.

In spite of my controllers' attempts to shut down conscious access of how I had been used, I continued to have flashbacks of many of my political experiences and I began to more fully understand the way my programming worked. These memories, that often included my family, gave me a fuller picture of reality and helped me understand why I couldn't yet safely return to California. As I grieved the loss of my husband and children I had left behind in California, I was spiritually guided to thank God no matter how bad things looked. I found myself sobbing through my tears as I cried out, "Thank you, God, I love it!" even as they eventually took custody of my children away. The Holy Spirit continually showed me that no matter how it looked, I was still in the right place. And while it appeared that I served two masters, all along God knew that I was still in service to a greater plan that I would need to experience and be a part of in order to chronicle it and share it with you now.

Kauai Containment Center

The friendly recovery network I was connected to while on the island of Kauai was still carefully held within a network of programmed people so I would be surrounded by the programming themes intended to keep me in bondage. It is a very clever plan. I was welcomed with loving arms by Kay Snow Davis and Charles Davis. But mixed in with incredible love, healing, and Holy Spirit insight, was also a secret agenda, one that to this day I believe they also were unconscious of. Charles drove me around the island to welcome me and orient me to my new surroundings. While we drove, he set in barrier blocks within my mind that would later block memory of my use at different areas including large hotels, like the Westin, Hyatt, Princeville, CoCo Palms Resort, and Garden Isle Inn.

The Westin Hotel on Kauai was full of big white statues, huge indoor pools, waterfalls, and large cultural art pieces. Kay took Kelly and I there one evening, when Kelly was visiting, and as we walked around the hotel, she hypnotically laid in number systems from one to eight, designating different areas. Later when I received the little post cards in the mail, alerting me to my assignments, I could decipher the simple codes. All they needed to say was W- I and I knew that would mean the Westin, a room on the first floor. An eight would mean the far restaurant and so on. Each hotel had a letter assigned to it and numbers identifying areas where I was to go.

Not yet in touch with the many reporting personalities I had that were still intact, I thought I was safe. Actually, I was contained by many things in my environment. First I

was contained by the network of programmed individuals I was living amongst as their programmed statements and hand signals continually reinforced my 'remember to forget' programs. My memory was also blocked by the endless visual images that were linked in my subconscious mind with hypnotic program commands to forget. Many of these images in my daily environment were things like the large building-size murals of whales, dolphins and rainbows that I drove by every day. I was also still reporting back to California to old friends and other people who I didn't know were programmed. Then, I was reporting to the 800 numbers I was instructed to. The containment plan was and is large, and will continue to work very effectively - until enough people are able to see what is actually happening.

Still a Working Girl

I was actually kept very busy on assignments, yet consciously thought that I went to the beach every day. There were blocks of assignments but I never was to enter a hotel from the same direction twice so I wouldn't be detected or become a familiar face to the wrong people. Some places Kay cued me to and other places Charles did. But I was cued to large hotels all over Kauai and some of the neighboring islands.

I was programmed to stand on the corner of the highway and was picked up by a military jeep and taken to Barking Sands Missile Range. There were underground facilities and if the base was threatened, even for the security of classified, top secret information, then they had missiles and bombs set to go off which later would be explained as an enemy attack. I don't believe the military guards knew exactly what they were protecting. When I'd round the corner with a senior officer-in-charge, they'd look surprised at first, but I was waved through before being taken to a high-tech operations room. Once inside they sat me in a large thick metal chair that spun and did all sorts of torturous things, but they told me my mind was numbed so I couldn't feel the pain. They numbed my mind with hypnotic suggestion while my body spun. Then I was instructed to lean into position to look into the big goggles. The pictures I saw began with a bee and other nature scenes and then it all went so fast I couldn't see the individual pictures. That way the information went directly into the subconscious mind without any conscious intrusion or filters to connect the two. As long as the programmed information bypassed the conscious mind they felt I couldn't remember because I wouldn't be able to connect the information.

When I was to meet Reagan on the island, I received a post card in the mail and it had the date, time and place on it to meet Reagan. When he came alone I met him at the Princeville Airport. He arrived anonymously by helicopter with Secret Service agents. A limo was waiting inside the fence to the airport and the helicopter would land right by it and Reagan would be rushed off the helicopter, and hurried into the limo and we'd be taken to the Princeville Hotel.

Another time I was programmed to meet Reagan at the Princeville Hotel on the north shore of the island. He entered through the large sliding glass doorway and I was sitting in a chair in the lobby, instructed to watch for him. This was in 1991 and Reagan had come to the island for a visit. When he saw me he quickly pointed toward the left side of

the hotel indicating that I was to walk that way. Immediately I walked in the direction he pointed. As I got out of sight of people and into a back hallway he quickly walked over to me, said hello and told me that he missed me, then he spun me around for programming purposes and escorted me to the elevator. Men in suits followed close behind and he explained that he still had agents guarding him that we would have to contend with.

We entered into a large peach colored room that overlooked the bay. Reagan said Nancy was flying in to meet him later and said he just wanted a reminder of me. He went on to explain that he really missed me and he really missed being President. He said he was really surprised just how much he missed it. We had sex in the usual stance, with him passively beneath me. Afterwards he smiled and said, "You've still got it kid." He patted me and I lay next to him until he fell asleep and then I let myself out of the room. I passed the agents in the hallway having a cigarette by the elevator and waited mindlessly for the valet to bring my rental car around. When I returned home, I was in a stupor and went straight to bed, all traces of the memory neatly locked beneath the programming that protected it.

The Last Time I Saw Bob Hope---Goodbye Cruel World

Another day when I drove my Lexus to Princeville, I accompanied Reagan and Bob on the golf course. I rode in the golf cart and was pretty out of it while we were on the green. All I could do was clap and smile when they did well and I kept score manually for them. While Reagan was taking his turn, Bob said to me, "So you think you got away, huh?" Shaking his head he continued, "There are bigger fish in the sea that got away, but you my dear are not one of them."

I smiled and curtsied to Bob, like I had done for years.

Bob softened and said, "Feels like old times out on the course, doesn't it?"

"Yes it does, Bob." I answered just before he began to relive and rehash the past, constantly referring to old times, old movies he'd starred in, old performances, USO tours, old people - THE PAST! He said he loved the Princeville course, loved the view and said that the ocean air was good for him. He had some sinus problems and said they cleared right up when he was out in the ocean air. He never once mentioned sex, maybe he'd become too old.

They didn't bother playing the whole green. Bob wasn't real strong and one time he fell into the golf cart and took a hold of it like he was having trouble seeing and walking. Reagan asked him if he was okay and Bob replied, "Hell yes, let's go on, I'll be fine." I didn't know then that this was to be the very last time I would see my owner in person.

Prince Charles Visits the Island

Prince Charles came to the island when he and Di were having marital problems. He came just to relax and get some perspective. The Council instilled a whole agenda into

me for the week I entertained, toured, listened, and had sex with Prince Charles. Retrieving this memory made me really nauseated.

My Children are Reprogrammed

In an attempt to rescue my children and provide them with a safe home and believing I was actually safe and free, I brought them to the island. I had no idea that I was still being accessed, and that they were also. Consciously I thought we just went to the beach everyday, while the kids played with friends and surfed. But later I remembered that when they arrived they also were taken to Barking Sands Missile Base. Their programs were stepped up to match my new level after which Danny was very sick and laid on his futon and cried for two days.

While on Kauai, when Kelly was with me for the summer we were programmed to perform as a mother-daughter sex team. We were also filmed in underwater ballet and sex with dolphins and other sea creatures in pornography. Sometimes we swam with underwater sea turtles, they were such docile creatures and they weren't interested in sex. I could relate to them because all they tried to do was get to safety so they could relax and finally be at peace. There was lots of porn filmed on the island. They felt the natural splendor would only enhance the productions and they filmed lots of slaves with dolphins. They filmed us in shimmery suits, or braid wraps, all sorts of fancy hair and body jewels and ornaments or jeweled waist belts while otherwise naked. There was quite a following of dolphin porn lovers. When a male dolphin got excited, his penis stuck up and looked like a Bird of Paradise flower. We all learned that if you weren't scared and approached him lovingly the sexual encounter wouldn't be as painful. There was a rich local attorney named Ken whose job was to sufficiently launder the proceeds. I delivered money to him from Sylvester Stallone and from other less prominent men on the island.

Sylvester Stallone

Stallone liked to have group sex with lots of women and he liked Kelly and I together. He had us the first time when we were staying in a cottage in Anahola. As programmed, during the middle of the night I went to my daughter and said, "Kelly, Kelly, wake up, we have work to do.

"No Mom," Kelly said, "I'm tired."

"Wake up now!" I commanded, snapping my fingers drawing my 13-year-old daughter into a wideawake state. I held her hand all the way to the rental car we drove when I first arrived onto the island. We drove to Stallone's house in Anini Beach and parked in the drive. He said that since it was a rental car it would be fine. Kelly and I went into the house and out to a oval room where there were other girls waiting. One was Japanese and another brunette. At first we all just sat and looked at each other, smiling in awkward embarrassment. Sly walked in with a white towel around his otherwise naked body and held his hands out to us. He told us we were waiting for the 5th wheel but she never arrived. He laughed and directed us into the bedroom. He pointed to Kelly and said, "I want her first." He told her she had the Bo Derek look and he kissed her before

she began her trained, skillful sexual repertoire. Stallone was snorting cocaine and during the group sex it was my job to remember to offer him more. He had a small spoon that he stuck up his nose to snort the white powder. Kissing Kelly he said, "Bob has good taste." Pulling her hair back and kissing her more deeply he added, "and it's getting better all the time." When he was finished sexually satisfying himself with her he rolled her over and said, "rest little baby," as he went to the other girls in turn. We never spent the night, stayed just a few hours and after Stallone went to sleep I kissed his cheek, took Kelly's hand and we tip-toed out.

Stallone once said, "There's nothing quite like a slave. I love getting them from the underground. You're all so cooperative, don't give me no shit. This is the life I tell ya'. No bitchy, demanding women, not when I can have beautiful, sweet, white women who set me free. It's all about freedom," he rambled, while laying on his back in a seemingly drugged stupor, about "America the Beautiful and the home of the brave." He was high on cocaine. The higher he got the better the animal lover he was to become. That was his code name, "Animal." And when they told me, "the Animal" wanted Kelly and I, then I knew it was Stallone. I also gave him massages, often in open air areas.

Sly thought the dolphin porn was the greatest new combo and he directed a lot of the porn videos. It was filmed at areas at the North Shore, Poipu or, he had us helicoptered into remote areas for filming. Large cameras were taken out to these remote island areas. I delivered some money from Stallone and from other less prominent men on the island to Ken, the wealthy attorney who had a big beautiful house in Kilauea. I believe it was his job to see that the money was sufficiently laundered.

Sly wore a wet suit but we were always naked in the water. There were trained dolphins that we did water ballet and swam with. When we swam gracefully the male dolphin got excited and started nudging us. We grabbed onto them and went for the ride; if we didn't, they told us, "one wrong move and you could get ripped to shreds." The dolphin actually remembered us over time and the same male would consistently choose the same girl, even when the group size changed from small to large. They got to know us and didn't forget in between. When my sons were on the island they were filmed also. One day after the filming, Sly said to Kelly, "You come back soon, ya here?"

During other visits, where I was supposedly allowed to see my children, Kelly and I were prostituted to Charlton Heston, and I was to Kareem Abdul Jabaar. Taj Mahal, the jazz musician, was on the island to keep other slaves in line through satanic rituals. One time I was programmed to drive to Secret Beach at night to attend a 'gathering' where, unbeknownst to my conscious personality, I was raped in a ritual.

Consciously I thought, as my programmed reality dictated, that I had escaped from my controllers in California and I was now safe. I believed I had rescued my children, and as the summer came to an end, I began the process of enrolling them in island schools. I moved from house to house, attempting to keep our whereabouts anonymous, only to have my stillprogrammed children call back to their father in California and report our current location and phone number. It was terrifying. And I thought I would die of grief

and terror when Craig told the kids and I that if I didn't return them to California he would be sending in a police escort to bring them home. Devastated and panicked but not knowing what else to do, I returned my children to their father in California. Shortly afterwards, my attorney notified me that if I wanted to ever see my children again I needed to attend a court hearing in California. Frightened of the danger of being accessed, I called Ted Gunderson (retired FBI official) who helped me hire a bodyguard. I flew to California, where behind the judge's closed doors, I lost custody of my children. My attorney, Doug Wolfe, let me in on the news when he informed me in the Courthouse hallway, "You're lucky to be alive, just get back to the island and get a job."

My children's programmed father and our controllers were now in even more total control of their lives.

The Wind Beneath My Wings

Extremely sad and depressed, I returned to the island. The job I took when I returned was to begin to more fully document many of my memories and I began writing my first book STARSHINE. It wasn't an easy task because first I had to undo the endless programs that kept me from being able to use the word processor without a programmed part of me destroying the information I had just typed. But I was determined to do whatever it took to get eventual help for my children. Memories of a political and international nature often flooded my awareness and I documented them each time something new came to mind. Due to the vivid nature of flashbacks I experienced, I spent nearly two years stuck in the body memory part of my Kissinger experiences and had to live with the smell of this cigar smoke and listening within to the sound of his accented voice. Similarly, I flooded with sexual memories about Pete Wilson and Ted Kennedy. Talk about intrusion!

Since I had no money, I hired the 'ocean' to be my therapist and with God's guiding, I actually did some of my best memory recovery work alone on the beach, with the ocean holding the space of peace, love and strength for me so I could delve to the depths of my own mind. With the solid foundation built from years of memory recovery done while I was still in California, and after a year on the island retrieving still deeper layers of memories, and programming, I had a pretty clear picture that something was up - exactly what I wasn't sure. I couldn't imagine why I would be with Henry Kissinger, Nixon or Reagan, or what was so important about me that people were following me and overly interested in what I was doing. But all my memories, held together by the pages in my journals, began to neatly fill in the picture. In 1992, I purchased a light and sound machine of my own, and after mastering the fear associated with using some of the same technology my controllers had used on me, I began to more easily recover even deeper layers of memory. Soon I realized the programs that controlled me were broken and nullified as I became consciously aware of them.

Bush Flies Into Princeville

But my other secret jobs didn't stop and with my family out of their way, I was now freer and more unencumbered than ever to work for my controllers. George Bush met me at

Princeville Airport, a very small airport on the north shore of the small island. Then we would both be helicoptered to Barking Sands Missile Range. When we arrived he and a military officer saluted each other and then he was escorted to an outside structure that had glass doors.

At another time, George Bush met me at Barking Sands Missile Range, for a talk about "getting back in line." I was parked in my Lexus waiting near the entrance when Bush drove up in a military jeep. A military officer was driving him. Bush told me to start my engine and follow him. I followed through the gates that were opened for him into the missile site. He motioned me out of my car and stomped over to me. He stood and yelled in my face about being irresponsible. I had a hard time hearing or understanding him because it was extremely windy. I also think personalities inside of me were attempting to shield me from his barrage of programmed verbiage. He waved his glasses around while he yelled at me. In his cryptic mind control lingo Bush said, "Get into line or Kelly will be on a #9." He was referring to the well known freedom train mind control theme, of being thrown off the train, which cryptically meant her death. Angrily, Bush saluted and told me to get back in my car and get the hell home. He was very angry.

An Act of Nature Sets Me One Step Closer to Freedom

But "category five" Hurricane Iniki changed many of their plans and this act of nature ultimately worked in my favor, freeing me a little more each day. I lost the home that I attempted to recreate on the island to the hurricane, and as I healed my mind, body and spirit, I realized more and more every day that I still wasn't safe. In order to have the electricity to continue powering my laptop, Patrick Stone, the man who helped me write Starshine, (himself an unrecovered victim of mind control), and I were forced to leave the island. Military planes evacuated us to the island of Maui, where we continued writing. There we were continually visited and harassed by men my controllers sent to the hotel that we later discovered was also a "containment center." True to the network containment strategy, our friends on Kauai referred us to this place and we continued writing while we were monitored. It frightened me because I was now conscious enough to realize that I continually ended up in places where I thought I was free, but I wasn't. This was due to the fact that I wasn't fully integrated and half of my programming was still intact and affecting me, still binding me hopelessly to my controllers. In many ways I felt free though, and continued to heal and dedicate my life to service and God. While I, Susan, wrote, my 'inner twin sister' Sharon took the heat and once again endured the physical and mental tortures so I could be free to write Starshine. My dissociative state was now being used in my favor, although it often wasn't easy.

One night while in Maui, I had a dream and saw a map with a check mark identifying Oregon. At that time I was unaware that I was receiving telepathic messages, often at night. I called Margie Paul and told her about the dream and that I felt guided to move. So she talked to a famous movie star that was also her client and asked her to recommend a place. Through that recommendation, I moved off Maui and took what few belongings I had left with me to Ashland, Oregon. I rented a home, referred to me by this movie star's realtor friend, and began writing. Kelly and Danny visited me at

Christmas. Soon after, Kelly and I were prostituted as a motherdaughter sex team to Clinton, who had just been elected, but not yet inaugurated as President.

I didn't realize that I was still programmed not to notice when I was 'missing time.' Healing, integration and deprogramming didn't come as quickly as I wanted it to. Healing took time. But my continued motivation to heal and figure out what this all meant kept me uncovering more and more in regard to my own programming and how the system all worked.

Months later I mustered the courage to move back to California. I desperately wanted to help my children, and felt I was recovered enough and safe enough to do that. I didn't know I still had layers of personalities and programs still intact that would keep me under control, and unfortunately neither did David Neswald, the therapist I worked with there in Southern California. To make matters worse, upon the completion of Starshine, as I readied it for print, my brother, Rick, who was one of my programmed controllers, and whom I had chosen not to see for years, was able to access me one last time. This accessing allowed him to gain entrance to my apartment in Calabasas and rape me, threatening that if I didn't stop with Starshine they would publicly display the compromising pictures that he then took of my children and me. The next morning, I awoke disoriented, terrified, and confused and had no idea the source. But later that day, I "remembered" the horrific scene and was grateful to have at least remembered it because, in the past, it had taken me months, often years to remember traumatic events.

In hysterical panic, I once again phoned Ted Gunderson for further advice on how to stay safe. He told me to get special locks for my doors, and a security system, and I had alarms that I bought for each door so if anyone, including myself, went in or out, they would sound off. I even purchased an alarm that I wore on my body and set it off if anyone of a suspicious nature approached me. It was terrifying, as I realized I was still not able to keep myself safe, due to programming that operated beyond my control. Soon I realized, though, that this traumatic event was actually another "gift" to me, without which I would never have known I was still under program. I continued working in therapy with Dave Neswald who, although well intentioned, was not informed in regard to how my sophisticated government programming worked. I had hired bodyguards in the past and now he and Ted were suggesting that for my safety I hire one again, only full-time now. With very limited funds, and enormous mounting therapy bills, I wondered how I could afford a bodyguard? I compromised and hired a live-in housekeeper who would at least be with me most of the time, as my therapist was afraid that my controllers would switch me with my "twin sister" and take me away. I lived in absolute terror, trying to keep the trauma from occurring not only at my controller's hands, but also at my own. I was scared all the time, because I couldn't even trust myself, not knowing if I would involuntarily switch and put myself or my children in danger. Most of the time, in those days during 1993, I couldn't even complete a sentence when I attempted to communicate and my mind felt confused and exhausted.

I persevered toward getting Starshine into print. When I began to ponder just what the

cover should be like, I found a booklet in a craft store with a picture of an angel that I just knew had to be on the cover. The events that occurred later that day, proved to me without a shadow of a doubt that God's angels were indeed watching over me. When I called the artist and explained that I wanted her angel to grace the cover of Starshine, she agreed without question. The only thing she wanted me to know was that this was the angel she had designed for the White House Christmas tree that year! Talk about synchronicities and miracles.

Attempts to Stop Me

Over the years, as I attempted to heal, break free, write and get my book into print, I was harassed in many ways. Over time, I paid more and more attention to the triggers that were sent my way to stop me from remembering and becoming free. These messages and triggers actually provided a guide, a road map of sorts, toward discovering and dismantling deeper layers of my programming.

For years, I have been tailed, my phones are usually tapped, people have been "sent in on me" in my controllers' attempt to reprogram and regain control of me. Other people were 'sent in on me' in a timely fashion, such as in 1992 when Patrick Stone and I 'bumped into' Dutch Schroeder, his Baylor University coach, who just happened to be vacationing on Maui during the exact same time we were writing the FBI chapter in Starshine. When we had lunch with he and his wife, he told us he was one of Bill Sessions' friends. At that time, William 'Bill' Sessions was still the Director of the CIA.

At other times, men in suits found me in homes of acquaintances, beaches, restaurants, hotels and cabins alike and made their threats; physical and verbal. My car tires were slashed, my mail was tampered with, often held back for months, only to mysteriously arrive in bunches up to two years after the postmark date! Phone messages, powerfully, cryptically encoded and laced with programming intended to keep me under control were played over the phone or recorded on my answering machine. Shrill sounds and/or tones were also played over the phone to tap into my programming. Disturbing written "triggers" intended to either frighten me into submission or keep me from remembering, were sent by mail. As I ran for my life from state to state, two separate individuals rear-ended my car on the same day, within hours of each other. I was set up and programmed to pose for compromising photos in an attempt to blackmail me should the need arise. And, as I mentioned earlier, during 1993, in my quest to get Starshine into print, I was threatened and warned to cease with its self-publication. And, when I didn't stop, I was raped.

The CIA Lends a Hand? Tennessee Bound

But a breakthrough occurred. Ted Gunderson called to inform me that he had just heard from another woman who lived across the nation, who had also sent him her memory work about being used as a sex slave to Ronald Reagan. Although it was a terrifying time for me, it also was an amazing time of discovery for all of us. Mark Phillips, her so-called therapist and deprogrammer flew across the nation and told me that "Jimmy Carter's people" had called him in an attempt to stop him from meeting with me. I flew Mark and Cathy O'Brien to California to meet with me for the first time and I put on a

seminar where they were the featured speakers. Mark Phillips knew all about my programming. Looking back on it now, he seemed to know way too much. He asked me if I had "a twin sister who was two inches shorter than me." This was a very powerful key and code into the programming of my "inner twin sister," Sharon, and this seemingly simple statement controlled my body in a very intimate way from the outside, showing me while in normal consciousness that I was indeed a robot, and not in control of my own body. Shortly after Mark and Cathy's arrival and seminar, a series of events occurred including an accident and ensuing hospitalization of the person that was living with me as my safe person. Mark Phillips explained that I was not safe in California and once again I ended up running. I paid to fly Mark, Cathy and I back to his mother's home in Charlotte, Tennessee where we began my process of what we then called "deprogramming."

Several weeks later, with nearly 10 years of recovery behind me, this so-called "retired?!" CIA operative made dramatic changes in his living arrangements just to "help me deprogram." After relocating across the country, to a home in Arab, Alabama where I paid all domestic expenses for the three of us, a large sum of money for traveling expenses for both he, his girlfriend Cathy, and myself, and a large 'consulting fee,' this renegade CIA operative read my lengthy journal entries daily for a year and a half and agreed that in his own words, "the memory work contains absolute elements of fact laced with verifiable details." But one and one-half years, forty-two journals, and \$50,000+ traveling and living expenses later, Mark Phillips informed me that nothing had ever happened to me ...nothing what-so-ever!

Cathy O'Brien said, "Well, you should be happy that nothing happened and that your children have not been abused!" I couldn't believe she was saying that, after all the common details of our histories we had shared.

I was devastated and went to bed and could not eat for three days and remained noncommunicative and totally subdued for nearly a month afterwards. After all this time of intensely focused attention on my history, Mark informed me that I had never even been abused, and that I just had a big imagination. But, he had seemed to appreciate that I was around to cover all of his expenses.

I suspect that Mark is some kind of "containment agent" who is being directed through his "handlers" whose motivations ultimately serve the New World Order. Through his containment expertise, the information I have conveyed to you in this book you are now reading was delayed in reaching you by nearly seven years. After I moved, I found out that Mark had initially told Walter Bowart (author of Operation Mind Control and eyewitness to my use with Bob Hope in Palm Springs) that I was schizophrenic, and since then, I have uncovered a string of lies he told others in an attempt to discredit me. I also reconnected with another Kissinger survivor that Mark Phillips had worked with for a time. Mark Phillips told her the same thing he told me - "THIS NEVER HAPPENED TO YOU!" With my trust shattered, Ted Gunderson, Catherine Gould, Margaret Paul, Walter Bowart and many others supported me in what I knew to be the truth of my life. I left that home where I had paid all expenses for Mark Phillips and Cathy O'Brien and

went to live in Carbondale, Illinois. I had a slower pace there and life was sweet while the situation lasted. It was a time of rest and recuperation as the final integration I had achieved in 1996, solidified into even greater strength and unification while I remained safe.

Baby Monarch Breakdown

After a suicide attempt and hospitalization in California, Kelly was released to me and even went to high school for a short time in Carbondale. My heart was broken when in June, after only being with me for a few months, she announced that she missed her Southern California lifestyle and the rest of her family, and told me she was leaving. Due to her unrecovered, still programmed state of mind, Kelly was not free to make up her own mind, and was often puppeted by our controllers and the inner web of programming that dictated her actions. After she left, an opportunity arose and I moved once again, this time to South Carolina in a quest to open a healing center. All the while, I continued writing my sequel to Starshine, the book you are reading now.

Going to Carolina to Open a Healing Center

Over the years of my escape, Kelly's programming began to further break down, partially due, perhaps, to the lack of contact with me. In turn a series of suicide attempts landed her again in the hospital. Twice I flew to California and brought her back home with me. During these intense times, Kelly had lucid moments where she told me she knew everything that had happened. She talked to me about white vans, limos, being in London, hand signals, being sexually abused, and made me promise I would write about the drugs and how the doctors drugged her, which she told me was destroying her brain. These medical doctors felt my daughter was psychotic, because they were unaware of her programming. Kelly thanked me in a card on Mother's Day (see photo section) for her freedom, and as we spent time together she relayed more and more events that she remembered, which validated my own experiences.

Knowing what a crucial step it is for mind control victims to wear a watch, I bought Kelly a new watch. One day while we were swimming in a nearby lake, Kelly looked me right in the eye, took the watch from her wrist and purposefully dropped it into the lake. I bought her several other watches and she did the same thing. She was not "allowed" to monitor the time and her programming dictated that she lose it, quickly, before she got hurt for disobeying her program.

My move to South Carolina to plan and coordinate a healing center for mind control survivors fell through but God was not to disappoint me in my desire for the healing center. Although I could not yet see the perfection of the Divine plan, I was soon to begin on a path that would lead me to the creation of a healing center for survivors, a center furnished with the latest, state-of-the-art technology, with the capability of bringing survivors into recovery and whole brain synchrony in a more efficient and quicker manner than my years in 'talk therapy' ever could. The psychotherapy I received, although helpful, didn't touch or recognize the powerful programming that ruled my every action, and couldn't help me learn to not dissociate. EEG Neurofeedback

helped me learn to not dissociate and to be more present and attentive.

By April of 1997, Kelly was diagnosed Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID) by two separate therapists, one in North Carolina and one in South Carolina. In previous years, since 1988 I had attempted to get Kelly informed, qualified help in and out of California, but her father denied her right to see any therapist who had any awareness of the one thing she needed in order to heal. He interviewed each therapist I recommended, and if they had any knowledge of DID or ritual abuse, he would not allow her to see them. But, once again I created a home and in my attempt to help my daughter, I began studying and training to become a certified EEG Neurofeedback Clinician. I bought an EEG machine and began working with Kelly at home. She responded well to the neurotherapy, but was reaccessed and soon became completely catatonic.

But by the summer of 1997, when my daughter's worsening condition rendered her totally catatonic and non-responsive; unable to eat, drink, walk, talk, use the bathroom or move, I was forced to hospitalize her. Luckily, I found a female psychiatrist who had read my book, was familiar with MPD, ritual abuse and government mind control, and was willing to admit my daughter to the hospital while enacting the security required to keep her safe. While she was hospitalized, another recovered survivor and I gave an inservice training for the hospital staff. I also completed further EEG Neurofeedback training and opened my own business.

One time when I visited Kelly in the hospital, my car window was smashed, my briefcase, mind control literature and the electronic equipment I used to speak publicly was stolen. And to top it off, New Year's Day, 1998, the Holistic Health Care Clinic that housed my new EEG Neurofeedback business and the EEG Spectrum equipment that I used to help victims and non-victims alike, was totally destroyed by fire. Although the official fire department report was that the fire was the result of faulty wiring, I felt the fire was due to arson. To validate my suspicions, and just in case I forgot and needed "re-minding," two bags of the ashes from that fire were mysteriously delivered to my home.

Later in the year when another Bob Hope survivor visited me, I had to call the local police to report a man who was surveilling us late at night outside my home. And, as recently as February 1999, as I sent out the initial copies of this manuscript, my phone lines to my office were cut and I was tailed.

Each time I am harassed, instead of silencing me, it spurs me into greater action, and the result is another radio interview, another book or article, and more speaking engagements. I still stay as public as I can, speaking publicly whenever I am asked, so I can continue to share the truth.

This harassment cannot and will not stop being used against victims attempting to live free, until this dark system of mind control is exposed and brought to light.

"For if you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father also will forgive you."--

Matthew 5:14

"But I say to you that hear, Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you."-- Luke 6:27

Chapter Thirty-five: Secret Societies

What's the Secret Goal at the Top of Freemasonry?

Answer: A Luciferian New World Order

Living in and amongst those planning the New World Order as their programmed mind file, meticulously recording their deeds and activities, has allowed me to be here now to report their plan to you. Their agenda includes keeping the populations of the world under control as they hold the key to secret knowledge. Knowledge is power. If you are uninformed as to their secret agenda and especially of their use of advanced mind control technology in order to bring about their plan, then you can't protect yourself or begin to work toward stopping this plan.

If there is any one thing I could tell you about the inner workings of the New World Order it's that it is subtle, organized and calculated. This plan has an agenda that spans generations with obvious long-term goals--as long term as the intergenerational abuse pattern that was passed down through my family creating within our generational line Multiple Personality Disorder.

And, I can tell you that the New World Order plan serves a belief system that is based on power and control, confusion, greed, and the use and manipulation of others, most often without their consent. The system's "cogs" are well oiled and greased, and are interlaced and protected by mens' secret societies like the Masons, who have at the pinnacle of their organization a belief in secret knowledge. The Masonic order is funded from the bottom up by first through third degree Masons, hoodwinked and mesmerized into working for the agenda of those members at the top--an agenda they work "toward" knowing but they aren't allowed to know until they arrive at the top through oath and initiation to possess the elusive "secret knowledge."

Found in Morals and Dogma, the cornerstone of every higher Mason's library, in the 32nd Chapter (Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret) are subtle hints of the character of this 'secret knowledge,' specifically geared toward the 32nd Degree Mason (Master of the Royal Secret). Here, in the guise of acknowledging a Universal Equilibrium between good and evil, as the natural balance and harmony of earthly existence, it promotes the acceptance of the belief that evil actions are a necessary counter-balance to good ones and asks the aspirant to accept this dichotomy in human affairs. From this sublime seed of half-truth, evil is allowed flourish within the protective secrecy of the organization.

To gain this knowledge, a man must go through a series of Luciferian initiations and, as he progresses toward the top, he finds that he is trapped into keeping the secret, through threat of consequences, including death. Once gaining the upper levels, he

believes that he or his family will be killed if he should ever divulge the secret knowledge. This initiation where he is ultimately compromised involves blood ritual and rape. Now many of these men have had to "sell their soul to the devil," taking an oath through satanic ritual to serve and protect their fellow lodge brother regardless of the deeds done in order to accomplish that. Through the secret handshakes and signals they give to each other, they alert one another to the needs of a brother and thereby this fellow member who may be in court for charges of criminal activity, or apprehended by the police for breaking the law, is protected by his "brother." It may be a judge, who when a case is presented before him, sees a brother in trouble, and looks the other direction, allowing the lodge brother to go free or with light sentencing. Or, it may be an attorney who finds himself unable through the court system to really "defend" his client, as he secretly serves the system in which he is oath bound. Often in court cases throughout the legal system, children who are sexually or physically abused are sent back to live with a perpetrating parent while the other parent seeking protection of their child is sent away, alone and powerless to do anything to protect their child. All this happens because a judge or an attorney is part of an organization that has at its very foundation, protection of its members, right or wrong, and sometimes protection at all costs.

Are you aware that many of our Presidents have been Masons? In fact, the majority have. This means that they have taken an oath to serve their organization and the brothers who belong, without question, even above and beyond God and country. Instead of justice we have camaraderie. Instead of protecting citizens, especially our youngest ones, we have a system of individuals who serve each other, blindly I might add, without question of right or wrong, good or bad, without consideration for the Constitution and the high spiritual ideals set forth for our country. We have instead a "boys club," where many men join in order to belong, to be a part of a group that they may believe furthers civic interest, financial gain, and offers security.

Our nation is undermined by this group that operates in the dark, shrouded by secrecy and serving to protect their fellow lodge members above all else-including truth and justice. A man cannot serve the Lodge and at the same time serve God, for the good Lord calls us to love one another, to uphold one another, to love and serve our fellow humans, to protect and love the children, and cause no harm. This Masonic Order, this secret men's society, as harmless as it may seem to its members teeming at the bottom, demands an oath to allegiance over truth, brotherhood over justice, and it often serves a need to protect a man's financial assets. There is no way a man can choose God's values when he is bound by an oath to protect and defend his fellow lodge member without question. Even if a first-degree lodge member doesn't find himself "called upon" to protect a brother, he is still serving a master at the top of the pinnacle, without knowledge of what the top directors-the 32nd and 33rd Degree Masons--are doing. Yet these worker bees at the bottom fuel the deeds and goals of those brothers at the top, who possess the secret knowledge, and use that secret knowledge. I can tell you from personal experience of being there, that it is not of God but is evil in nature. It seeks control for power and ultimately it wreaks havoc and destruction upon the innocents that may be in its path.

A man cannot serve two masters. Those who are Masons are taught secret handshakes and hand signals that pass secretly between members without outsiders' knowledge that a subversive agenda is occurring, right there before the public's eyes. This secret communication between lodge brothers guarantees that the members are protected. But I guarantee you that unless a brother rises through the ranks, he won't find out that what he is supporting at the top of the organization he has sworn allegiance to, is the highest evil known to man. To possess this secret knowledge, men allow their morality and conscience to be stripped away; they have to, because the secret knowledge has to do with bringing in the New World Order through atrocity that comes with power and control, certainly not love and service. It is pure evil, shrouded in secrecy, and masked as a service organization. It's quite the opposite, as the many emerging victims of satanic rituals at the hands of high-ranking Masons and Shriners will attest to.

If you are currently a Mason, you may want to know that the secret knowledge at the top of your organization entails the ritualized abuse of young women who are raped on an altar as part of an initiation process. I know because I was there. It happened to me. I was taken to outdoor places in the 50's and 60's and subjected to satanic rituals performed by various men's fraternal societies, including the Masons and Shriners. I have also known and listened to other women who were healing from this mind control abuse, whose father's were Masons and through that affiliation came to be young members of Job's Daughters or the Eastern Star, and were healing from the mind control abuse they suffered in secret.

"For this reason I bow my knees before the Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, that according to the riches of his glory he may grant you to be strengthened with might through his Spirit in the inner man, and that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; that you, being rooted and grounded in love, may have the power to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which surpasses knowledge, that you may be filled with all the fullness of God." -- Ephesians 3:14

Chapter Thirty-six: The Council's Plan

I began passing messages to and from the Council early on, and in those days my use at that level had to be earned. On an occasion where I was sent to deliver messages adroitly to a group of men aboard a ferry in Canada, my reliability and security was finally proven. After the debriefing from that trip, Henry learned where and how this group would covertly funnel funds into Canada. He clapped, shook my hand and said, "Congratulations, you've passed this level!"

I didn't 'officially' begin working for the Council until I was 'of age' in 1969, when I turned 18. Up until then, as I've stated, they were very cautious, watching and testing me from a distance as I functioned at the White House and in other private settings where one of their contacts could report back to them my progress. My involvement with them increased over the years as they witnessed my reliability. I never violated that trust,

couldn't think to, and worked amongst them for many years.

Henry was the Council's mastermind and I was his other brain so he could keep the whole plan, and everyone involved, straight and organized.

One day, a group of powerful men met in a room in the Wrigley Mansion high atop the hill in Avalon on Catalina Island. I was there supposedly to serve the men beverages and light snacks on silver platters. Hours before the meeting I was kept in isolation in a side room. Two men in suits injected my arm with drugs and I was readied, like always, before use. I was dressed in a very expensive white eyelet, embroidered cotton dress that was provided for me to wear. One man that stands out was a tall man in a dark pinstriped suit. He had thick white hair and sometimes wore glasses. He was often at these Wrigley meetings. The meetings seemed very important and secretive.

Afterwards, I had sex with different men I was assigned to. I met with them on private yachts or rooms in the Wrigley Mansion. Some of them were possessive of my time and didn't realize who I was; they thought I was just a maid I guess. Some even tried to bribe me with money, jewelry or trips.

Jeff Foltz, Craig's best friend and USC oral surgeon, went with us, on occasion, to Catalina when these meetings were being held. Craig and I sailed over with Jeff and his wife or flew on seaplanes. Jeff cued me to different places at the Wrigley Mansion and other sites on Catalina Island. Consciously it seemed that we were just touring the Mansion with friends, but at certain areas Jeff would say certain words and press my hand in the middle and say a word or two and then we would walk on. I was a robot and he talked to me like I was retarded. I followed closely behind Jeff as he walked us through the Wrigley Estate. It seems like this was done to keep me from consciously remembering being there at the Estate later on. Jeff took me into rooms that were all beautifully decorated in pastels. He held my hand, despite the fact that Lisa, his wife, was there. No one really spoke and I felt like a very small child being taken around by an adult. Of course, at the time my conscious personality wasn't present, so I was not aware of these events. Later, on this same trip, I went to meetings to assist. At times, Henry was there. He wasn't in office at the time but to him that only meant he "could do more with his hands less encumbered," at least that's what he said.

During my use as a tool to coordinate liaisons between the Council and the President, when a President was flown places, like aboard large military aircraft, I was briefed and sent along so that I could apprise him of situations or 'key' reasons for his being in certain locations. For example, if the Council deemed it necessary to control the attitudes of a certain branch of the military in order to have their 'full cooperation' in a strategic military position or assignment, they would brief me in the complete attitude required. They would supply me with the correct words for whomever (President, Vice-President, Bob Hope, etc.) was delivering the speech to the troops. Then the troops would respond favorably because their programming would be reinforced, creating the desired effect - that is - their full obedience and cooperation.

I accompanied Nixon, Reagan, Ford, Bush and others in these ways, bringing them information from the Council. Later, I was debriefed about the results of my time with the President. I also reported what the skillfully trained parts of me carefully recorded during the entire 'action,' including reporting back what the President said, how it was received by the audience and any messages the President wanted to send back to the Council.

As I explained before, the Council is made up of a secret and powerful group of men who are not public and meet in the shadows. Their true power and ability to rule over the masses comes from the fact that they are publicly unknown. They exist in their own environments, with little outside contact. But they have many highly tested, tried and true programmed or aligned individuals who go out and do their work, bringing back the information they need, making the contacts necessary to insure the success of their mighty plan for world domination. They have the power to insure the election of a President, to bring a celebrity to fame, to decide the fate of a nation, to bring about war, to incite riot, to bring down whole cities or countries, to kill out a certain ethnic race, to introduce a new chemical into the food of the masses for control, to loose upon a community a new virus, to decide which people are to live and which are to die. They gave direction to people like Ronald Reagan, George Bush, Henry Kissinger and the Rockefeller's, but they are not ignorant enough to allow a public identity to make them vulnerable to any kind of investigation or public knowledge of their lives and their purpose. They seek people out in their own time; people don't contact them. Sometimes the contact comes in the form of another person slipping a message in or telling someone to be at a certain place at a specified time, but their whereabouts is not ever known. And to report this to you, I had to dismantle lots of death programming that was installed in an attempt to keep me from remembering any of this.

Geneva

There were times when the Council met in Geneva and I was taken there so they could send information and messages, via my mind files, to people who weren't supposed to be publicly connected with them. All this cross communication was sent safely through me and no one would have suspected who I was or what type of secret information I contained. Henry usually put the information in my head and sent me in with instructions - usually amusing ones - to the men at the meetings in Geneva and other places. These men don't just want to control the world; they already do that to a certain extent.

The rules the Council had between its contacts was that they were never to have physical contact, or talk by telephone. They decided where a message would be posted, via cryptic codes that only they understood, and often placed them in a certain section of the newspaper. Like for instance, they would weave the place and time of a meeting into the business investment section if one had to be called on short notice. Otherwise meetings were set up ahead of time and there was no contact in between. In cases of emergency or crisis they could use someone like me to deliver secretly coded messages. The men they are networked into are some of the most powerful businessmen in the world - steel magnates, furriers, oil and gas company owners, telephone company owners, media owners, munitions makers, among others - and their business dealings are highly illegal. They break all the rules and laws set up to protect

small businesses from monopolies. They create huge monopolies. They control the world through the economy. Most people who opposed them didn't have a chance. They simply ran them out of business, got them prosecuted legally, or manipulated them in any way that was successful to insure they maintained total control.

Secret Rendezvous in the Pacific

During the late 70's and early 80's the Council often met out in the middle of the ocean, aboard yachts, where they could all come together anonymously. They sailed or motored around until they connected with each member. They navigated to precise areas where a yacht would be waiting. Everyone had to be expert navigators and Craig's dental friend, Jeff, was just that. He constantly read a complex nautical map with special tools and combined that information with the placement of the stars in the sky in order to deliver me to a preplanned destination. He had to navigate to different places around the Channel Islands to areas we were supposed to go to. I was usually the first to be picked up by the yacht the Council was to meet on, because I was the least important and they didn't want to waste these important men's time. The captain pulled us in close, side-by-side, and the member aboard the other yacht would leave his yacht and come aboard. Each man was picked up in this way. There were usually three or four rendezvous after they picked me up. The men never arrived on the same yachts but used different vessels and crews so as not to ever be identified. Once every member was picked up they met in the largest room on board ship, and I was brought in to sit at the table during certain junctures when they wanted to send a message back to the President, foreign leaders, etc. This way later, I just delivered the message to whomever they directed me, usually during sex, and so everything remained anonymous.

Reagan was a big receiver of messages during his presidency. I was kept very busy delivering to him and he 'followed' orders to a 'T.' The group was "very pleased with his performance," were the words they used. Pete Wilson was the same way and so was George Bush. Anyway, the Council met on board yachts, had meetings, and then were navigated back to planned areas. They never met in the same place twice and everything was done with precision. That was one of their favorite words -"PRECISION"- and they always had the very best of everything. They even had "the chessboard" on board. They showed me one move each time and I was instructed to watch VERY CAREFULLY because there was no room for a mistake. Later I delivered the move on the chess board to Henry in New York. The chess move was ALWAYS taken back to Henry.

Disguises To Protect Kissinger

Henry literally built me so I could be a safe arm to reach out and touch the Council. I flew to New York regularly in the 70's and 80's. Just a quick trip to deliver the information to Henry. He had various and sundry disguises for me that he used to protect himself. A man in a suit always picked me up at the airport in a limo and gave me a bag. I knew to go to the restroom and change into everything in the bag, which included clothes, shoes, wig, teeth overlays, make up, purse, everything I needed was there. Craig had made me several sets of maxillary and mandibular overlays that I could

just snap onto my teeth. I looked totally different and the switch was to be total and complete when I looked at my image in the mirror. "Become the image," Henry told me. So I changed my face, my voice, my walk; everything I was told to alter, in order to fit the image. I took the bag filled with my clothes back to the man in the limo and he put it in the front seat next to him and escorted me into the backseat. After I switched personalities and dress, he closed the glass window between the seats and never had conversation with me from that time on. He let me out at Henry's office, which was a large, older, very cultured building and someone escorted me right to Henry's office.

I sat down in an upholstered chair across from Henry's dark wooden desk. He snapped his fingers and ran his hand before my face to ready me for debriefing. I told him what the Council advised and the final message was the Chess move. He was very anxious to get that and always had me double-check the information so there wouldn't be any miscommunication. I was programmed that it wasn't possible for me to ever make a mistake.

After I delivered the information to Henry, he walked me to the door and gave me a small piece of folded paper to give the driver. I think it may have had my airline instructions on it or something. For some reason I never flew with a round trip ticket, and always had the return flight booked under a different name than the one I used on the initial leg of the trip. The driver gave me the special bag that now had all my original clothes in it, and I would go back into the public restroom and change. Then he took me back to the airport in New York and I'd fly to LAX. Usually my Mom or Craig would pick me up. It was a long trip but didn't seem like it because I was programmed to sleep. They were always proud that the precision was so good that I could be back within 24 hours or less. Somehow they 'folded' that amount of time and I never missed it. My assignments often began or culminated on Friday or Saturday night but usually I was home by Saturday. These meetings with Henry usually took place at the end of the work week. He liked to have the information delivered to him at that time because he would have the weekend to mull it over, undisturbed and uninterrupted by any other business. He said, "That's the secret to my success-FOCUS," then he would smile and take a cigar out of a case on the table. He also had a separate apartment away from home where he did his best thinking and strategizing. I met with him there, also, but always had to do the disguise routine before I met him anywhere.

When I returned home I was programmed to have cheese Danish to 're-mind' me to forget. Even when I was having therapy sessions with Stuart Perlman, I was programmed to have cheese Danish on the mornings I had therapy sessions with Stuart by phone. I was also cleverly programmed to misdial Stuart's phone number by one number. Every time I dialed his number I would get frustrated and wonder why I kept dialing the wrong number, and every time it was the same wrong number I dialed. My controllers had me dialing a number that contained a code to remind me to maintain security. During this period, I often met with Henry or others, so the Danish was the 'icing on the cake,' and served to make sure I didn't ever remember. I was still meeting with Henry when I was in therapy with both Stuart and Margie. My controllers told me they were trying to shore me up so I would make it to the end of my job in the year

2000.

Jaws

My job was to be over in the year 2000, and programmed parts of me were told that I was to be shot in the head and dropped overboard out in the middle of the Pacific where no one would ever miss me, including the sharks. In order to impress me, they made me watch shark-feeding frenzies. One time after Craig and I returned from a long weekend sail and scuba diving trip, another dentist friend of ours came over and said, "You weren't scuba diving in the Channel Islands this weekend, were you? They were having shark contests and were chumming the whole area!"

Shark themes were used heavily, and I was continually reminded by the Shark diver's wristwatch that I was given to wear.

My job as a go-between from the Council to others was my most important task. Bob was 'my owner' and Henry masterminded their plan, but the Council always called the ultimate shots. They said I was theirs until, "the end of time," and that time for me was supposed to be the year 2000. Then they said I could sleep with the fishes. Deep inside I couldn't wait until it was over.

Although the Council didn't ever meet on the same yachts, when they did meet, there often was an aquarium on board with sharks in it that was used to remind me what would happen if I stepped out of line. Craig and I had previously been directed to the big theatre with the stars on the ceiling on Catalina Island to watch James Bond movies. I constantly gazed upward at those stars per programmed instructions to, "look at the stars to be safe and forget."

I also was made to watch while a man in a suit threw an attendant into the shark aquarium when it was feeding time. He said to the man, "You wouldn't mind standing in for the fish this morning so this young lady can see what her fate is if she steps out of line?" The attendant looked at him quizzically and then the suited man threw him into the tank and quickly poured a pan of fish and blood all over the poor man in the water. The sharks went right for him. He screamed and flailed his arms but it didn't last long. It was horrific and terrifying. The suited man looked me in the eye, and in a very quiet, soothing tone of voice said, "There, see what happens if you step out of line?"

"Yes, I see," I agreed, wholeheartedly.

This type of life and death terror tactic is enough to dissociate a person for a very long time, especially if they are under mind control. This shark theme ran throughout my victimization. After my children were born, we were at a theme park and all donned wet suits to swim with the fish; some were even small sharks. Danny and Kevin were even given small rubber sharks in order to remember the experience. The message was always the same, "Step out of line, you will be fed to the sharks." By now they probably only need to use virtual reality traumas.

Kauai Central Location

I was relocated on Kauai because it was a remote area with easier access to me, unencumbered by my family. It was a two-year phase. Then they didn't have to coordinate things so carefully between us all. I was free to go on their assignments and I was used heavily. They flew me to New York, England, South of France, Italy (Rome), the Netherlands, even Catalina and the Channel Islands, except now I was helicoptered to the yachts and tethered in on a chair. Often it was a two-seater helicopter, the 'glass bubble' type. The helicopter pilot seemed connected to the yacht as they radioed to coordinate the rendezvous with precision. When I lived on Kauai I was taken directly from the meetings of the Council to Henry, going through the whole disguise bit, and then returned to the island. I was usually gone two days (48 hours) or less, and when I returned I slept a lot because I had been without sleep or food and the time difference caused jet lag. Although, they tried everything to nullify the jet lag so I could, as they called it, "re-emerge into my life without stress or strain."

While I was on Kauai I even was reunited with Kelly (who still lived in California with her father) in England and France to "sexulate" some members in the royal family and a violent leader in France. Kelly has personalities that speak French, also. It was necessary for both of us to know French in order to communicate with this man. Kelly was trained to step into my shoes in the year 2000 and take over and I was supposed to give her a diamond ring to make this an initiation.

Further Council Adventures

I was programmed with personalities to emulate Jackie Kennedy's charm and dignity. Aristotle Onassis was a powerful arm of the Council, with the ability to move business holdings around. The Council poured money into these businesses and used people like Onassis as a front, since they had to remain anonymous. That was how they used a lot of business tycoons. The men who operated independently were the most ideal since they could maneuver without the oversight of a large corporation or business partners. Some of the richest entrepreneurs in the world were used this way and I was sent into them to have sex and deliver Council messages. I met with many of these men in the open seas on yachts for anonymity and security.

I also was rendezvoused with Reagan and Bush out in the middle of the Pacific during Reagan's Presidency. They were on separate yachts, and met with me during a three-day sailing trip with the Foltz's. Jeff Foltz secretly brought the drugs necessary for my use on board the sailing vessel we rented for sailing trips. He also brought electronic equipment, including a black box with wires that he hooked us up to; all three of us, his wife, my husband and myself, for programming. This happened before and after I was used. He probably got his 'tune up' before the sail.

The Council worked Reagan and Bush a lot, giving them instructions. Reagan went along blindly while Bush seemed to know more but not as much as Henry. I always slept with Reagan on the yacht he was on and then delivered the message to him. I was delivered to Reagan and Bush as Jeff navigated to a precise destination and when we came alongside their vessel I crossed 'over the rainbow' as I came on board.

Sometimes I spent the entire night sleeping with Reagan after I had delivered the message because, he said he would, "prefer company while out in the middle of the lonely Pacific." So I stayed, and the next morning Jeff came back and picked me up and transferred me back.

As soon as I got on board, Jeff immediately stunned me in the back. My husband and Jeff's wife stayed down in the kitchen until Jeff finished with me, which meant drugs and the use of the black box. In later years, instead of an injection, the drug was a circular, oral wafer, like a small water chestnut. Then Jeff would announce to our spouses, "Time for lunch!" and they would start preparing lunch. After we ate, I would go take a very long nap or lay out on the deck and sleep while we sailed to our next destination. We often moored for the night in three separate areas; all strategically mapped and navigated so I would be in place for the rendezvous. I always felt so out of it after these events and consciously felt embarrassed that I was too tired or couldn't think to communicate with our friends. Now I know why.

Certain members of the American Dental Association have been heavily involved in this project and many of the people from USC Dental School that Craig knew. Uncle Charlie made Craig's way into USC, because Craig needed to be part of the project so he and Jeff could be "prepared," to ready me for use at the highest levels with the Council. The Council stepped up their plans beginning in 1980 and on into the 90's. Then it was supposed to be "clear sailing," as their plans snowballed and they began reaping what had been earlier sown. Until in the year 2000, when they would be able to cinch the purse strings shut, thus, being totally in charge of everything worldwide. But things didn't go exactly according to plan, especially regarding my situation.

The Frontiers of the Mind

They began to target more heavily, and more often, people that had been put in place over the years. They were bombarding them, certain individuals more heavily than others, depending on their usefulness and power potential. People like Onassis, Iacocca and the Rockefellers who were part of 'level two,' and others. Anyone who made big money was targeted. The Council was apprised of the wealthy, and people like Henry went to great lengths to strategize how those with wealth could be brought into their game for the highest effect or benefit to the cause. The Council saw this as a huge game to attain total and absolute power by the dawning of the next century-the Age of Aquarius. As an Aquarian I was told I was heralding the advancement of the planet-the global transformation to a new way of life through advanced technologies.

They plan to "market" the mind/brain technologies they themselves have been using for decades, to the general public, and are doing so already. This will allow them to make mega money in this new market as well as allow them to begin to educate the masses in regard to the new technologies of the mind, "The Frontiers of the Mind." But, while the public is spending vast sums of money on this new technology, they will also be conditioned through advanced forms of electronics, harmonics, and subliminal conditioning to accept this shift to a 'new existence.' The Council plans are to have a robotical working class that won't cause any problems, but will simply work to supply the

needs of the Elite-those who by their breeding and intellect are deemed worthy of being allowed to be "awake" so they can rule, live and create without any interference from the common man. They say that the working class already makes non-thinking robots of their own everyday lives, and it might as well be more planned and regulated so that others who want to create, invent, and otherwise use their minds, can do so without hindrance from the common man.

They view the "common man" with great disdain as a lower form of the human species. And they figure that by the time the year 2000 rolls around, when the purse cinches shut, and they are in full control, that people will already be sufficiently conditioned and won't even be able to think to figure out or even be aware that a change has taken place. They see it as the perfect cover up for the continuation of the experiments in mind control they have participated in and feel very assured that the public will never be able to discover what happened because the more intelligent public has been sufficiently "tamed" and conditioned to go along with the rest of the herd.

Society is being weeded out right now, as minority species are being eliminated very specifically by biological germ warfare and other tactics meant to insure the elimination of those less genetically favorable. They figure with the reduction of the population there will be sufficient natural resources for the working class robots to support the genetically astute intellectuals who will be in power. Then, this is supposed to lead into a new age of peace. They even unleashed New Age principles to target and control the groups of people they previously programmed while they continued developing the mind control technology, in order to maintain control until the year 2000 when, supposedly, no one would be able to think to question or cause problems.

Our food is being tampered with, by the insertion of food additives and substances like aspartame which can alter brain chemistry and affect our minds. Music and movies are another powerful tool used to condition the masses. The Council views these measures as the kind, humane way to handle this matter, instead of a direct violent takeover, which would just cause even more chaos and human suffering. They envisioned that, this way, there would be no dissent and after the takeover there will be no need for wars, ever again. These men don't believe in wars, but needed to use them to achieve their goals. As they see it, the rest of the species will be living in harmony, able to create and enjoy while the lower, now robotical, forms of the human species do all the grunt work they are accustomed to: common labor, food production, and life maintenance for the higher forms of human species, the intellectuals, those who matter and are deemed eligible to be awake.

The Master Plan is Accomplished by Robots

There has been a master plan for years and many, including myself, were involuntarily enlisted to work for it, as Dr. Henry Kissinger, 'Mr. Global Internationalist,' masterminded much of their plan. My controllers viewed anyone with a small intellect as 'non-existing' anyway, so they will either be weeded out or retained on the mind-controlled work force that's already been created. Masses of daycare centers were targeted to insure the success of the takeover, where large numbers of children from normal families were

programmed because they will be the ones who will be of the age to resist or fight the Council plan. But now, many won't be able to because their minds have been manipulated and conditioned during childhood, so they will go along with the global program. It is all a carefully laid out plan that has spanned decades and generations, with one generation handing down to the next their inheritance. The children of the elite families, such as the Rockefeller's and Kennedy's will inherit a guaranteed future on a planet that can survive due to the fact that the population and, in turn, pollution, food supplies, etc. will be totally controlled. These intellectual, genetically 'worthy' individuals plan to have their own guaranteed 'utopian dreamworld' after they kill off the inferior human species that they believe are overcrowding a planet that cannot support us all. The Council feels that they are insuring the future of the species of mankind by what they are doing. And, those from intergenerational ritually abused families and others will be placed under total mind control, to become the planetary 'workforce' so the elite doesn't have to waste their precious time on menial labor. The Council feels everyone 'wins' this way because it puts the non-thinking and genetically inferior populations "out of their misery," by taking their minds away, and insures a glorious future for the brightest intellects on earth. To them intellect is everything and without it, they think people shouldn't be allowed to waste precious time on earth, taking up space for those who can and will use their brains to create. They view this as a massive genetic clean up.

Then, when their agenda has been met, the world will be free from ignorance and chaos. According to their reasoning, there will be no abortion issue because the genetically intelligent won't bear children by accident. There will be no wars because they won't have a need to use wars to manipulate people for power or money. There will be no famines because there will be plenty of food grown naturally by the robot class and the world will no longer be overpopulated. Then, they can bring in their new form of world government and there won't be fighting or resistance because the Elite will see eye-to-eye and will all benefit, and are intellectually capable of understanding how they can all work together for the benefit of themselves. Crime will cease since the commoners, 'the robots' won't be able to think to commit acts of violence or any other forms of crime. The Elite think of themselves as intellectually above petty crime and will have no necessity of it since they will be getting their needs met, royally, by all of their mind-controlled 'worker-bees.' No more disease will be brought in by the 'unwashed' lower classes. So there will be less disease all-around because the Elite will take immaculate care of their bodies and won't have to deal with the stress and strain created by the problems of today. These will have been eliminated by eliminating the source of these problems-the genetically deficient. The Council has guaranteed survival and freedom for those at the top. What they have done to the human species in this Twentieth Century is tragic and they justify it by the rationale that they are protecting the future of the human species by insuring that only the best specimens survive.

The Council took a serious stand to clean up the environment as it served their needs for a healthy, pollution-free, life-sustaining environment for their future progeny. Since they have access to, as well as direct, major new discoveries in advanced technologies, they have disdain for the uneducated, ignorant, common people who trash their own

environment. They said that even animals knew better than to defecate in their own sleeping area. But this would be remedied in the future when the genetically deficient were weeded out and extinguished.

They also were very condescending to those individuals who didn't eat properly or exercise. They take immaculate care of their bodies as far as health goes. They are fit and trim and they use natural medicines. The American Medical Association is fashioned to prescribe drugs and perform various treatments that although they may be unsuspecting, tend to weed out the weaker species. The Council views the AMA's 'modern medicine' as barbaric. Their plans are to have mind-enhanced health associates, like some of the USC medical and dental graduates, who will provide the new health care for the Elite, after the takeover. Precision surgery with laser technology will make the so-called "modern methods" of surgery obsolete. Miracle medicines and herbs (God's pharmacy) will keep the body healthy. An understanding of the way the electro-molecular energy field around the body operates will allow the healthy body to be kept in perfect alignment creating perpetual perfect health or it can be brought back into alignment easily with the use of high-tech field variation equipment. This will be the modern medicine of the future and upcoming doctors will be trained in these methods in order to further the evolution of the Elite. The Elite plan to enjoy total and complete health due to their technology in electromagnetic fields. They also have antibodies against the diseases they let loose and make sure they are protected. Of course all of these findings came about by research and experiments on unsuspecting groups of people.

The health care program they were attempting to implement in the United States was one they were hoping would though so that the lower class robots would have a health care system to serve their needs in the future, while allowing the government, the Council and those involved in the global takeover to remain in control. As you can see, it is a system designed for control. It is all about further conditioning the populace so that there won't be any drastic changes that would cause stress to the nation or upset the apple cart.

They believe they have learned what form of government would work best by installing different varieties of governments in different countries with leaders they chose, studied, and watched to see which form would be likely to meet their needs in the year 2000 and beyond. They saw different national governments as 'projects.' For awhile, they thought communism would be the best, until the mind control technology showed them they could covertly rule the masses without communism. With this technology, they believe they can rule the masses easily and effortlessly, and governing can be limited because they feel all of the Elite will have much the same wants, needs, and goals. They already have the central banking system in place and have a master plan for the laws, rules, and regulations that will govern those that are left.

Sons of the Elite are conditioned to be leaders in the New World. Robotic mind control won't be necessary for their compliance. They have been conditioned to accept this new agenda without being given all the information and will be allowed to be "free thinkers,"

unless they don't follow directions. The Elite are used to having servants so this overall concept is not especially different for them because they have been brought up to believe that they are born privileged, are of a superior genetic strain and have a responsibility to lead. I was used, under mind control, to further many of these attitudes with the sons of many world figures. It was just a matter of conditioning them with the beliefs, a little at a time, which would support the changeover. The egos of these young men have been very carefully created and conditioned. Prince Charles' boys are possibly doomed to the same form of conditioning.

The Council sees this as a planetary enhancement, with the globe entering a time of health, new excitement, and abundance for those deemed capable of making a difference in the future of the human species.

"And I saw an new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away; and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice from heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and the very God shall be with them and be their God; And he shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor wailing, neither shall there be anymore pain; for the former things have passed away. And he who sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. Then he said to me, Write; for these are the trustworthy and true words of God. And he said to me, I am the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end. I will freely give of the fountain of living water to him who is thirsty. He who overcomes shall inherit these things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." -- Revelation 21:1-7

Chapter Thirty-seven: What the World Needs Now

What Now? We Are Called To Love

And so for many, many years, Henry Kissinger and Bob Hope strategically placed me and members of my family in locations to further their interests. During those times, my children and I were used in various ways and prostituted to more worldly-affluent, famous, publicly adored leaders and entertainers than I care to remember. Personally, I would like to stay in denial and believe this never could have happened. But for the interests of many, I cannot afford to believe anything less than what I have discovered is the truth. I have chosen to share a fragment of these experiences with you so that you could know the level of technology that has been developed and to show you the danger of the ways those who carry a belief of power and control, and who at this time are out of alignment with their true spiritual nature, have misappropriated their duties to our nation and to the world.

Spiritually I have grown to realize that while the worldly Elite's positions are often determined by heredity, and in the business world nobility comes from ability, ambition,

or success; in the eyes of God, nobility comes from those who serve others. Through all of my experiences at the hands of leaders from all over the world, I have learned that to be a true leader is to know your stewardship to those you serve, not to gobble and hoard the benefits for self while fooling and robbing those who count on you, who elect and trust you to serve the good of the whole. I also know now that truly great leaders are humble and their joy comes from the glorious privilege of serving others.

And I will tell you, as would my precious daughter Kelly if she could, that the current leadership under President Clinton is no different than the ones before. Indeed Kelly could start up the next chapter on William Clinton and could tell you the size of his genitals, the perverted ways he chooses to utilize his sexuality and how he, like many of the Presidents before him, is locked into the bondage of a power hungry system that will continue with each new President after him, unless this system is dismantled and a new system of governing, one based on the needs of the people, a true republic, born of God, for the good of the whole, is reinstated. But it will take each of us, all those who the Elitists feel have no intellect and no motivation, to stand up and speak out for what we believe in---perhaps even sharing our 'simple minds and spiritual natures' with those who for years have felt the right and the need to lord over us. For, once society has seen the problem, the solution is in sight.

I believe each individual is imbued with a gift from God to contribute to society as a whole and as each individual finds their true purpose and joins in, contributing that gift, we will then have a full-bodied, rich orchestration of individuals, evolving to the highest possible levels. That is when we as a society reach a more perfect state!

I also learned that freedom is not free and we must now stand in the battle, not through violence and war, but through knowledge, truth, and love, claiming our true spiritual power and willing to take a stand so our voices can be heard!

Healing

Healing spiritually, through a life such as mine, has been my ultimate challenge, and God has continued to keep my focus on this healing aspect, despite worldly opinion, which would lead me to seek in other directions. During the years of pain and suffering that led me out of mind control bondage, Margie Paul shared with me the following passage, by Emmet Fox, which I read constantly. It uplifted and strengthened me and reminded me of the truth. I would like to share it here with you.

LOVE

There is no difficulty that enough love will not conquer;
No disease that enough love will not heal;
No door that enough love will not open;
No gulf that enough love will not bridge;
No wall that enough love will not throw down;
No sin that enough love will not redeem...

It makes no difference how deeply seated may be the trouble;
How hopeless the outlook;
How muddled the tangle;
How great the mistake;
A sufficient realization of love will dissolve it all...
If only you could love enough
you would be the happiest
and most powerful being in the world...

In 1998, when all of my former life lay in ruin around me, I heard the Holy Spirit ask me who was the one person I hated most? The answer came quickly and easily. Silently I responded, "George Bush," since he was a man who repeatedly hurt my baby girl from very early on. The same day the Holy Spirit questioned me, I received a hospital advertisement in the mail cheerfully announcing that George Bush would be visiting a local hospital just 25 minutes from my home. I was devastated that people still looked at him as a person of honor, and associated him with charity and healing? Then the challenge from Jesus came when he called me to love George Bush. I couldn't do that initially, it took many prayerful hours for me to ask God to please change within me the attitudes that needed changing in order for me to love and forgive George Bush. Obviously, that didn't happen overnight, but it did take place, at first just for a fleeting moment and then for longer periods of time. That doesn't mean that I stop working toward exposing the system that has caused this misuse of human life, nor does it mean that I think what my perpetrators did was right or excusable. It simply means that no matter what they or anyone else does to me, they do not have the power to make me hate, or the power to take away my right to love, for love is my continuing goal.

Forgiveness

I was confused and tormented as I awakened to the realization that my father and others had abused me in such horrific ways and that they had actually taken control of my life for nearly 40 years. The awareness that churches had been places where I was often victimized, by individuals who I associated with being the most loving, added to my torment and bewilderment. I searched for answers, through reading about many religions, trying to find the truth, and one night I had a dream in which I heard the word "Beatitudes." Upon waking, the word stuck in my mind and later, while attending a religion class at Pepperdine University, I went to my professor and asked him what the word meant. He told me and later on that day, I went across the street to the Malibu Presbyterian Church to speak to the assistant minister. Little did I know that through my seeking, the Great Master Healer himself would appear to me, but that is exactly what happened. The minister ushered me into his office and after I confessed that I had been severely abused as a child, had Multiple Personality Disorder, had been forced to participate in satanic rituals where infants, children, and animals were killed - and as I went on and on - he looked at me in horror, and said, "Get down on your knees, and ask God to forgive you of your transgressions. You are a sinner."

The moment my knees hit the floor, Jesus appeared to me and said, "Get up off your knees, and leave. You my child are innocent, you have done nothing wrong." Taking the

authority of the Lord, over this human who stood ministering in His name, I did as commanded and left. I couldn't understand yet what Jesus was trying to help me understand. It took time for Him to reassure me that those acts, committed in a programmed state, acting from other person's commands and not from my own free will, were not my sin. In the days that followed, Jesus showed me that He wanted me to stand in the name of Mercy for others who had been similarly tortured and abused. Over time, He called me to minister and share His words of mercy and forgiveness with other victims who presented themselves to me in women's shelters, at my office, at mental health conferences, and through letters of response to victims who wrote, pouring out their hurts to me after they read my book I know that this message from Jesus, one of complete forgiveness, touched the hearts and minds of the people I spoke with, as deeply as it did me because I saw the tears of relief and understanding well up in their eyes. God wants His people free.

I had many experiences where His Angels demonstrated that they were guiding me. I heard the Holy Spirit whisper, "get up from your reading, and go down to the Bazaar." I hadn't known that there was a Christmas bazaar at Pepperdine, but I followed the voice of the Holy Spirit and was led to a small purple book entitled, "Angels Are Watching Over Me. " And if I doubted that it was true, in the months and years that followed, the voice of the Holy Spirit led me to books, places, and people to help me heal and gain freedom. Books even fell off of shelves in libraries, many of them reminding me that the Angels of the Lord were ever present and that I was not to worry. Other books I was led to helped me organize my healing in such ways that, when healing took place, it was core healing and not superficial or drugged.

I often tell the story of the experience I had at traffic school. During the early stages of my recovery, despite the smile that betrayed my true inner feelings, I was so full of repressed, subconscious rage that it often found its release in driving too fast and I continually got traffic tickets for speeding; one day I got two! Since I was already on assigned risk and my insurance rates were extremely high, my husband suggested I go to traffic school, so I did. The traffic schoolteacher was younger than I, but that day she had an important message for me. I had been wrestling with just how I was going to forgive these people who had done this to my children and myself. As I explained my dilemma she said, "All you have to do is heal yourself so you have something left for giving." I know now that what she said was true and I understand the wisdom because, now in a healed state, I do have much to give. And, I thank God for that.

In Carbondale, Illinois, in 1995, nearly one year after my final integration and deprogramming, I was working in the garden. It was a warm day and I luxuriated in the midst of the peace and solitude that I found among my tomato and zucchini plants. Very clearly, I once again heard the voice of the Holy Spirit, this time instructing me to go visit my father.

"God, you want me to do what?" I couldn't believe I was being asked to go and visit this man who had tortured and programmed me for so many years, besides it wasn't safe for me in California, I had actually been raped there as I made my initial attempt to get

Starshine into print in 1993. But I heard the words very clearly, "Go visit your father, fly under your real name, stay 24 hours and then return. An intelligence officer will approach you. Do not be afraid. Tell him what happened to you and to your children."

I thought maybe I hadn't heard correctly. So, I took this into prayer and in a very short while I knew I was to go to California. Soon God showed me a vision where I saw lights on in the White House symbolizing individuals who would wake up and help. Then He shared with me that, like the men's secret society (freemasonry) that has allowed secret knowledge to be passed between men, that He also had a secret society that was more powerful-The Holy Spirit. Then He showed me that as men's secret societies fund and support each other, so shall God's people fund and support their own. He showed me that through Him, and in His time, the Holy Spirit would connect people and allow them to be of like mind, so the truth could come to light. Although I didn't actually understand how this was going to come about, I was encouraged.

I booked my ticket, and the next day I went to California, to the nursing home where my father was being cared for. When I walked in, I was moved seeing my father sitting in a chair, withered and small, a whisper of the physical stature he had been before. When he saw me, he immediately began crying, and through his tears he cried, "I love you. I knew you'd come."

I got down on my knees before my father and said, "Dad, I forgive you."

Looking me directly in the eyes, he replied in a childlike manner, "I forgive you too." At that moment I knew without a shadow of a doubt that my father, this man who had tortured me for years, had no idea, no memory, no awareness of what he had done. Still crying he said, "Jesus brought me here." This statement caught me totally off guard, as here was a man who together with my brothers had ridiculed and berated me for my belief in Christ for years. I had so much I wanted to ask my father, but was overwhelmed with emotion. Trying to gather myself, I looked around his room. There on his bookcase, was a golden spider web with a crystal spider in the middle. Woven into this art piece was a Ronald Reagan wristwatch. My thoughts raced to information an Intelligence officer "in the know" once explained to me, that victims will surround themselves with their programming and often will display objects that speak to that which they verbally can't, as a form of subconscious communication. This spider web spoke to me deeply through subconscious communication, and although my father could not tell me what he knew, he had carefully preserved this piece to speak what he could not. Again deeply touched, I asked him if I could have it. He said, "Sure, take anything you want." My father and I cried together. There was so much I wanted to tell him and have him tell me but he was no longer able. But God knew that I needed to see my father this one last time, in order to complete my healing and forgiveness process. And that day, I totally and completely forgave my father. I understood why he had done what he had done. As I stood to leave, I kissed him one last time and told him I loved him, and looking back I am so grateful that God led me to that culmination and completion with my father. Less than three months after that meeting my father passed away.

As I drove my rental car to the airport to fly back to Illinois I realized that the intelligence officer experience had not yet occurred. But I was not to be disappointed because, shortly after I took my window seat on the aircraft, a distinguished looking black man took the aisle seat. After takeoff he flashed his badge and identified himself as White House intelligence for the last 29 years. Taking his business card out of an organizer, he laid it on the seat between us. Unconsciously, still bound to the protocol of my controllers, as much as I wanted to, I couldn't pick up his card. Nervously, I thought to myself, 'Oh God, this is it'

This suited man began by telling me, "There are some things you need to know. One is that once in the company always in the company. Don't believe anyone that tells you they've retired from the company (CIA)." Next he said, "When you speak publicly don't name the names."

I told him I wouldn't. At that moment the words spoken to me by the Holy Spirit in the garden, came back to me, "Tell him what happened." So, I told this man about the abuse of my children and myself that often led to our victimization in the White House. He told me that he thought women like me "just liked to be with Presidents." And finally, as we walked off the plane, the words he spoke surprised me as I realized maybe this man had a spiritual awakening, was serving a higher calling, and was one of the 'lights on the White House' that God had shown me. He said that he was committed to informing ministers of churches to do their jobs in helping victims. I was encouraged.

Over the years, what I witnessed in my father was something that I have noticed in many of the victims of the mind control projects. He was extremely inventive and futuristic and had many personalities that were extremely loving. My father designed and built solar water heaters that he installed on the roof of our Woodland Hills home in the 1950's, and shared thoughts and ideas that continually astounded me. Due to the shattering of his own psyche through the ritual abuse he endured as a child, coupled with the mind control programming forced upon this already vulnerable man, he was never in control of his own mind. From birth, his free will was taken from him through the abuse he endured at the hands of his parents who themselves had been through the same victimization passed through intergenerational, subconscious mental illness. Then, in a final attempt to harness the complete control of his daughter, the doctors at UCLA took the last vestiges of my father's free will when they performed the brain surgery that gave them total control.

Breaking the Denial That Holds Us Captive

Honestly, I can understand the denial many of you may be facing in regard to all that I have shared with you, as I faced the same denial over and over. I did not want to believe that any of the reality that kept intruding into my mind was real. Often I wanted to believe I was insane, and at times even wished I could choose to live out the rest of my days rocking back and forth in a drugged stupor in some sanatorium. Then not only in response to programming, but also feeling trapped in a pain and confusion I often felt I could not bear alone another day, initially, I had moments when I contemplated

suicide. But due to the ramifications that act would have had on my children, that was never a choice I could make. I had to keep asking God to strengthen me so I could face the painful reality and heal in order to make a difference in the lives of my children.

Forget the Past, Live in the Present?

It has been said that those who forget the past are doomed to repeat it and I believe this is part of the situation we face today because until now we haven't been told enough valid historical information. Before my recovery, like most Americans, I was more interested in my future than in my past but was soon forced to deal with it due to constant flashbacks. But what if a person's past holds a potent key to his or her future? And what if that past holds intergenerational and worldly information that when realized and righted will resonate throughout future generations, causing freedom and a better quality of life? Knowing my past has set me free and I am grateful for the spiritual guidance that told me that I had to go backward before I could go forward. Although dire circumstances forced me to revisit my past, I now know that the inner work I completed in researching and healing the dark, hidden areas of my own past will reverberate throughout the spiritual genes of my progeny's future and I am glad for that.

Don't Worry, Be Happy!

At first when these bits and pieces of memory began surfacing in my mind, I was terrified and continually dismissed them, as others told me things like, "You're just too tired. You have a big imagination. You have everything a woman could want. Why don't you just quit therapy, get a job and be productive. Stop living in the past. Don't worry, be happy!" Or, new age belief systems that created comments like, "These are only your past lives. What you put your attention and focus on grows. I don't choose to think about negative things. I like to focus on the light instead of the darkness. I create my own reality. This is not part of my reality. If it's this painful to deal with and causing you this much stress, it must not be the right thing to do." The list was endless. But over time when these flashbacks and thoughts intruded into my present life with subjects and events that didn't interest me (politics, glamour and glitz, golf, baseball games, football games, and sex orgies), I had to wonder and question what it all meant. That started the quest that has led to my knowing and my understanding. I am hoping you, too, will be able to overcome your own denial and to question these issues put before you, because the safety of our children and, yes, even our human freedoms depend on it.

Over time I have had a plethora of responses to the telling of my life history. People have come to their own conclusions, based on their own belief systems and understanding at the time. Over the years it has continually pained me to speak publicly, sharing bits and pieces of what happened to me in an attempt to stop this abuse and gain help for my children and others, only to finish my speech, look out in the audience and see blank faces. Perhaps many were numbed by the magnitude of the information I delivered, or thought I had lost my mind instead of finding it. But I can tell you that my healing came from the one or two loving persons who threw their arms around me after I spoke, and with tears in their eyes that clearly communicated to me that they understood the magnitude of the what had happened said, "I am so sorry this happened to you. What can I do?"

Celebrity

Other people have said, "At least you met famous people and had incredible experiences!" In response, I say that the years of my life that I lived as a mind controlled robot to Bob Hope, Henry Kissinger and others were not mine, they were stolen from me. I was not consciously present. Those years were tragically altered and woven with horrific and painful abuse that separated me from my core self and from the family I love. I have painfully witnessed individuals and society as a whole, hold in a protective reverence the "media-portrayed persona" of many famous persons. I watched as people in all walks of life - housewives, ministers, attorneys, newscasters, and professors, etc. - held firmly to their view of famous people they never personally knew, in order to maintain some sort of fantasy relationship or belief system they held about these famous persons. People have said to me, "Not Bob Hope, he wouldn't do these things," and I am left to wonder why they need to hold onto their media-created reality in lieu of opening their minds and using their spiritual discernment to examine the possibility that what myself and others are reporting might be true. My controllers, the authors of this plan of enslavement, are counting on you to believe the media image they have thrust forward. They are counting on you to do nothing.

Another person said to her husband, "She must have watched too many X-Files!"

I shared that, with the exception of occasionally catching a show at someone else's house while they had the television on, I haven't watched television since 1989. I have never seen X-Files. But I know that through media avenues, the authors of the New World Order Plan have been able to very cleverly hide this reality out in the open.

I'll Do It My Way

I can tell you that if I could only choose my life over again, I would leave all the 'celebrities' out of it and would live a simple, basic life, enriched with love and deep connection to God and my family. To me that is where life's richness lies, not in wealth or celebrity status. Wealth and fame have never been important to me, and thank God, because if I had been attached to the affluent lifestyle I had been living in California, I never could have chosen to break away and go for my freedom, regardless of the cost. For me, there is no price tag on freedom and morality: it is priceless.

In the earliest stages of memory breakthrough, when I had flashes of insight of what my husband and I were involved in, I had moments before my programming kicked in, when I was lucid before I switched personalities again, in order to try to figure out what to do. There were many times before I left California and the life I lived with my husband, when I begged him to heal and stand with me. He could never hear me. Hand in hand on a walk one day, I proposed, "Let's sell the house and spend the money on our healing; yours, mine and the kids." He couldn't hear of it.

In weeks that followed, he returned home from a conference and said, "They asked us who we looked up to and I told them, you."

"God help us," was my reply and in total and complete devastation, I realized for the first time in my life, that I was bankrupt in my marriage, that my husband did not serve the same God that many parts of me did. I felt alone, frightened and unprotected by the lack of spirituality that I knew could have guided our lives together.

During times when I devoted endless hours to exercise and nutrition, people have said, "You look too good to have been through that much trauma," and during periods when my expressed grief has left me looking pale and haggard, or over or under weight, people have said, "You don't look good enough to have been used with celebrities."

I was forced to invest in hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of therapy (\$300,000+) and physical therapy (thousands of dollars) in order to heal. All I can say is that it is a miracle that my body is still intact at all, and I thank God for that. There are telltale signs of the abuse recognizable by those "in the know," scarred skin from electroshock that left prod marks, and my eyes often look as if something of an electronic nature has happened to me. But the major ailments I had while in the midst of my mind control are healed; the migraines are gone, the continual sinus infections, sore throats, breathing problems and hoarseness that often necessitated the use of an inhaler are gone; no more colitis, stomachaches and nausea, constant fatigue and body pain. All these symptoms are gone. As my mind healed and I was able to hold my reality mentally, and as I released the traumas of the past, my body healed. My healing from this abuse is to God's glory and I know that without seeking and heeding the Holy Spirit's leading, I never would have made it out. "It is not I, but the Father within me, He does the works."
--John 14:10.

We Are Called To Love and Forgiveness

Prayerfully and with immense love and compassion, I ask, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."--Luke 23:24.

My family and many of our fellow humankind are still locked in the bondage of the mind control projects and experiments due to the fact that their birth into intergenerational dissociative families, and their genetic DNA encoding made them capable of advanced abilities for which they have been targeted for use by those who seek to control. Please help these survivors to freedom and release by donating whatever you can, even if it is a simple kind word to show you care.

One awareness that weaves through my entire life under mind control is that the love that shone through from people's spirits, even while under mind control, was never wasted, nor was it ever lost; indeed, it seemed to be catalogued within me on some higher plane that never goes away. So often, I witnessed the love of those under mind control who lived among and near me. These creative people, all full of so much love that, even when I lay the often hurtful mind control abuse experiences side by side with who I knew in spirit they really were, the love I felt from them often blasted beyond their programming, allowing their soul essence to shine through. Immense love and inherent behavior of loving souls, all interwoven with intense agonizing soul pain and tragedy as the mind control technology and those who created the reality we were programmed to

live, manipulated and controlled our inherent natures, our spiritual life force and the love that lives within us. It is for our controllers and our perpetrators that I write these words. For many survivors, in our souls, even in physical and mental programmed bondage, already know the truth. But the world needs to know. The soul is free and LOVE is lasting. Jesus was right, and he called us to love above all else. He didn't call us to worship power, monetary gain, or the control of others. He called us to love. He taught us that there was no greater gift than to lay our life down for a friend, and, He wants His people free. Please help me to help these most beautiful souls, who have been locked in anguish and bondage, who, from birth have been locked away from their inherent loving nature, to find the light of day and be freed from the agenda of those who seek to benefit by robbing their talents and abilities.

And in the final curtain call is the Council actually the old, worn, frazzled Wizard of Oz hiding behind the curtain, frantic that he has been exposed and defrocked of his power? Those in search of Oz - Dorothy finding her home and family, the Cowardly Lion finding courage, and the Tin Man finding his brain - these were the ones who were strong in the end, not the one pulling the strings!

In truth I believe we are all one, and together we can find the answer, if we choose ...Let that answer be guided by love.

"I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." --Acts 26:19.

"To this end was I born, and for this cause I came to you, that I should witness to the Truth." --John 18:37.

"You shall know the Truth and the Truth will set you free." --John 8:32.

"For the Son of man has not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." --Luke 9:56.

"For I have come that they shall have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." --John 10:10.

"I am not alone, because the Father is with Me."--John 16:32.

"I and the Father are one." --John 10:30.

"For you were called to freedom, brethren; only do not use your freedom as an opportunity for the flesh, but through love be servants of one another. For the whole of the law is fulfilled in one word, "You shall love your neighbor as yourself." -- Galatians. 5:13-14.

Chapter Thirty-eight: A Mother and Grandmother's Sorrow

A GRANDMOTHER'S SORROW: SUE'S MOM

A Family Torn Apart

My husband was a welder and when we were first married he worked at the shipyards where he got hurt. One night, while working in the dark, he ran into a steel plate, hit his head, and was knocked unconscious. He sustained serious neck injuries and six months later his neck became very painful and shook uncontrollably. The diagnosis was torticollis of the neck. He was in so much pain that he would try anything the doctors

suggested; such as shock treatments, being injected with typhoid fever, endless experimental drugs, brain surgery and many other medical interventions.

When he was 45 years old he was told by a doctor that he only had five years to live. He wanted to be sure his young family would be taken care of so he bought all the life insurance he could get.

In the meantime, he quit the shipyards and opened his own welding shop. My youngest son loved welding and became very good at it. My oldest son went to college and graduated as a geologist. Eventually, though, they both worked at the welding shop. They fought constantly. It was driving my husband nuts. He got up one morning and was acting like a crazy man. He said he was going to the shop and fire one of them, he didn't know which. I was scared and devastated. I begged and pleaded with him but I could not reason with him. He came home later and told me he had fired the older son. I was surprised that he hadn't fired the youngest son. He had always nagged him and verbally abused him.

A few weeks later my husband asked me for a tape recorder. He said he wanted to make a tape for his oldest son. I helped him get it ready and left the room. A short time later when I looked in on him, he was holding the tape recorder and crying. Later, I found out he had said that he had to fire the oldest boy because the younger son held something over him. The older son asked if it was business and my husband said, "No, personal."

Our son asked, "What was it Pop, did you have an affair?"

"Much worse," my husband answered.

Years later, he went to his deathbed carrying the secret. The thought that it might be incest, child pornography or any of these other horrors never crossed my mind.

My two sons are estranged. I've tried many times since 1974 to talk to my sons, to get them to at least talk to one another, but to no avail. The younger boy was willing but the older one said, "No way." It hurt me so bad for so long I thought I would go crazy. One night I said to God in my prayers, "God, I can't handle this, you take over."

In 1967, my husband had brain surgery to stop the pain and shaking in his neck. They went down through the brain to sever the nerves that were causing the pain. It helped but he was in the hospital for a long time.

A few years later he had a heart attack and finally had open-heart surgery. There were complications. During the surgery he went without oxygen for four minutes. They said because he had brain surgery, his brain became swollen and he had edema of the brain. He was coma-like for 12 days. When he came out of it he was like a vegetable, didn't know any of us. He was helpless, couldn't feed himself, go to the bathroom or walk. After months of physical therapy he was able to walk and could pick up food with

his hand. His memory was partially blocked. This deficit impaired his whole left side. He never regained all of his memory. I took him home and took care of him.

My daughter stopped by one day, which was not unusual, as she lived down the street. She asked if she could talk to me. She said she had something to tell me so we went outside and sat on the swing in the back yard. She told me her father had sexually abused her. I was shocked, stunned, sad, and couldn't believe what I was hearing. She also said, "You and grandma also abused me."

I started crying and thought, "Where was I?" I had no memory of any of this happening. I finally said to her, "It's not that I don't believe you, it's just that I can't remember." But I was so naive when I got married right out of High School. I thought we were a normal, happy family and this accusation shocked me to the roots. I thought and thought but could not remember a thing. I do remember often saying when the kids were little that life seemed to good to be true.

Later she told me that I had abused all three of her children. I couldn't believe that I had done that, as I love those children like my own. I was heartsick and kept praying it was not true. She gave me a booklet from Los Angeles Women's Task Force on Ritual Abuse, and wouldn't let me see her children anymore. I could hardly function. I was heartsick, like in a trance.

As my daughter told me more about the abuse, I tried so hard to remember, but couldn't. In going over her allegations and remembering her childhood, I thought there were times the abuse could have happened. But she appeared to be a normal, happy little girl. She was such a good little girl, obedient, loving and just a little angel.

Sometime in the late 80's my daughter told me her father had sexually molested her from the time she was a baby. After Sue continued to tell me more, I began to believe her and that this really happened. I could hardly stand to look at my husband or take care of him any longer but he was a sick old, helpless man so I continued to care for him, every second hating him. But no matter what happened, he never complained.

Shortly after this she came to confront her father. She told him he had sexually abused her. He had a very hard, angry look as he looked at me and said, "Your daughter is crazy." She left and we didn't see her for a very long time. I would call but she wouldn't answer the phone or talk to me.

My husband continued to be a very sick man and had to be taken care of. From then on, I only spoke to him when I had to. To think he had abused our daughter made me hate him. I had loved him for over 50 years. Now I couldn't even let him touch me at night. If he happened to put his leg or arm across me, I'd kick him.

After my daughter's two accidents that both happened on April 12th, two years apart, my daughter disappeared. I didn't know where she was. I was so afraid for her. She had not spoken to me for many months. It was like losing my arm. We were, I thought, so

close and now she wanted nothing to do with me. I felt like it was a dream or a terrible nightmare that I'd wake up from in the morning and it wouldn't be true. I was so worried about her. Without talking and praying to God, I never would have gotten through that separation from her.

I felt like I was going crazy, so I went to a therapist. The therapist did not seem to be helping me. After Sue fled from California, she called me and told me she was running for her life. One day I told my therapist that I had sent Sue money to help her write the book she explained she was needing to write to stay alive. The therapist surprised me when she said emphatically, "Don't give her any more money."

I told this therapist, "God told me to help my daughter." That's when I stopped going to her. Sue was my daughter and my heart said to help her. In spite of the abuse allegations, her father kept saying to me, "Help her, Honey. Help her."

I continued caring for my husband; he was helpless and couldn't do anything for himself. I gritted my teeth and helped him, all the while hating him. He never mentioned the abuse again.

I got a call one day from my daughter. I was elated to hear from her. She was in Hawaii and she wanted me to know that she was going to be hit by this hurricane and didn't know what would happen to her. Later on the news, they showed the island of Kauai damage from Hurricane Iniki. It was in ruins. I tried to call her but all lines of communication were down. Finally after a few days, she called to say she was alright, but lost everything she had.

When she came back to the states she called and told me more about her abuse. I was so confused but even though I could not remember anything, I began to believe it was all true. She moved from place to place to stay alive and finally called and said she was safe, but wouldn't tell me where she was. I felt so relieved that she was safe and getting help.

First it's My Daughter, Then My Granddaughter

Then her teenage daughter started having problems. Without any apparent reason, she tried to commit suicide three separate times. She is such a sweet, loving girl. I could hardly let myself think of her being sexually abused. And if I had abused her, I shouldn't be allowed to live. We talked but my granddaughter couldn't seem to tell me why she had made those attempts. She finally decided to go live with her mother. She had only three months of school here in California until she graduated. We thought she could finish her school there. She was okay for awhile with her mother and then she started being dysfunctional and finally became catatonic. My daughter was frantic. She couldn't handle her, as Sue is much smaller in stature and not as physically strong as my granddaughter is. She called and told me she was taking her to the hospital. She didn't know what else to do.

My granddaughter was in the hospital a very short time when somehow she was able to

call her father. She told him she was being held against her will and would he please come get her. He did fly there and get her. But, instead of taking her to their home where she thought she would be going, he explained to her that she needed help and he was taking her to a halfway house, a place that other teenagers who needed help lived. She shared a room with a teenage girl who also had problems. They had a lot of rules. She began functioning, taking care of herself, and doing her chores. She often just went to bed and slept. I started picking her up on Sundays. We would eat, shop, or take a ride. She was always so happy to see me. I called her almost every day; she would call me, too, not for anything in particular, just to talk. I asked her one time how she felt when she thought she was going home with her dad and found out she was really going to a halfway house. She said she felt abandoned.

Her mother suggested that EEG Biofeedback might help her, so every Thursday, I'd pick her up and take her. She loved frozen yogurt so we'd always stop for that. We'd talk and she always said she hated where she was living. She was able to finish her high school course. They taught her how to take the bus, so one day she enrolled at Pierce Junior College to take a psychology class. She had only 10 days to finish the class when she called her Mom and said she couldn't stand it there at the home anymore. Together my daughter and I got her a ticket, that was a Saturday and she was to leave on Monday. Saturday night her father picked her up and tried to talk her out of going, but she stood firm and said she was going. She was so scared to go alone. She kept saying, "What if I can't find the gate I'm suppose to go to?"

I told her to go to the counter and tell them, "I need help." I called the day of her flight to be sure the shuttle had picked her up. I prayed all day that God would watch over her and keep her safe. She arrived safely and my daughter was there to meet her and take her home. She was okay for awhile then started staring off again as if she were in a trance and didn't seem aware of anything going on around her. I feel so helpless, I want to help her but I don't know how.

Her brothers and I went for a visit with her and her mother. She would be fine one minute and then she would start staring and not talking, then she'd be okay again.

When I think about my granddaughter and all she is going through I can hardly bear it. Such a waste of a young, loving, life and what a horrible thing that she has to suffer and go through all the pain. These are things that should not happen to anyone.

My daughter is now healed and is doing everything she can to help and heal her daughter. I pray constantly that my granddaughter can be healed and lead a normal life. I am so proud of both of them.

My husband was a man who had been severely physically, sexually, and verbally abused as a child. I loved him and trusted him. He was so loving and sweet sometimes and other times he would be so nasty and mean. He was like two different people. I know now he suffered from Multiple Personality Disorder.

He dearly loved his family. He was very proud of his two sons and dearly loved his little girl. I was not aware at the time that he was sexually abusing our daughter.

By 1990 I was physically unable to take care of him. He was in a wheelchair and had to be lifted many times during the day. I found a nice board and care for him and, although I hadn't seen my oldest son in years, I called and asked if he would come and morally support me while I told my husband about the move. He said, "Okay, what have I got to lose." He came and explained to his dad how I couldn't physically take care of him and had found a nice place for him.

My husband said, "Okay, if that's what you want to do with me."

At that time I was seeing all of my kids, but always separately. I couldn't speak about any of them to the one I was seeing. It was hell. When I would call my oldest son's wife, she was very cool. Finally she called and started questioning me about Sue's sexual abuse. I told her, "I don't remember anything, but I believe her."

She said, "How could you believe your daughter and still take care of your husband?"

I was shocked. I told her he was a sick, old, helpless man, what did she want me to do with him? She called later and asked how I could see my younger son after all the things he had done and I told her, "I guess I have unconditional love for my children."

Her reply was, "Not me, my kids have to earn my love and they have."

After that my oldest son and daughter-in-law wanted nothing more to do with me. I was not to call, send birthday cards or presents of any kind. I once asked my oldest son if he had forgiven his father for firing him. He said, "In my head I have, but in my heart I haven't."

My husband died alone in a rest home in April of 1996.

I notified my children. The only thing the oldest boy said was, "I'm sorry to hear that." My husband was cremated and there was no service.

My family is ruined. Not one of my children speaks to the other. I have ten grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. I dream sometimes of us all sitting around the table on holidays and just enjoying each other and being a loving family, then I wake up to reality.

This generational sexual abuse and mind control has ruined this family. It breaks my heart as it seems I can't help to stop this, only by supporting my daughter. I pray for all my grandchildren's safety. Thank God, the truth about this abuse is finally coming out so other little children will be safe from it.

In the last three years, I have thought so much about my husband's abuse and have

finally forgiven him. I hope he is at peace and looking down on us all, happy to see his daughter working so hard to end this abuse for so many children.

Bettie Eckhart
Sue's Mom

A MOTHER'S SORROW: SUE FORD

Turning the Tide

The pain and loss of family locked into the bondage of mind control is more excruciating than losing them to physical death. I miss my family more than they could ever imagine, in truth, more than I could have ever imagined. I will never be able to replace my husband, or the life I thought we were living. I just wished he had chosen to heal with me. Why didn't he? Or is it really, why couldn't he? Whatever it is or was, he didn't or couldn't, and so I have gone ahead and forged a path for freedom and sweet release for my children and myself, and have lighted a path for others if they choose. Perhaps my husband was never consciously able to know that we were programmed together and never really had a chance to comprehend who we really were independently or as a couple, but I feel sure that I knew his spirit. In truth, he was the most gentle, loving and giving man I have ever known. I know why my daughter is having so much trouble coming out of a catatonic state, because it is so painful to deal with the reality that the very ones that you love and that love you are the ones that are programmed to hurt you so much. That is the nature of the evil system that has kept so many under mind control bondage. But, the truth is that all of us were programmed by a source outside of ourselves, at birth; a time when none of us were able to change any of the horrendous circumstances we faced.

To have had this seemingly beautiful family and then to wake up to reality only to find that it wasn't beautiful, that instead our lives were interlaced with terror, abusive horrors, and atrocity; nothing was as it seemed. To wake and find that I wasn't safe, and then to retrieve the agonizing memories that led to discovering that my children were not safe, was harrowing. And then to deal with the fact that my husband, the father of my children, was programmed to drug, rape and deliver us, was as painful, if not more painful than my father doing the same to me. I find myself curled into a fetal position on the floor more nights than I care to think about, crying out in desperation and in a pain that never seems to go away, a pain that really never lessens. The pain is a great burden and yet I find that to carry it is to feel what is real. And, with that, I feel the great love and strength that has carried me this far.

Like my daughter, I want my family back. I want the love that we all thought was there. I want everyone healed. I want especially for my children to be freed and released. If I had to give my life for that, I would indeed feel that it was spent wisely. I pray daily that God will carry me to make whatever contribution I can, and that He will light the path for my children's freedom. Indeed, for the freedom of all those who suffer.

I have never felt so uncertain about the future. I have given up the hope that any of the

wrong's will be righted overnight. I never could have left, in my attempt to save my life and heal in order to get help for my family, had I known that it would have taken this many years and that my family would still not be free. Still under mind control, and not yet recovered enough to have the full memories that made the picture of our high level slavery more complete, I naively thought that I could get my children out of danger and into safety and healing much quicker. I never thought that it would take this many years to ignite public intervention and outcry - and then to have my sweet, loving, gentle daughter Kelly left in a completely dysfunctional state, and my two sons in total disbelief and unable to hear anything I have to say to point their way to safety and freedom, due to their own programming.

I will never again tell survivors that I live in peace and contentment, because I don't. I have been given the Grace of God that allows me to live in a somewhat dissociated state of mind with the painful reality of all that has happened in the background as I presently live a somewhat successful life. But it doesn't stop the pain. There are times when I want to pretend none of this is real, I want to escape into dissociation, right along with Kelly. I miss her. I miss Craig, I miss Kevin and Danny. God, I miss them all! Please God, use me in my brokenness to help others not have to hurt this much.

I must be very dangerous to the architects of this evil system and my high level controllers. For I am a woman who loves God and her family more than life itself, and will not bow down to fear. In many ways I am fearless for I have nothing left to loose. Everything precious to me has been taken away. Every bond that was sacred, has been tainted, and broken. Birth, life, marriage, children; family relationships of father, mother, brother, husband, son, daughter, all tainted and destroyed. All that was before lies in ruins. Total and complete ruins. And what remains in the future is in your hands. For I have laid down the burden. I have spent the past 14 years communicating what happened to me to as many persons possible. I am tired and spent and the future depends on humanity's decisions and actions. I pray for the release of the many. I pray for the release to be timely. I pray for the release to be gentle and full of grace, love, and ease, instead of through pain and suffering. I love God and I am grateful for His leading. I pray for strength in the face of what God has planned for my life, that I might fulfill my purpose.

Writing this manuscript has been so excruciatingly painful, that I found myself wandering the house looking for some undone chore to take me away from facing the full ramification of the experiences that bring me to this writing; somewhere, anywhere to escape to. The pain is so deep, so present, and so pervasive. My heart aches for the love lost, for the suffering endured, for the souls locked in bondage. Many nights I cry until the tears won't come any longer. Just when I feel like I couldn't possibly cry another moment, another wave of grief strikes and I hold my body, in an attempt to survive the aftermath of emotional pain. If it were not for Jesus, I could not have endured. For He has put this appointment before me. When I was a child, and the torture that often took me near death was too much to bear, Jesus sent His angels to minister to me, to gently and lovingly guide me back to my body, so I could be here now to tell you what has happened, so it can stop. And when as an adult I reached a point in my spiritual healing

that I could begin to put the terror associated with Him, created from satanic ritual abuse, aside, the Master Himself began appearing before me, leading me, guiding me, and interceding when I was totally alone and in need. Believe me, Jesus is alive today. The Great Healer can heal anything, everything, we only need to ask. And now we must join together to stop this sinister agenda so the children won't have to suffer any longer and so humanity can be assured of life free of mind control. Jesus has asked me to ask you to help. Please help me to help the others. They are so worthy and have suffered so much. More than anyone I know they deserve a gigantic measure of Christ love. Recently, as I watched the movie, Schindler's List, I could relate to his frantic desperation and hard work to rescue and save the lives of as many Jewish people as he could, finally selling his last possessions to do so. This man realized the precious value of a soul. Jesus calls us to give to those who are in need. Most victims of mind control and ritual abuse who are trying to break free, are forced to live in stark poverty and degradation; physically, emotionally and spiritually. They need safety from further abuse and shelter from the cold; they need blankets, food and clothing. They need nurturing touch and love, EEG Neurofeedback, therapy with informed clinicians, body therapies, natural healthcare, and they need skilled and compassionate people to listen to their pain in order to heal the wounds and scars from the past. Please help in whatever ways you can.

Susan Ford

"The things that are impossible with man are possible with God." -- Luke 18:27

"For with God nothing is ever impossible, and no word from God shall be without power or impossible fulfilment." -- Luke 1:37

...AND THE TRUTH SHALL SET YOU FREE!

EPILOGUE

A New Vision for the Future

What initially began as journaling in order to sort out my mind, became more of a project once I began to break free and see that there was some insane organized plan behind the mysteries of my life. The singularity of my one voice has been lonely over the years, but there were moments when the good Lord caused my path to cross with at first one, and then two, and then whole groups full of beautiful but wounded persons who had been through similar experiences. Together all of our voices, telling the same truths, have gained strength over the years. And today I am not alone in my recovery, for I have many brothers and sisters all over the globe that have recovered to inform you of much the same grim picture that I have shared with you here. I have spent the last 14 years cataloging this information, and am now able to report to you what has been going on behind the scenes so that the truth might set us all free. God only knows the full ramifications of what has occurred, but this information that I have presented to you

in the clearest manner I know how, will give you a glimpse of the plans and agenda of those who at the present time are not only pulling the purse strings, but are manipulating the very life force of the nation and ultimately of the world.

We find ourselves at a time when, in order to survive and insure that our freedoms are reinstated, we must take action. It no longer serves us as a nation and as a world to turn a deaf ear to what has occurred. These actions taken by those whose consciousness is dwarfed by the belief in power and control have, in actuality, called us to a new time of choice. We stand at the crossroads of a new era, indeed a new millenium. And now it is truly our choice as to where to go from here. Will we continue to be uninvolved, feeling that the chaos, created intentionally to confuse and disrupt, has caused our world to seem so unbalanced and turbulent that we feel we don't know how to choose, that we don't know which way to turn? Or will we see clearly through the chaos and confusion, and rise above their smokescreen attempts to hide their New World Order plan to enslave the human race, so we can create another option? We do have many choices. As a matter of fact, what these controllers have led us to is a clear view of what needs attending to anyway, in our technologically advancing world. Armed with the information of what is askew, we can now right the wrongs and clearly envision what could be. The lives of our children and future generations depend upon the choices we make at this pivotal juncture.

We can create a new world. We can create a new reality to include freedoms not yet known to this planet. We can create new institutions, new ways of ordering society with God's leading and God's guiding. Many clamor for lives filled with more time: time to rest, to enjoy nature, to spend with family and friends in simple modes of comradery, time to reflect and time to come closer to God and our higher nature. These can all be part of a new reality we create together, as God's people. But we have to realize that to make the choice to stand silent is to let those whose belief in power and control of the masses, take control in order to enslave us all. They led us to this point in time where we are nearly out of time.

God has called me to sound the wake up call as I join with others around the nation and the world who are sounding the same alarm. We must wake up and we must act. This is a call to action in order to avert the culmination of their New World Order plan. Never was there more critical time than now for standing for what we believe in, unintimidated by disconnected, unhealed beings who are bullying us around on this beautiful planet of ours, taking control where we have neglected to maintain our vigilance. The technology that has been created has been used in an evil way, causing harm and separation among and between individuals, families, groups, and from God, indeed from the higher nature of our inner being. We can continue to allow our university medical research, military, and space programs to be filled with an alternate secret agenda, or we can call into account those working within secret systems that have allowed these mind control atrocities to operate behind protected walls, as those who participate at the highest levels go unpoliced and undetected.

The Holy Spirit has shown me that once you have completed this book and the veil that

once clouded your eyes has been lifted, many will know how they are called to bring about the swift change necessary for averting the One World Government and the intended totalitarian New World Order agenda planned by our controllers. He has shown me that many will know their exact positions and will know just what part they are to play in reuniting this once strong, free nation. Indeed the vision I see is a beautiful orchestration of souls. May God bless those individuals with the courage, wisdom, insight, and love needed to set us back on course. You who are called know who you are and will remember why you've come. Let us stand as a united front to speak out and take action to protect one of the most precious gifts we each have: our minds. We must stand up to those who seek control and say, "NO MORE. THIS ABUSE MUST STOP!" It is time to cast our denial aside and take action as we are spiritually directed. For we have been called to protect the children.

Please join me in united solidarity. Let's create a safer, beautiful world where children can be born into peace, safety, and love. If we start at the beginning where life initiates and insure that doorway is clear, we will go a long way toward insuring the survival of the human race. Many are now more aware of the damage done to a baby or young child when abuse occurs. Indeed this unconscious state of the abuse of children continues to snowball as one generation takes the wounding, only to inflict it unconsciously, without knowledge or understanding, on the next generation. Let us heal these areas within us that were caused by abuse in our own childhood's, so that we do not continue to inflict those wounds on the most precious resource we have, our innocent children. Let us protect the doorway for others born to this planet, that they might discover that it is safe to be born here on earth once again. Together we can let love prevail. The past has served to clearly show us where we have gone astray. Let's begin again, by choosing a different outcome and then work together in order to create a new world.

We need the strongest, most courageous among us to stand and call into account those individuals and groups who have participated in this atrocity; their version of this 'Utopian Hell,' in order to stop this abuse of children. We need individuals to initiate laws and measures that will not only insure freedom of the mind, but other very fundamental freedoms taken for granted, that we now stand to lose. The course of our actions now will determine the future. What will we choose, fear or love?

And now as my job of exposing the deeds and plans of those who worship power and control comes to a close, I am once again redirected to my job of helping the victims heal. God has commissioned me to stand at the doorway, to accept donations in whatever way they flow to me as fiduciary for others who have been abused in similar ways and to set about busily setting up safe healing centers for victims to seek aid if they choose. The quantity and magnitude of these centers is up to you, for my job is to be there, and your job, if so called, is to help fund it. Many have been wounded and are needing our help. The Holy Spirit that guides me has shown me that the outpouring of generosity, in whatever form, can alleviate much of the suffering and help to avert even much of the earth calamities and chaos, for the outpouring of love for fellow humanity heals the mass consciousness on the planet. As we unite around the world in prayer

and action we create a very powerful vibration of love; a frequency that unlocks and heals the hearts of those who have yet to learn the awesome power of Christ love.

We stand at the crossroads to a very important time of choice, action, and giving. Instead of a One-World Government we can create a One-World Healing. Please help the young and the wounded among us who depend on our strength and courage to show them a better day. Please give what you can to insure that this abuse stops and insure the victims a means of healing. They are counting on us. Don't miss the call.

Shared with love in the celebration of Christ,

Susan Ford
Brice Taylor

To make a donation, please contact Brice Taylor at the address below:

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Some of you, after reading this book, may be left with many unanswered questions about your own relationship to the material in this book. You may wonder how you fit into this picture ...are you, too, under mind control? Let me share with you the following inspiration from a survivor of mind control who discovered that her own experiences

paralleled, even at times interwove, with those presented in this book:

A Survivor's Experience

"I, too, have a story. Some of the details are all too similar to Sue's. Much I don't yet remember. What I do know is that ten years ago, I began having memories of abuse ...first by my uncle, then my father, then floods of memories of Satanic and ritual abuse. This is where I stalled, if you will, for five years. I believed during that time that I was free from my captors, as long as I kept my distance. And I went about rebuilding a life for myself, carefully controlling my environment so that I wouldn't be triggered by "my past" any more than I could handle. I thought I was being a really good mom, and wife, and friend. And yet, I continued to be tormented by nightmares, memories, feelings of agitation, anger, rage, and depression. Deep inside of me, I knew that I wasn't free. And yet, I still believed that I was re-experiencing the past. Now what I know is that I was still involved, unconsciously triggered even to return to satanic rituals while the abuse continued and, under mind control, I was still carrying out the wishes of those attempting to bring in the "New World Order." Now I have seen what I could not see before - a "reality" that is being carried out by some misguided souls on earth at this time.

Through the help of EEG Neurofeedback, I have been able to reclaim my mind, for my own use. I am aware of what a gift it is to have the use of some of the same technology that was previously used to control me, to now set me free. I am finding that EEG Neurofeedback is helping me to integrate quickly, as I learn to stay alert and attentive and not dissociate. I am also learning to keep myself safe by discovering the ways that others have been able to "access" me through programming.

I would say that the major focus of these past five years has been strengthening my connection to God and learning to discern the different voices, or promptings, from within. How do I decide what to trust? Who or what is worthy of my trust? The key for me has been prayer. When I haven't known what to believe in, I have prayed to know. I have learned to trust that there is a God ...a Power greater than any that humans can wield on this planet. And so, I go directly to that Source. Those prayers continue to bring me the healing and the safety that I seek. Please join me and the many others who are committed to living our true purpose, and loving ourselves and each other into freedom."

-- A Ritual Abuse and Mind Control Survivor

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Appendix

1 James Joyce, Finnigan's Wake, 1938

2 Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD): Current American Psychiatric Association listing in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual IV is Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID). Interview with Kathleen Sullivan

Wayne Morris:

I am speaking with Kathleen Sullivan from Tennessee, a survivor of mind control. Thanks very much for joining us on this radio series, Kathleen.

Kathleen Sullivan:

Thanks for inviting me.

Wayne Morris:

How did you become aware that you were being used, or under the influence of, mind control?

Kathleen Sullivan:

I first started realizing that I did not have a lot of memories from my childhood and from my adult years, and I did not have an awareness of most of my emotions back in the summer of 1989 when I went to a place called Crossroads in Chatanooga. It was a co-dependency treatment program that I entered because my daughter had been arrested for some serious charges. They wanted me to get some extra help because they figured it was probably family/generational and I started remembering that I had been sexually abused by my father at home, as had several other siblings, and I went home and started telling the authorities and was preparing to testify against him. I started realizing that he was not the man I thought he was ... that I had a real fantasy about who he was as my father. When that started to break, I started to have a lot of abreactions ... physical memories paired with the emotional memories of having been tortured by him at home. And also used in voyeurism type sexual acts with him as a child.

He was suicided in January, 1990. I was made to watch. When that happened, I totally shut down inside and became very robotic, very out of touch with my emotions, and I entered a hospital in Atlanta in a treatment program there. They called it "Intensive

Experiential Track" which was a more legal name as far as insurance companies go for co-dependency treatment again. I started having more memories of other types of trauma I had been there. Got out of that, and then I started having ritual abuse memories. I am finding that this is usually a normal process. You will remember the sexual abuse first, then the ritual abuse, then the other stuff finally comes up.

I went in another hospital in the summer of 1991 out in Dallas and that's where I finally began to accept what I was beginning to remember ... that I had been programmed by the U.S. government to be used to be an assassin, as well as to do some other jobs for them. It was a very difficult time for me because I was absolutely terrified that as I remembered I was going to be killed. I was having a problem in the hospital with being homicidal towards the people there ... nurses and staff. It was a real interesting couple of months for all of us I think. I started learning that I had many many alter personalities and fragments of my original personality. Each one had a name, or a code number, or a code name. I have been working at it ever since. It has been a real interesting experience so far.

Wayne Morris:

Did something trigger the memories initially, did they start coming before your father had died?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Yeah they did. I think that being in Crossroads, where I was physically safe, probably for the first time in my life. At that place I was not even allowed to accept phone calls or cards from relatives. When they do that kind of codependency treatment they want the patients to focus solely on their own stuff inside, and not be taken away mentally or emotionally from the recovery work they were doing. It was an emotionally important month for me there. Nobody put it in my head, in fact, I kept telling the staff there that my dad was a wonderful man, that he was like Norman Rockwell, if you can imagine one of those pictures. They kept asking, "why are you so shut down emotionally?" We had explored that maybe it was alcoholism in my family - no. I had no memory of sexual abuse. I was trying to figure out what was causing this in me. One time I went to see a Batman movie on a pass from the hospital, with a group from the unit. That movie, for some reason, started it. I came back to the unit and I was hysterical, I could not stop crying, I had a major headache which I also learned since then meant that alter personalities were starting to come out.

I had this need inside to run away and hide where no one could find me. It was a real tough time, but I was starting to open up there. I had also had a falling-out with my father previous to that, which was a first for me. My daughter had been arrested, and I think he was trying to cover his tracks to make it look like she was crazy or whatever ... I was also breaking his control of me at the same time. By being willing to testify against him, that was breaking his control even further. When he was killed, that broke it the rest of the way.

Wayne Morris:

When you were testifying against your father, this was strictly for the sexual abuse?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Right. He had three children from his second marriage and one of them came forward. We had never talked about that, even now. What I had remembered independently about Dad doing to me and my other siblings in a bathroom when I was a child was identical to what Dad did to this half sibling and a younger half sibling about 30 years later. It was pretty amazing how he was still using the same techniques. That was the beginning of breaking free and remembering for me. Before he died, I was having flashbacks twenty four hours a day it seemed, during my dreams and during my waking state. Fortunately I had two therapists working with me who taught me to journal everything. I have been journalling ever since, and it has been a big help.

Wayne Morris:

When you were receiving these memories, how did they come back? In different senses, or how did your memories come back to you?

Kathleen Sullivan:

A lot of times I might hear a sound that wasn't in the room and I recognized that because it wasn't in the room, that it was a sound memory starting to come up, or that part of a memory. Sometimes I would hear somebody talking to me ... my father or the voice of another person that a lot of times I could recognize from my childhood. Sometimes it would be a certain smell. Or I would be eating and all of a sudden the food looked extremely unappetizing. I had a lot of physical memories of being raped when nothing was happening physically at the current time, it was all body memory. I had a lot of visual memory and then I started having some recurring dreams. When I started writing them, and allowed myself to explore that part of what was coming up in my mind ... I would spend hours and hours ... sometimes half a day just sitting there and writing them up, and reliving them as I wrote, and believe me, that was not fun either. Even now, I can look back on a lot of that stuff, and go "wow" "yeah, this really did happen". It's been amazing.

Wayne Morris:

What you are saying is that your father basically was carrying out trauma-based conditioning on you ... at what point did you become aware that this was being done for the purpose of mind control?

Kathleen Sullivan:

That again was in the summer of 1991. It wasn't until I remembered the government connection and remembered that I had been used as an assassin. I am fortunate on this in a way, because the memories came up and alter personalities came out before I was able to find information about these types of activities. I was feeling crazy when that stuff came out. I wanted to believe that I had made it all up, but I thought "omigosh if I made it all up", even subconsciously, then I am really crazy. It was a very difficult time. I went back and forth in denial a lot. When the information kept coming up, and the alter personalities kept coming out very consistently, I realized I couldn't keep denying it. If something that serious had been done to me and I had been used to do it, then I was in danger presently and the more I could accept this stuff, and accept the alter personalities and fuse with them, the better I would be aware of what was going on around me now.

Wayne Morris:

How did you go about verifying your memories at the time you started remembering government involvement, and being used?

Kathleen Sullivan:

It was very hard. What I tried to do was find information where this had been done to people before. At the time the information was extremely limited. I just came across John Marks' Manchurian Candidate - that helped a little bit. I was able to get hold of a xerox copy of Walter Bowart's original [Operation] Mind Control and there was a chapter in there about a woman - I believe her code name was Candy [Candy Jones] - it showed how she had been used to do a lot of the same things, even at a place I remembered - it was called The Farm. It may have been at Camp Peary. I have not bothered trying to go there to identify it visually. A lot of the same techniques I had been remembering she had mentioned being used on her. One of the things she mentioned was cyanide with lipstick. I had been remembering using a little container of vaseline with a biochemical substance on it and then poking or scratching someone with a pin with it. There were enough similarities that I started to feel sane.

At the time I also was very desperate. I started reading a book called The Man Who Knew Too Much by Richard Russell, and I wrote to him, and just shared a little bit of my story. He did acknowledge that from his understanding, this stuff was still going on, and "hang in there". So I did a lot of hanging in there ... Back in 1991 I had remembered five main systems of programming that had been used on me. It came out totally spontaneously. A psychiatrist at the hospital in Dallas simply asked each of the patients in the group, "...we want you write down maps of your system" and I just sat down, and it just came out on paper -- Alpha, Beta, Delta, Theta and Omicron. No one bothered to explain what all that was. I didn't know any other patients there at the time who wrote that specific information down. I went ahead and explored what this meant in alter states, and a lot of it was pure visualization that had been externally put in my mind through hypnosis and through other means. Not understanding what any of this meant, except for what little I could remember at the time, I just kept journaling and

documenting it as best as I could.

Back in 1993 I had written to Daniel Ryder who wrote Breaking the Circle of Satanic Abuse and he had mentioned something in there about government mind control, so I wrote him a letter and said "I have these systems of programming and it looks like I have been used as an assassin and some other things". I just needed to know that other people had heard of this so I could feel relatively sane.

Wayne Morris:

When you say "systems of programming", what do you mean by that, and maybe you could explain what each of these are?

Kathleen Sullivan:

(Laughs) I am not claiming that I understand all of this myself ... I think only a programmer can really understand it all. What they did ... and I might add that my father was my primary programmer from my childhood on. He was a sociopath because of some horrible things he went through in his own childhood that I have found out about ... he had no conscience at all about anything he did. He was also a pedophile who preferred sex with children. I got hit on that pretty hard too. He was an engineer for AT&T, formerly Western Electric and he was an absolute genius in what he did for them. He worked a lot with blueprints, he was very scientifically minded, and I think that probably was his self esteem right there. He loved puzzles, games, and he loved seeing how many alter states he could create in one individual. He used me and he told me a number of times that he was God to me ... and while I really believed it ... and he told me I was his guinea pig and I really believe that ... and that I was his prototype because as many as he could create in me successfully, and document each part of me that he broke off and gave a code name to ... that would make him look even better to the CIA who he was working for.

Wayne Morris:

How would he go about creating ...

Kathleen Sullivan:

There were a number of ways that he did it. He was a true sadist. He even wrote a paper once on Marquis de Sade and I found it several years after he died, and I went "uh, huh. this figures". I guess because of the pain that he had inside that he hadn't dealt with ... and it was extreme. I could see it sometimes, he would dissociate. He liked to inflict pain on others and he would sometimes use electrical wires because he was an electrical and chemical engineer. I still have a problem most of all with electricity. I cannot stand being near bare wires, it drives me nuts. Even if the electricity is turned off, you can't convince me it is turned off. He used sleep deprivation, held food back. Used rituals extensively. He headed up a small covert satanic cult in Reading, Pennsylvania.

A small group but they brought a lot of kids in for rituals and orgies ... that right there did serious stuff to my head. I was made to participate in ritual sacrifices from the time I was four years old. I am realizing, and I think it is important for people to realize that a lot of the stuff may not just be ritual abuse. It may actually be training and conditioning for some people to be used later on for ops. Later on the implements that were used in those ritual sacrifices I was able to use in assassinations with absolutely no problem whatsoever. The things I saw in the rituals ... anyone working in an emergency room will know what I am talking about ... also helped me to desensitize later on when I was involved in assassinations. The desensitization I think is very important. But what he did was kept a real close eye on me, as much as he could, either in the rituals or at home where he was doing a lot of the torture to me. What he did was, he would use the main part of me that was known as Kathy at the time be out and present consciously and in control of the body, then he would traumatize that main part of me, the original part of me, so that part simply could not bear the pain or the horror any more. That part would simply go to sleep ... I guess that would be self hypnosis, and would totally black out amnesically. Then he would do something else to me to where I had to come back but I couldn't bear it as Kathy. He would split off a part and then he would give that part a name and just really mess with each part's head, if that makes sense ... it's really all one head. So what did was when parts of me split off and had no memory of the Kathy part of me ... those other parts were what he called A Clean Slate ... in other words, they had no memory so in other words he could make them believe anything he wanted them to. He called it imprinting because it was whatever beliefs he chose for those parts that's what he would imprint them with -- emotionally and mentally. he did it to a lot of other children. I was not the only one.

One of his specialties was splitting off children's psyches and doing what he called "base programming" which was assigning their names and such and other people would do more specific programming to them later. He chose to do other more specific programming with me as well just to show what he could do.

Wayne Morris:

This base programming is a result of being exposed to trauma to cause dissociation?

Kathleen Sullivan:

There are many ways it can happen. The Beta system of me ... some people will just have one part that is named Beta ... I need to add that there are a lot of mind control survivors who do not have this particular programming. They have other types of programs because other people were trying other experimental techniques and trying to create other types of alter personalities and programs. My Dad was specializing in this area.

Wayne Morris:

Your Dad must have learned these techniques from somewhere. Where do you think he

was taught ... or it sounds like also your father was a victim of abuse or perhaps mind control as well.

Kathleen Sullivan:

I believe he was. I am going to have be kind of general on some of this because there are some things I am not really safe talking about yet and I will say as much as I can comfortably. On the other side of my family there are some white Russian connections. These are people who are extremely anti-communist. They were involved in some of this in a more primitive way. One of the older male relatives would torture my Dad by applying electricity to the many fillings in his teeth. That person had a great influence on what happened to me, my Dad, my entire family. That person is unfortunately still alive, or I would name him. He seemed to have ... he told me that he had OSS connections and had been with the OSS during WWII. He seemed to have a lot of connections to politicians in D.C. as well, and to another person who I wish I could name, initials HK, who I learned had actually been involved in bringing over a lot of the Nazi criminal scientists from Germany at the end of WWII and later on. My Dad told me that he, my father, had been used as an interpreter with some of the scientists who were brought over by the army and air force back then and OSS which then became CIA. I thought about this, why my Dad became so influenced by those people, if that is true. I finally realized something a couple of weeks ago. My Dad had a strong German background. He was growing up in an era when to be a German was just a filthy thing, because Germans were considered the enemy. His mother would play German radio stations at night, but I can see where he had a very difficult time because he already had low self esteem, severely so. I can see now why he might have gotten emotionally close to some of these people if he did interpret for them. He spent a lot of time at different air force bases in at least a four year period in the air force. Quite a few bases, it was surprising how many.

Later on he spent a lot of time around people who were, some people call them neo-nazis, or aryan ... people who were involved with aryan-type organizations, activism and such. It looks like somebody sort of woke up that part of his sense of having a self-purpose, being important, being special. He became pretty obsessed with satanic belief systems. He and some other men who he was close to called themselves Knights Templar. As far as I know Dad was never in the Masons although most of the other people were pretty high level. Their meaning for Knights Templar was "germanic assassin". As a female, since they were total chauvinists, I was not considered a Knight Assassin, but they would call me a Daughter of Knight Templar. There is something there.

He also went to Albright College which is right outside Reading, Pennsylvania and graduated from there before he started working for Western Electric, and they had a strong German group there too ... he was in German clubs and such. I am not sure where all the influences came from but they were pretty strong and I figure it gave him an identity which he was pretty needy for.

Wayne Morris:

As you are probably aware, there is quite a debate in the public about the recovered memories versus the false memories. In your experience, how did you feel that a memory was real or not, and what kind of problems are associated with the memory in terms of trying to figure out exactly what happened to you?

Kathleen Sullivan:

For me it was, and still is, very hard work. One of the things I learned very fast as I was remembering was that it looks like every single time, without fail, whenever I completed an op, especially overseas ones which I did for the CIA and another organization as well. When I came back I would be debriefed and immediately what they would start doing what I call "screen memories and scrambles." They can be two different things. Screen memories are where they put an entire separate memory in the mind so that when you start remembering you will hit the screen memory first. It is an actual memory in that it did happen, but not physically. What it usually was for me was they would put me in a room where there was a movie projector or later on they used virtual reality which made it even worse because there was more of a sense of it being real. Sometimes they would drug me, sometimes one of my handlers would sit there talking to me, and narrating and hypnotizing me as I was watching a movie. A lot of times they tried to pick out movies that had some similarities to what I had just experienced. And I am assuming this means they were preparing in advance. Other times they would use horror movies that I had never seen before, they were that bad. We're talking x-rated sometimes. So, I would hit those movie memories and it would be, "what in the heck is this?" - this makes no sense whatsoever. I would feel really crazy, and I would go okay, I remember that there was a man sitting to the right of me, I remember I was sitting in a seat, I was looking up at a screen, "aha, this is a movie" and then I would write down the entire memory (who was near me etc.). from there I could backtrack or I could forward from that point.

Scrambles were more where I would be with a group of people, or with a handler, and they would put me under hypnosis and make me see something out of the whole thing that was real -- they would make me see one thing that absolutely was not real. One friend of mine would see a kangaroo in a guard shack ... obviously it was not a kangaroo. That's the kind of things they would do. They also did what my Dad really liked, because it involved all the tactile sensations which made the false memories seem even more real ... what he called "acted-out" scenarios. That is where they would go ahead and take the victim to a location where they would have people scripted just like they were acting on t.v. or something and make the person think that situation actually happened. Sometimes they would even bring in a well-known Hollywood actor here and there, pay them pretty well. I think some of them are probably blackmailed, and I think some of them are also victims themselves. So when a person would remember that stuff, that also would make them feel real crazy to actually remember absolutely an actor that was on t.v.

The other thing they would do as far as screen memories was a lot of times, after all that was done, and they were transporting me back home ... a lot of times it was through Dobbins Air Force Base ... they would transport me to a place in Cobb County which was where the main cult was that my Dad was connected to near the end, and make me participate in a ritual after everything else. Here I would have to work through a legit ritual memory, then I would have to work through a screen or scramble, then I might be looking to get to the real memory. Fortunately for me, they were pretty predictable but it took me several years to realize what was happening and why the memories were coming up this way.

In that way I do think there is a legitimacy to what people talk about false memories, but I do not think of it as people making it up consciously or subconsciously. I consider it to be externally induced false memories. I was talking to someone the other day and one of the reasons the McMartin case was thrown out was because the kids had mentioned that they were raped by Santa Claus. It was a man dressed up like Santa Claus. They were telling the truth. But the jury I believe found them not credible because of that. Kids in Cobb County have shared that they had been used in bestiality with lions. That one was real. But people could not believe that happened and therefore the kids were considered not credible.

... sometimes they would actually bring in things that are real, that are legit, but it is so beyond what people can comprehend that humans can do to humans ... that they are considered incredible.

Wayne Morris:

So do you feel it was purposely done that way to discredit the survivors?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Absolutely. And to make them feel insane, and to feel hopeless. If your memories aren't real but they keep coming up, it's enough to make you want to die. It really is a lot of times and that's very scary.

Wayne Morris:

Do you feel that some of the memories of the ritual abuse may have been staged in your experience?

Kathleen Sullivan:

I wish. Unfortunately I have witnesses, now most of them are children, and they are not about to talk because they are trying to get on with their own lives too. But unfortunately my Dad and this other leader in Cobb County later on were very sadistic. They seemed to enjoy doing what they did, so unfortunately here it was real. I also have communicated with other survivors who, when they sat down and did like I did and kind

of looked around in their memory, they were shown films of rituals. So what I am beginning to realize is probably a lot of the real rituals are filmed, and then the films are used on some victims as ritual abuse memories that are mostly films. So I think there are both.

Wayne Morris:

So, when you said it was becoming predictable in the sense of -- was there a pattern as to how they had traumatized you in terms of programming?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Goodness yes. The other thing that they would do was -- let's just say there were some handlers who didn't feel comfortable working with me because I had Delta programming, which was "kill" programming. I think they got afraid sometimes, so a lot of times they would apply a stun gun to my body. What that does is wipe out about 20 minutes of memory if it's held to the muscle long enough. That would also wipe out part of a transportation memory, or coming out of a building, getting into a vehicle, something like that. That actually was pretty predictable too. I had a police officer in Atlanta look at my arms one time, and I didn't even tell him what I was looking for, and he saw that I had marks all over. I had already seen them, and I figured what they were, but it was kind of still upsetting to hear a verification from an officer.

Wayne Morris:

How did that help you, in terms of your recovery, to have that pattern there in terms of your conditioning?

Kathleen Sullivan:

It helped me feel sane. And it helped me to realize that these people are not gods ... that they are limited in their creativity ... that they had to go by patterns, I am realizing, because they had to do a lot of the same things in order to keep things smooth, keep it efficient, not waste a whole lot of time. I want to mention one more thing. There is something else that happened. There is a theatre in B.C. that is actually called "Janus". I had received information, although I cannot personally verify it, I have pictures of the theatre too ... that it is CIA owned. If that's true, then that may be one of the theatres I was taken to. The investigator I talked to said it seemed like it was hardly ever used, and yet the taxes were being paid, it's an odd place. There was a team of operatives who would do something code-named CYBERTRON. They would show a movie and they would have us just scream and yell and everything at the characters on the big movie screen. What that did was help our emotions to diffuse, so that when we went back home, we had gotten it all out in the movie theatre, so they did that. Sometimes it was group screen memories that they did -- and it still worked. It was amazing.

Wayne Morris:

What kind of covers do you think the perpetrators of mind control have used to cover their tracks?

Kathleen Sullivan:

There is one man who used to re-program me in Atlanta. He would actually dress up in female costumes sometimes with a wig, and dresses, and the whole nine yards. I knew a number of men who would actually dress in female outfits, with wigs and such. It was silly how they did that because they didn't look like right and it wasn't too hard to figure, and you would remember the same face and think "I can't believe he did that". People probably thought they were drag queens or something. The other big problem I ran into was that most of these people used aliases, religiously. Very few of them didn't, only the ones who were very high level, very well known, did not. I guess they were hoping that people would never believe that they had been involved in this stuff and it would make them look like a Paula Jones, you know ... "we're just lying to get money" whatever.

Wayne Morris:

So, you are talking about public figures?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Right. Believe me, I am for Paula Jones. I think they were just banking on, first of all, some of us would die through suicide programming especially, or just give up, or go back to the cult ... I don't think they expected this many of us to be recovering and waking up and getting angry.

Wayne Morris:

When you were going through your healing process in your recovery, what resources of therapy were available to you and what did you seek out at that time?

Kathleen Sullivan:

It was awfully limited. This is one thing I wish would come back into vogue, although I know some survivors went to co-dependent treatment centres and got re-programmed at them ... some ... There are always going to be places that are kind of scuzzy compared to good ones. But the one I went to was excellent because it had helped me so many times to know that when my body was responding a certain way, now I know what I am feeling, and I know what to do with the energy of those feelings. That is incredibly important because as an assassin, they compartmentalized my rage from my childhood, and I have had tremendous rage come out. I have had to do a lot of anger work, which also is very helpful. But knowing in advance what is coming up in me, helps me to be safer and for those who around me to be a lot safer, because then I know what to do with that emotion. So I think that is the first thing that I wish all survivors could

learn, although unfortunately most of them do not.

I went to one hospital (which unfortunately may not have great connections any more) in Denver - not Columbine - and worked with a doctor there who had lost family in concentration camps during WWII. He was aware of the atrocities that humans will do to humans, if they think they can get away with it and if they are very wounded in their own selves. That was very helpful to me because when I talked to that doctor, he did not go in denial. The biggest help I have had is talking to people who do not go in denial about this stuff and who are -- not willing to "believe" -- but understand that things can really get this bad between humans.

That was also where I first found out -- although I kind of knew before and I had been kind of hinting around to people that I thought I had alter personalities -- that's where I got it confirmed. It was a real safe place for me because I was able to let little child alter personalities come out, walking around with a teddy bear in a robe, you know ... that was very important because once child alter personalities come out, they come out the way they went under and I can't expect them to act my physical age and it just does not work. There was one person that I did work with for a year and a half on some de-programming techniques, unfortunately that does not seem to be a helping situation any more, but that did give me some good clues on what to look for inside as far as when memories start coming up. As far as verification, I had to do that work on my own. I have files and files on the different people that I remember that I have been able to identify and get information on ... just tracking their personalities and seeing if it fits what I remember, and I am really delighted when one of them acts out in public the way I remember, because I go, "uh huh, here we go ..."

Wayne Morris:

Was that one person the only person you worked with who had knowledge of mind control programming?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Unfortunately, yes. Another thing that really has helped me, although I am not active with it anymore, there is a deprogramming group on the internet ... excellent excellent group. They have had their roller coaster times. New people come on and it takes a while sometimes, because people are not exactly taught social graces and they have to learn that. That's part of the recovery process. It has been an outstanding group and not just anyone can be on it, you have to be legit and really be wanting to work at it, but the internet has been real helpful to me because I have been able to write back and forth with other MKULTRA survivors and they have been such a tremendous support, especially in helping me to accept myself. Now I have had a problem with several therapists who were not able to help me with that because they were struggling with all of this. But when you are talking to people who have already been there, they know it's real ... you don't have to deal with that issue with them, and ... like, when I remembered I was used as an assassin, I hated myself for so long, and I was so down on myself,

and I thought surely everyone else would hate me too. And they gradually helped me to understand that no, it's not my fault, and that probably saved my life too.

Wayne Morris:

Do you think that situation is changing more now, in terms of therapists becoming more aware of mind control and adjusting their therapy techniques accordingly.

Kathleen Sullivan:

Absolutely. I do not think there are nearly enough therapists who are willing to work with these types of survivors, and are willing to learn the right techniques which are now available. We really desperately need more therapists who will do this. The few I know of who are aware, and do know how to use the right techniques, and just to listen a lot of times ... without shutting a person down and making them feel like it wasn't real. That alone can throw a person into suicide very quickly. I think it is going to get better, but it's going to take a while, but it's a whole lot better already than it was when I started out. I had literally nobody that understood this stuff starting out, and that was horrible, just horrible. It's one reason why I do go public as much as I do ... I try to get information out to survivors about how to deal with some of this stuff so they won't have to go through the heartaches I did and the tough times I did, as severely. I mean they are still going to have to but not to that extent ...

Wayne Morris:

How do you feel that groups like the FMSF affect resources available for survivors of mind control?

Kathleen Sullivan:

(Laughs) That's a real sore subject to me. I have no doubt that there are some people connected with the FMSF who mean well, who really do not understand yet what is going on, and who some of their associates are ... even on the Board. I do think it is detrimental, because it seems like all the best therapists, all the ones who are willing to help people self accept especially, are being shot down, one after the other ... either through harassment, lawsuits ... just being dragged over the coals by the media. I think it is vicious, absolutely uncalled for, but again, I am sure there are some people in that organization who really do not know what this is all about. My concern is that several people who are involved strongly with the FMSF -- in fact I just recently heard from an investigator that Jolyon West is joining -- I think, and it's a personal opinion -- I think the main reason these people are joining is because their backs are to the wall -- because some of these people were involved in MK experimentation on children and others, and they are fighting to keep us from being able to testify against them personally. Again, that's my personal opinion, but it is a very strong one. I think if more people understood what the motivations are for some of these groups, they would put some space between themselves and the group.

Wayne Morris:

People like Martin Orne and Louis Jolyon-West are well-documented as being involved in MKULTRA and other mind control experimental programs. I would like to talk in a general sense of what other kinds of methods were used to condition you or to reinforce your conditioning. How was electricity used?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Electricity is very powerful ... the problem with electricity for me, that and drugs both, and kind of hypnosis in there too ... is that it gets beyond conscious barriers. There were certain things that could be done to me, like torture, regular torture, on a certain part of the body that I could mentally block out and maybe let it hit a part of my brain, but I don't understand the physical way this is all done, I just know this is how I did it. I would protect part of my mind from it influencing the rest of my mind. Electricity hits the brain, and there is no way to protect the brain from it because it's hitting that part of the body as well. There is no defence I know of against electricity, especially electroshock "therapy" -- I hate the word "therapy" connected to that. I know in some cases it is very important -- I have seen people who were so bad in depression that if they had not had ECT, they would have died, for sure. To call it "therapy" for people like us, is absolutely uncalled for. I don't know what you would call it. But electroshock to the head is a very powerful way to break me down in every way.

Stun guns - I was absolutely terrified of electricity because it was extremely painful - but for me - all someone would have to do is hold a stun gun out like they were going to do it - maybe push the button and let the little electrical arc go between the prongs - and I would do anything they said. I was just that terrified.

There were several other ways they did it. They had a choker type thing - I don't know what you would call it - but it was around my neck - they had a little box - I guess it was battery operated and remote controlled, and they could shock my throat. In fact I had to break through a lot of that in the past couple of weeks just to do this interview because they conditioned me to believe they owned my throat and my vocal cords.

Another thing they did that was extremely painful, and I still have a lot of painful body memories is that they would put a thick belt around my waist and they would have the box on my back, and by remote control they would shock the lower spine. Believe me, that will put you on the floor real quick, crawling, and begging that they stop, and you do whatever they say. That's why I say electricity was one of the worst.

But drugs are also -- they had one particular drug, and it is connected with curare somehow -- it has kind of the same name -- I can't remember it right offhand. When they gave me that drug, I could still think pretty much, I could see, I could hear, but I could not move my body at all. They would induce such a sense of helplessness that again, it was absolutely terrifying knowing that if somebody did something to me, I could not

even lift my hand to defend myself. That drug, especially, unfortunately worked pretty well on me too.

Wayne Morris:

How was hypnosis used, to your awareness?

Kathleen Sullivan:

I was extremely susceptible to hypnosis, because I already preferred to go in an alter state rather than face the reality going on around me. It was already very easy for me to -- going into another alter state sometimes for me was self-hypnosis. I didn't know what it was, I just did it. I was already so prone to that -- when somebody else did it, especially using Eriksonian techniques -- I have had confirmation from a therapist that it is probably the most powerful and effective form of hypnosis that an MK operative can use. I could sit there and if someone was talking to me, and if they knew certain codes that were used on me previously, they could be talking to me, and I could see the person's mouth move, and I knew the person was talking to me but I could not hear the person's words because the words were hitting another part of my personality that I was still amnesic to. That part of my personality would get orders and I would not even know what the orders were. The Eriksonian stuff is very powerful.

Wayne Morris:

It just goes through to the subconscious ...

Kathleen Sullivan:

Somebody will be talking to me in a very smooth tone, never raise their voice, put me in a hypnotic state to where I would see whatever they wanted to me to see at the moment.

Wayne Morris:

Did you feel you were more prone to going into a hypnotic state because of your trauma conditioning?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Absolutely. It is something I worked very hard on. I have done EEG biofeedback also which is pretty triggering if you have been hooked to those types of monitors before. It really did help me a lot to learn how to control my trancing-out. It has been wonderful that way.

Wayne Morris:

How does that work in terms of helping you heal?

Kathleen Sullivan:

The person that I worked with specializes in that now, and what she did was she would attach little clips, one to each of my earlobes. There was no electrical current. She would use some kind of glue to attach little tiny wires to different parts of my head -- over the back part of my skull is where most of my Delta brainwaves are centred. The top part of my skull is where the Beta brainwaves are -- which is another reason why they used those Greek letters because of the actual brainwaves they were able to activate in different parts of the brain.

Wayne Morris:

They were utilizing those different parts of the brain with the different systems of programming ...

Kathleen Sullivan:

Yes. I was really shocked when I found that out. Paul Devereaux, who I believe is connected to Stanford, wrote a book "Earthmind". A person I didn't know handed me that book at a conference once, and walked away. I went through that and it has some excellent explanations about how all this works. I am really surprised he wrote it. It's a really good book to find and read. Be aware it does have an awful lot of triggers in it too.

Wayne Morris:

Maybe we could talk at this point about those different systems of programming you mentioned, the Alpha, Beta ... and what they signified, what they involved.

Kathleen Sullivan:

Okay. When I wrote Daniel Ryder about this, he got my letter just as he had come back from a conference where I believe Corydon Hammond had presented this information -- so the information Daniel Ryder got in the letter from me was a verification of what Dr. Hammond had shared at the conference. That ended up being a validation for me when he told me Dr. Hammond had mentioned it at the conference. So it was really neat -- it verified two different ways. I have read an article by a man named Mark Phillips in a patriot newsletter from Florida called "Outpost to Freedom" -- most of what he wrote in there is pretty accurate about the different kinds of programming. I would rather say what I have personally experienced with it.

Alpha for me was what I call my most basic program, and Dad called it that too. That was the program and the brainwave activated that kind of started all the programming. It's where he would get to me first before he started activating any other parts.

Beta for me -- another word that they used a lot, a code name, was "Barbie". Let's just say one person who is a politician heavily involved in this stuff, had even told me that Klaus Barbie was the one who originated that name which later became Beta. What that involved was that all the personalities who were used for what I knew as "sexual servicing" of other individuals -- I was used both as a child and as an adult in those alter states, and I had more than one. In those alter states I would not resist, I had no anger, I was an absolute sexual slave and I would do whatever I was told to do. I also was not able to respond sexually, not to the same degree as I would normally, in a normal conscious state.

Delta, for me, had a lot of military connections. I was used pretty extensively in a Delta state with military personnel or under the orders of military personnel. In that state I was absolutely, completely loyal to whoever my "superior" was. They had a number of sub-codes that would activate different parts of that Delta system.

This is a trigger though, so if anyone is reading or listening and they have Delta programming, please be aware of this.

It was simply Delta 1,2,3. There were different ways they used numbers attached to that word. In that alter state, if they told me to kill somebody in the room, I would do that. I had absolute obedience to that person who was in charge. In that state, I did not think. I had a lot of amnesia to where I was dependent on that person, pretty much for my survival, and I knew it, and I was used to it.

Theta was more into the psychic -- and I don't really like the word "psychic" by the way. I think it is mis-used or gives the wrong connotation to a lot of this. It's where they use mental energy, energy from the brain, to do a number of things that some people would call psychic. Mark Phillips had mentioned that some Thetas were called psychic killers, but then he said the experiments didn't work. Yes they did. Somebody gave him some misinformation on that. They definitely did. A lot of times I ran across other victims with Theta programming -- but one of the movie and book themes they used extensively for me with Theta training was "Dune" by Herbert I believe. If you ever watch the movie or read the book, it won't be too hard to figure because what they taught us was that we could cause things to happen to other people. It was to build up rage inside -- it would come out in the form of pure energy because we would not allow the rage to be in the forefront, we would just use pure thought against another person.

Wayne Morris:

So, you wouldn't have a physical manifestation of the rage, it would be a mental "attack"
...

Kathleen Sullivan:

It would be an energy that would hit them, yes. They had talked about people imploding internally in their digestive organs and stuff. I don't know because I can't see what goes

on inside another body and I do know that it does work, because one time after I started remembering this stuff I went to a grocery store and a woman whom I recognized and felt threatened by -- I did it, and before I realized what I was doing -- she ended up on the floor, in a coma. This is really gross. I had a serious emotional meltdown and went and prayed for her in the bathroom, and I felt so horrible. Eventually I realized that if this is something in me, I have got to learn to take responsibility and control of it, mostly by getting my rage out, and doing a lot of anger work. I don't do that anymore.

There are some rather good things they did with this Theta stuff too. Some people are involved in remote viewing, and I don't know if it worked because they didn't tell me the results. There were times I seemed to be able to see people in other locations and what they were doing, what the furniture looked like and such. For me a lot of times, even consciously, this stuff would happen if a friend was involved in a hazardous situation or something and I was notified. I could actually see where the person was and what was happening, and I would use it to pray for the person. I also was, as far as I know, and I don't really like to get into this one now, but I was also used to do hands-on healing. It was quite an experience when there is an energy transfer from one body into another, when you can feel that flow.

There is a cult, I call it a cult anyway, The Church of the Living Word, that I was a member of back in the mid 70's where they practiced this a lot. A whole lot. It was a charismatic type cult. I was also in a lot of Pentecostal type churches where they seemed to do a lot of this stuff. It kind of kept it going in me, kept it active and I learned a lot from it. My problem with the Theta stuff is simply that it is very abusive of other people's boundaries.

[Next episode]

Wayne Morris:

Good morning. You have tuned into The International Connection once again. We are coming into the home stretch for the mind control in Canada and the U.S. radio series. This will be continuing until the end of December, 1997 and today we are airing Part 2 of an interview with Kathleen Sullivan, a survivor of U.S. government mind control. Kathleen is alleging that the CIA, NASA and the Mafia used her in assassination operations, espionage, criminal acts and for bodyguarding services. Kathleen also alleges that George Bush and Henry Kissinger were two among others that used and abused her. In this interview we talk about the code names of operations and mind control projects, and what they were about. And now, Kathleen Sullivan.

Kathleen Sullivan:

If someone asked me to lay hands on them for healing, I would consider doing it. But I would let them know I needed to know they were comfortable with it, that they really wanted it. I don't like doing it much anymore because it just kind of spooks me too much.

Wayne Morris:

There has been a fair amount of information coming out about the Soviets' research into these kinds of areas, along with the United States, at Stanford University, in terms of remote viewing. Do you remember how it felt, in terms of using this kind of technology? Did it feel like you were having an out-of-body experience?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Absolutely. It is really rather fascinating. One of the things I have been finding out (in little bits and pieces I heard from those people) is that one reason survivors of child abuse and/or survivors who had generational abilities to do this kind of stuff ... I had a Swedish grandmother who was a healer in that area. She did what she called "pain drawing". I haven't got any confirmation that it was called by the Swedes, but that's what she told me it was when I was a little girl. I would be tortured and then she would come to me and put her hands on me, and literally draw the pain energy into her own body. It was the darndest thing. She actually taught me how to do that.

Wayne Morris:

It seems very unfortunate, that with a lot of this kind of mind control, using the mental energies and the energies within ourselves, within our minds and brains, that it can be used for such positive things, but it has been used a lot in very destructive ways ...

Kathleen Sullivan:

It's like anything else. It can be used for good or bad. I always think about the atomic bomb when I think about that. Splitting the atom can be used wonderfully, but these people used it to kill others. The thing I am running across right now, talking to other survivors about, the Theta stuff, is that a lot of people have not been comfortable talking about it because the public is being told it didn't work, such experiments were shut down because they didn't work, etc. and yet they really did. What I am figuring is that certain elements of our government, and the Canadian government for sure, want to keep it to themselves basically.

Wayne Morris:

As a secret weapon ...

Kathleen Sullivan:

What I was taught and I will say this much ... James Jesus Angleton, who was the Director of Operations for the CIA when I was a little girl ... he was one of the people who taught me a lot about this stuff. One of the things he taught me is that anyone can do this. Although people who have a generational tendency and raised up to believe

that yes, this can happen, so they don't have mental blocks ... they are more able to do it quickly and purely, which is very important as well. If you have a lot of doubts about it, and are confused and worried, it doesn't work too well. I read an article by a well-known psychic who also said he doesn't like the word "psychic" ... he said the same thing, and I thought it was great, he said, "anyone can do this." I think it would be wonderful if more people could learn to use it for good, or healing and not take advantage of it. But it's like anything else, if there are people who learn about it, there is also going to be an element of our society who will try and use it for nefarious purposes

Wayne Morris:

The word "psychic" somehow connotes something that is outside of our bodies, something foreign to the human experience where it is very much part of it. As you say, not a lot of people know how to use their own mental energies.

Kathleen Sullivan:

I spent a lot of time in churches because they used a lot of scriptural programming on me to keep me in line through guilt and all that. One of the things a lot of churches ... that the pastors will teach from pulpits ... is that what was done during the New Testament era by the so-called disciples is not available to people now because we're in a different dispensation (that's the word they would use). I can see where people are discouraged from exploring this part of their brain, because they are taught that we can't ... but we can. It's very human. It's not frightening. I think it will be more comfortable when more people are aware of this stuff. But for a lot people, it is frightening right now. It's not something that is talked about very much except by people who really promote it for money and stuff.

Wayne Morris:

You mentioned James Jesus Angleton was the Director for Counter Intelligence for the CIA. How did you become involved in this, talking with him about it?

Kathleen Sullivan:

My dad and him seemed to be awfully close, and in some ways I don't really like to talk about it. He treated me very oddly. He talked to me like I was an adult. He didn't seem to like children at all. All I can figure, and I am always analyzing these people because it helps me to understand their motives better ... his middle name was Jesus, and he used Jesus in the New Testament as the model for this. One of the things he kept telling me is where Jesus Christ, according to the Scriptures, said that what "He" did, we can do more of. He took that literally, he took that scientifically. Where Jesus Christ said that if you say to a mountain "be cast into the sea" it will be cast into the sea, if you have enough faith. And what he was teaching me was that if I have enough faith in my brain ... so in a way, I am glad that he taught me some of those things. I don't like what some of it was used for, but he took it very seriously and I understand why. Even as far as the

remote viewing ... oh man ... the things you can do with that in spycraft is outstanding. It's like being able to be in a room with somebody and being able to pick up on their thoughts. Or know when somebody has a physical illness without them knowing yet. It's amazing what they can do with this stuff.

Wayne Morris:

How would people go about learning more about this, or how they can develop?

Kathleen Sullivan:

I really don't know unless you want to be an MK victim ...

Wayne Morris:

No thanks ...

Kathleen Sullivan:

I don't know people yet who do this, and are comfortable with it. I will eventually. It's pretty new information yet, but I think the more people talk about it ... I have talked to a number of people who have shared things with me in private that they have had things like this happen to them in their lives and they have been so afraid to tell anybody, because they thought they would be considered demonically possessed ... I have especially run into that one by people who are Christians. I think that the more people learn that it is not evil, it is not supernatural ... it is a human thing. There are a lot more people who are already doing this than we realize. A lot more.

Wayne Morris:

There was another system you mentioned, OMICRON. Did you want to talk about that?

Kathleen Sullivan:

That was a system especially created for the Mafia. I did receive verification from the Corydon Hammond information, which was fascinating to me, getting validation -- it also scared the pants off me. "Omigod, not the Mob ..." I had memories of Mob figures that my Dad knew ever since I was a very little girl, being introduced to a lot of them. One investigator that I talked to, when I described how these people looked and the places that my Dad met them, said, "Oh that would have been the Columbo crime family." That was up in the Pennsylvania area and New York City. I am assuming he had no reason to lie to me about that. I also spent time at a place called Mar-A-Largo, that was the code name. Ted Gunderson advised me that the full name for that resort in the Florida Keys is actually Marina del Largo. What is weird about that is Donald Trump's getaway place in Florida is Marina del Lago, whatever. The Trafficante family owned that facility (I don't know if they still do) and I have numerous memories of going down there. What I

ran into a lot was that the Mob would do a lot of stateside illegal activity and are involved in so many different kinds of underground, illegal businesses.

They had their own system in me, so that when they wanted to use me, it was OMICRON. It was pretty simple. I have seen some other children of Mob figures on TV and stuff, and I have very easily identified them as being under mind control. I think what it boils down to is that the Mafia does not want people it is using to courier drugs, hits, whatever, to remember who they did it for. It is very much to their benefit, as it was for these other agencies, that MK victims would not remember and be able to testify some day.

Wayne Morris:

It seems like, from the testimony of survivors of mind control, that they have been used for a lot of different types of criminal activity. Can you tell me what else you remember of how you were used by the Mafia?

Kathleen Sullivan:

I am saying there are a lot of cross-overs here between the CIA, the Mafia, and several other federal and intelligence agencies, including the Pentagon. A lot of times they do things together. I can do this. I made a list a while back of different things I had been used for, and again, there are a lot of cross-overs. Back during WWII the OSS and the military recruited a lot of Mob figures, especially out of Italy, to do actual spying for them on the government they were trying to get more information on. I assume that some of the personal friendships between some of the operatives and Mob figures, probably continued and I can't help but wonder if that is possibly why Mob stuff is connected, and is still being covered up.

Here's the list of some things I was used for. Smuggling. Believe it or not, I was used to help smuggle missiles. Krugerands, which I learned are often used because they cannot be traceable, or at least could not, because they didn't have any code numbers, ID; diamonds; drugs; unfortunately they used me to transport children to pedophiles and such a lot. I was used to do bodyguarding for politicians and other dignitaries, also children of politicians in situations where again, they would prefer to use MK victims because these politicians and dignitaries were involved in illegal activities. They would rather have bodyguards who would not be able to testify. I was used in many different kinds of assassinations. Too many. I couriered mental messages between heads of state including one President quite a bit. They expected I would not remember, and especially that in situations whenever I did remember, suicide programming would kick in. I helped my Dad program children. I have trained children how to fight, so I guess that was for future ops they were going to be used in. I was used in hostage interventions, especially where there was kidnapping and they didn't want it to hit the news. They would send in a team or sometimes I did it on my own because I didn't look like an operative. I didn't look like anybody threatening, so usually could get into a building or whatever, a lot easier than a man who was armed or such.

I was used in disposing of bodies of people who were killed on ops. That's gross. I participated in some of those acted-out scenarios for the development of screen memories, so I was on both ends of that. I participated in quite a few porn movies, all kinds. The worst. And believe me, those are extremely lucrative, as well as the selling of children is extremely lucrative. They had me do what they call "pillow talk" which was having sex with dignitaries and other people they wanted to get information on. I was actually kind of good at that. I am not proud of it, but I was good at it. Back home I participated in the cult rituals which probably were filmed a lot of times to be used later on, and actually some people are real into those kind of films, and they can be very money-making. Sometimes they used me to torture and interrogate people. As a child and adult both, they would have me sexually service people.

This is another area I want to touch on because a lot of survivors are feeling uncomfortable talking about this. As an adult they had parts of me that were programmed specifically to have sex with females, particularly female politicians, and wives of politicians. Some say the truth will be known about some of these females in DC, but right now, obviously not. Another odd thing that one President had me do was to pretend to be channelling a message from a dead person where he was trying to get a certain person at that party to believe that her husband was giving her instructions. There are so many different ways that one person can be used, especially when they had cross-training in many different areas. They called people like me multi-faceted which meant that even though I had one original personality, they split off in different parts of my personality to extremes ... to where one part may lay down and be absolutely non-resistant when I was being raped, and another part would kill if somebody tried to do it, but the parts were amnesic to one another. If they were controlled properly, they never came up at the same time

Wayne Morris:

Who would you be doing these operations for?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Glad you asked. There were a number of groups that I did a lot of this stuff for. There is one group I have recently been getting verifications on, I knew them as The "Octopus". They actually did OCTOPUS programming on me, creating a part of me that really thought it was an octopus, and they did that by putting me in aquariums with octopii and putting a lid on so I nearly drowned. Actually I did kind of drown and they resuscitated me. They had really cute ways of doing some of this stuff. I have remembered that Oliver North was involved and I don't mind saying that because that's information that is already pretty much out there.

Wayne Morris:

Involved with what in particular?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Iran Contra.

Wayne Morris:

So there were mind control elements to this?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Yes. They had me go down to some countries in South America and several islands, and discuss things with leaders, bring them messages and such. I found out that the name of the group who was running this stuff was actually OCTOPUS, and I almost had a heart attack when I found out it was real.

I was used extensively for the CIA. I was used also by the Pentagon, and some times there would be Ranger or Delta teams ... not Delta programming ... military personnel. I would go in with them because of certain training I had, and being who I was, and looking like I did, I could get into situations sometimes better than they could. They would sometimes back me up. I did some hits for the Mob, I am not at all proud of any of this, some in Chicago for one of the families. I also did some stuff for a group that I knew as The Organization. I have received some confirmation that it is probably NSA (National Security Agency) which would fit because when I started getting out, they were having me report to a building where they had some offices where my memories were being pretty much shut down. But CIA seemed to be the main one as far as I can remember.

What they did also ... it's really bizarre. They started working my schedule where I wasn't busy working on one of these ops, they would have me do bodyguarding for politicians, which was a big favour for them, it makes them feel beholden to somebody for my doing that garbage for them. Bringing them drugs, children, stuff like that.

Wayne Morris:

Did you get the sense you were being used more operationally, or did they involve you in any kind of experimentation as well?

Kathleen Sullivan:

There were some names that they used which I assumed were operations, or projects. Back when I was a teenager, they had a really odd code name they used for some girls ... I believe we were trained at Fort McLellan in Alabama. They called us GOLDEN GIRLS and BLUEBIRD models. They introduced us to an audience full of people that were connected to us, including relatives. It was like a big deal. It was like people were really proud that we were going to be used. This was before we actually became

operatives. I know several women who, even when they were children, were being used to do "Kills". I personally don't have memory of that. If it happens, it happens. My daughter was used to courier drugs when she was a little girl. For me, that was kind of the introduction as far as code names went.

One that I heard a number of times was Operation GOLDBLOCKS, and I don't know if they were referring to how I was being used, or if they were just using that word around me. I am just going to name some code words I heard. Something called Operation C-BASE or SEA-BASE; Operation MASSACRE; Operation C-STONE or SANDSTONE; LOYAL INDIA; INDIAN INK. I have tried to look up some of these words in a book I have called "CIA DATABASE". I believe it was by Ralph McGehee. I found two or three of these words in it, so I don't know if these are operational names, or more specific code names that were being used at that time, kind of like cover names. There was a code name, DARK PURPLE or DEEP PURPLE, a code name that had to do with literal re-programming of MK victims, actual facilities and such. There was LARKSPUR. There was a kind of programming they did that used torture -- extreme heat and extreme cold. Unfortunately I see a lot in commercials now called FIRE & ICE. There was DELTA BLUE. A project DEEP BLUE which seemed to be extremely important but I don't have enough memory on that. There was, I did get verification on this one, GOLD STAR OPERATIONAL SYSTEMS ... George Bush's baby absolutely, he was so proud of it, and it is directly connected to NASA and DARPA. CHRONIC HEADACHE, MARIGOLD. This is another code name I kept running across, and it has something to do with Intelligence Computer Systems Analysis, and they would actually have me see it in my sleep, just about. It was a big "Z" and then the letters BOM. I am real curious about what that was. Another one that was recurring, I heard this a number of times PROJECT NINE. I wish it was that simple, because then it would be easy to find out what it was.

There was a SAC (Strategic Air Force Command) location in the U.S. that had silos, and they code named that place GREENACRES. NSA's computer systems, code name for that was simply THE BRAIN. It was the best computer system of all time in the U.S., probably still is. Another project or operation name in my earlier out years and I am 42 by the way, was TOP HAT. They also had MESSIAH, OVERLORD. They had a code name simply called THE LINK which had to do with some type of computer communications between NSA and NASA. They talked about a code name called THE CENTIPEDE which had to do with information compartmentalization between different departments in the CIA. They would say "One Hand Doesn't Know What The Other Hand Is Doing" -- that way they kept people from knowing too much about what was going on. This one I ran across in my journaling, and it really surprised me. >From my journal: "This is the name of CIA programming that had to do with totally visualized, totally fantasy, internal mental world created in MK victims. The code name for this was HEAVEN'S GATE."

George Bush, during the Reagan administration, had mentioned OPERATION SANDSTORM a number of times and also a code name MOONGOOSE to do with that, and it had to do with Khadafi. There was a computer system that I knew as

"BRANDON" that was connected to NASA. One code name that was mentioned to me a number of times was CLEAN SWEEP. I did get some verification on that in the library, where they were trying to shut down a lot of the Aryan connections to all this because a lot of these federal agencies realized that if they didn't do something, we were going to end up with a Nazi run country (gap here) but at the same time would ask for, or open, investigations into the Nazi influence in our government. I think this very seriously needs to be done because one of the things my father and others had talked about was that when the Nazi criminals were brought here from Germany through Operation Paperclip and all, they were very angry people.

MENSA was an interesting code name they used and it is not directly connected to the organization. These people know a lot of Reader's Digest by the way, which I was told to read, and still do. MENSA was the code name used for victims who had genius IQ's. One of the things that I and some others were used to do was to participate in DC think tanks for several politicians, including George Bush. They weren't real creative sometimes with their speeches or ideas, so we would ... because we were around people at home and kind of knew what was going on politically in a lot of people's minds ... they would have us come up with ideas to use in speeches. Project ARMAGEDDON is one that I was exposed to a lot. I don't know if this has been made public or not ... I don't want to hack anyone off ... but it has to do with the Pentagon and has to do with global war, or WW III. They did a lot of war games, and even in rooms where they would practice whatever they do ... I don't know, military men. Also I had inside THE KEYS OF SOLOMON which was coded information that I carried for this Armageddon, for these officers. I don't know if that was just stored information for the future, or just one for when they were strategically planning.

Two more Aryan type code names that I heard a number of times were PAX ROMANA ... used in connection to the words "The Plan", that is connected to S.H.A.R.E. International. This is fascinating to me, and I am going to throw a name out here, Henry Kissinger who is a Luciferian, he is a staunch member of Lucis Trust. He was one of the people that used those words a lot. There is a group that is strongly Mob connected called "Satanic Hierarchy" and it was based in New York City, although one of the leaders who flew over to New York City a lot from Britain was Robert Maxwell. He supposedly suicided a number of years ago in the ocean off his boat. I seriously question that it was a suicide. My Dad was also a member of Satanic Hierarchy at Mount Hood. I do not know what state that was in, but it was where they did traumatic baseline also known as near-death torture and conditioning. Really awful stuff.

Another kind of name that the CIA used was OPS Relief Corps. This is where specialized Black OPS teams were sent out to other countries usually, by the CIA, when their in-place operatives were in serious trouble and needed back-up or straightening out or whatever. Now there is a company or organization that I have yet to find any verification on. The initials for this company were AOR (or in Italy, it was AORI). The people who were clients of this company were not told that it actually stands for "Austrian Order of the Reich" - an absolute Nazi organization. It was run by a man I knew as Paul Devereux. He had two other aliases, known as Paul Dubois and Paul

Dupeche. One of their facilities was in France, close to a shoreline, but I don't know where exactly. He told me, and whether this is true or not I don't know, but the Rothschilds, the Rockefellers and the Ford Foundation were helping to fund this business.

What they were doing there was bringing government leaders from different countries and people in high positions in these countries, to their facilities where they taught to increase the Theta brainwaves basically. To do the same things that were already being taught in the Pentagon, in the CIA, and several other stateside organizations. In time they were trying to recruit World leaders to be part of a New World Government, under their jurisdiction, which I assume is Nazi oriented.

One thing I ran across a lot was called SHELL Programming. This was one of my Dad's very twisted specialties. At a warehouse either at or near Georgia Tech University in Atlanta ... children were sent from different parts of the country for Dad to program. He would actually split these kids' personalities. He would have the kids get into these huge (I supposed they were papier mache) white, upright shells, and then Dad or one of his assistants would pour large quantities of certain types of special ordered bugs into the shells. You can imagine what that will do to a child's mind ... He had a few problems where kids went into catatonic states. To him that was a problem, to me the entire thing was. There was another operation I ran across at least once, Operation BLOWFISH. I understand that it is possible that one or two of these names I picked up from some book I read, but the majority of them I absolutely did not because they were recurring in my memories.

They called me "Plain Jane" a lot when they would have me do bodyguarding for politicians. I did work side by side with secret service operatives (I call them operatives sometimes). I think again, they used me in these situations because I was not an employee, I was not easily identifiable that way. They especially would use us to work crowds because of the Theta conditioning and abilities that they had honed in us. A lot of secret service people have these abilities as well. They can actually pick up on hostile thoughts of a person in a crowd, like where the President is, and they can actually approach that person and disable them and take them out physically before they can even do anything. It is just wonderful how this works. Usually they would have me dressed in a plain brown jacket and skirt at that time.

Another name they used extensively with me was "Naomi", which I later learned was MK-NAOMI. It was where I was used to do biochemical assassinations, and it is pretty heartbreaking stuff from what I remembered. There was one cult of young people where I had to put some kind of substance in lemonade in their refrigerator. I believe this was in another country, and I am assuming they did not live. Sometimes they would have me put a straight pin or needle sticking out of a corner at the bottom of my purse, and have it laced with a substance they had in a small jar of Vaseline which I have stopped using completely, but it took a while. I was conditioned to use Vaseline and I would not use lipstick, I would use vaseline on my lips. What they would do is have me dip that pin in the substance in the Vaseline, and then walk by the targeted individual, and then simply

scratch them through their clothes. I saw in a movie a couple of years later where somebody did this ... it was supposed to be about covert operations. I came very close to fainting when I saw this because it was close to real.

They had another code name they used for people like me. What my family basically did with me (I don't like to use the word "basically" ... that's a George Bush code) was that they pretty much gave me to the White House and then I was exposed to other things there as a child. I knew the White House as 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. I have run across other MK ex-operatives who also knew it as that. A lot of times they would call D.C. "The Hub" or they would call it "Emerald City", and the President would be known to me as "Oz" or "God". One of the things they conditioned in me was to see myself as a homing pigeon and no matter where I go, I will go back to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue which I was made to believe was my home. I had extreme loyalty, and unfortunately still do, to the residents there now. Need I say more?

CHAMELEON is a code name they used for MK operatives who were taught partly through dissociative lifelong adaptation. That's just a thing you learn. Whatever situation you are in, if you have an amnesic barrier, and you come to and you are in a strange situation, you learn real quick to adapt so that you don't get hurt. I already had some of that conditioning but they specialized even more, and they taught me how to dress and walk and talk and act like anyone who was around me. That made it harder for others to notice me, or identify me later on as sticking out and being caught in the crowd, or whatever.

Wayne Morris:

What you have gone through is incredibly sophisticated uses of this.

Kathleen Sullivan:

I have to say, and I have talked to other survivors about this, and they absolutely agree, these people are incredibly intelligent. I know some of them will like hearing that, and it's true. I wish they would use their intelligence for healing instead of hurting.

Another code word they used for me, and I can't remember if it was Brice Taylor or Cathy O'Brien who also was called this, was FAILSAFE. What that was supposed to mean, although it didn't work real well, was that the programming they put in us, and therefore the memories we had of certain individuals, could never, ever come out or be accessed. Obviously it didn't work.

I am going to touch on one little thing that I have gotten some verification on, but may get me in the most trouble, and I don't want to keep any secrets in this interview, because that will make it even more hazardous for me later on. For at least a decade, the CIA and KGB had been working together on a lot of operations. Most of the cross-training for this took place in Minsk, in Russia. If I hear a person talking Russian, I automatically space out. I am supposed to have a part that speaks in Russian although I

am not about to let that happen. It would terrify me. One of the code names they used ... or handed me a candy bar ... was DARK CHOCOLATE ... dark chocolate is a way of blocking memory (does it to us chemically, something in this type of chocolate). Some of the code names they used for alter states there were "Sasha", "Mink", "Ermine", "Sable", and "Luna" or "LaLuna". They had some simple number codes that they also used ...positive (+) 3, 2 and 1 had to do with CIA activities, then O would mean ... I can see this on an envelope sent to me, and I would know what it meant by code without even having to think ... it would automatically kick in something in my head. O meant that I was at home, regular job, regular activities, in other words I was not active. Negative (-) 1, 2 and 3 had to do with KGB activity. They work behind each other's backs a lot too ... it's just one of those deals ... they were stabbing each other's backs while they were working with each other as well. Oh gosh. That's the main one.

Wayne Morris:

So these code names are either operations or experimental projects, or actual types of programming done on you?

Kathleen Sullivan:

The main ones, Alpha, Beta, Delta, Theta, Omicron ... Naomi was a specialized program they put in me ... specifically to do the biochem ops which by the way came out of mostly ... there was an underground military facility that I knew as the birdcage. It's where they kept a lot of these chemicals. I have remembered as Naomi, and called myself Naomi at those times. I would report to a place called Redstone Arsenal in Alabama. not far at all from where I lived in Atlanta. I was going to a seminary, I believe it was 1992, near Atlanta, a Baptist seminary. One pastor who was taking a class there with us started talking about Ruth and Naomi in the Old Testament, and how the past was "gone" and I shouldn't look back anymore ... I don't know if he did that deliberately or unintentionally. But when he used the word "Naomi" I had to literally leave the room and go in the bathroom and I spent the next half hour hysterically crying and I had no idea why. Unfortunately the way the heating system was set up, I didn't know they heard the entire thing. I quit school shortly after that. After I had that serious crying jag, that's when the memories came up, and then when I was shown the CIA database by Mark Phillips and I found the code name MK-NAOMI there, and it verified directly what I had been remembering. Awful stuff.

Wayne Morris:

What is your sense of how many years you were in operations for the government?

Kathleen Sullivan:

For the government and for people in high positions ... it's kind of hard to separate it out. I would say ... twenty years.

Wayne Morris:

At what age do you feel that the conditioning had started with your father?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Oh man ... it started when I was about six or seven. There were other facilities where children were taken to. There is one place I have numerous memories of ... they called it "The School" and the employees would call it "The Fortress". It was a red brick, elementary school size building, I believe it was one storey. Right below the roof they had a wide, horizontal band of mustard-coloured paint. That was odd, and it stuck out for me. In that building, they did some surgery on my head. I am assuming they did something to my brain, because I had a real problem thinking and moving after that. The children were split up into groups there. They had one room they called "Romper Room" where they had odd "Mr. Do-Bee" programming because I remember watching that at that time. They had Unit 1 - A, B and C. In each unit children were indoctrinated into op-type conditioning and training. We couldn't even leave or our parents couldn't come and get us, until each of us had disembowelled and taken the head off the teddy bears we had been given. So even that far back, we were getting trained. I have been to a number of other facilities as a child, and as a young adolescent.

One person I would like to get more information about, just for my own verification, is a man who was rather slim, erect, probably 6' tall, possibly a little shorter. I knew him by his Americanized name and his German name ... Dr. Black and Dr. Schwartz. He was a major figure in my childhood. I also remembered that he also handled my mother who is also a multiple and I am not having communication with her at all. He had kind of curly black hair, dark eyes. He spoke fluent German and my Dad seemed to be pretty close to him. Dr. Schwartz seemed to be very much of the Aryan belief system as well. One of the things that I remember about him is that there was an actual black train car which was his office ... I don't know if he travelled in that ... or if it was used to make us feel crazy when we met him there. He had set up the inside as his office and what he seemed to be most interested in was my aggression. I have heard about Dr. Green and I don't yet have any memory of anyone like him, but Dr. Schwartz I have big-time memories about. I am assuming at this point that he was more interested in children that were going to be used in black operations when we were adults.

There was one young blond boy who was taken by his blond haired mother right before me, and that boy was extremely homicidal, setting fires and such. He spent a lot of time alone with Dr. Schwartz as well, one on one, in that train. There was a mental hospital very close by the track, I would say, half a mile and from what I understood he also worked over there quite a bit, but I guess they didn't want us to remember the hospital and I think that's why he used that railway car.

Wayne Morris:

What other kinds of facilities were used to train children and adults for mind control?

Were these government or military facilities?

Kathleen Sullivan:

One of the things they did with me, and I don't know if they did it with other children ... there was a large building in Reading, Pennsylvania very close by, but I believe it was in the city. It was a multi-storey building and they had several rooms with large stages in it. I was only eight years old, and my Dad created a Dick Tracey part in me. He would have me take out all my rage on him and other people who would dress up in black robes as they did in the rituals when I was raped and everything else. He would have some men (I don't know if they were actual street bums or if they were dressed up as street bums) and he would tell me that they were "bad men". And it's like all the rage at these people who deliberately dressed in the robes to trigger the rage, I would take it out on those men. The people who were setting this up would actually guard the doorway so the street men couldn't leave. Sometimes I was given a gun, sometimes I was given a knife. I still don't want to actually believe I killed these men at that age, that is hard for me to comprehend. It might have been fake blood, but there was definitely some kind of blood.

When I was a younger teenager, we lived in Cockeysville, Maryland for a year, and I went to Cockeysville Junior High there. A number of us would be transported from the school in a bus and taken to one of two facilities where we got classroom training. One of those facilities was a bunch of trailers, and a pavilion type building where people would actually sit down and teach us a lot of different things, including chameleon training and such. They taught us diplomacy, how to act around dignitaries and such, just real practical information on how to stay alive during ops -- not getting emotionally involved with people, and a lot of it is still blocked out because I don't want to remember it to be honest.

The other place they would take us to was -- I guess it was like an abandoned shopping centre -- because it was at one time, obviously, a shopping centre. Two storey, they had a rail and a walkway all the way around upstairs, with rooms they had made into classrooms. We were taught things there too. Things they worked on was our behaviour. They would lecture us and give us hell if we were acting out in inappropriate ways at home. They knew that a lot of us kids were going to be trouble if they didn't teach us how to conduct ourselves in a social life. That was a real interesting year there.

Wayne Morris:

You mentioned at times about the Nazi connections, particularly with your family, and with the doctors you were exposed to. Do you have a sense that the mind control technology came from the experiments done by the Nazis, or was there any connection there?

Kathleen Sullivan:

I have talked with several investigators to try and understand this. From what I understand, the OSS and the military were both aware that they needed to get more informed about how to use such technology because other countries were beginning to experiment with it, and I think what kicked in during Operation Paperclip was when they found out ... Dachau was a big place where a lot of this stuff was being done ... there were several other concentration camps where they were doing actual psychological experiments on a lot of the prisoners. What they seemed to do was they wanted to get some of these scientists who had been doing these specific experiments and finding out what they were able to accomplish, bringing them over to the United States, cleaning up their records, and then having them work for our government and teach our government how to do this. From what I understand, that's where Dr. Green also got some of his training.

Dr. Green had been working at Edgewood from what I have read. And an experiment was done on a chimpanzee named "Sonny" which was further assassin programming. What I came across a lot were Aryan groups that often knew how to use this kind of programming and they would actually handle some of us at home. I was in a neighbourhood where a number of these people lived in Atlanta. They would call me at home, trigger me, tell me to watch a certain TV show that would trigger me. One neighbour gave me some bizarre things that he supposedly made in his workshop that were serious triggers. I obviously trashed them after I took pictures of them. There seems to be a definite Nazi connection here.

NASA seems to have been crawling with this stuff for quite a while. When I read Linda Hunt's book, "Secret Agenda", it was a big time education for me on why, because a lot of these Nazi war criminals ended up being put in NASA ... they set up NASA, literally set it up. Werner Von Braun's record was cleaned up, from what I understand in Linda's book, and yet still, some of his former associates get real 'hacked' when he is called a criminal.

At the NASA facilities, they had some incredibly unusual programming that they did to some of us. I had one experience at age fifteen, I was taken to Goddard, which is a NASA facility outside of D.C. One of the things they seemed to like to do is dress up just like they are in Startrek ... they actually wear Startrek uniforms with the Enterprise logo on them. This was the old Startrek. Sometimes they would hypnotize me to think they were Dr. Spock, Bones, Captain Kirk and stuff, so I could not remember what their faces really looked like. One of the things they did at Goddard was very, very professional, very ingenious. They hooked me up to some kind of a computer system, very high tech for that period of time. They had earphones -- more like a helmet on my head -- and I don't understand how all this worked -- but I closed my eyes and I could actually see images flashing in front of my face. They had a lot of sound effects and they did what they called "Father Time" training at that facility at that time.

Later on ... I have been to Huntsville, Houston, Cape Canaveral, and Titusville I think was also a NASA facility ... they did some nasty torture there. One of the things they seemed to specialize in, these NASA people, was time folding, and going back in time,

at least in our minds. And also ... it's really experimental, weird stuff. One of the things they used especially on a lot of us was to make us read Madeleine L'Engle's books. There is a trilogy. The first one was "A Wrinkle in Time", and it was about these children who were going from this one dimension to another with these three older women or whatever they were supposed to be, angels or whatever, looking for their father. They used a word in this book called "tesseract" which was a folding between dimensions where you could travel from one dimension to another. They were very serious about this. They dealt a lot with physics, not nuclear physics, there is another word for that -- where they really were trying to find ways to explore other dimensions. I don't know if they were using us to see if we could do it. I don't know what the deal was, but it seriously messed up my head. It was really nice to get verifications from other survivors that yes, they really did try to do this with some of them.

Wayne Morris:

How did NASA use mind control for mind control slaves?

Kathleen Sullivan:

They seemed to be more into programming, that was more their forte. I don't know that they were so much into using slaves for their own means as such. I went to Huntsville about three years ago as a dare. I was actually terrified a lot of the time I was at the facility, because I recognized some of the buildings. I was sure that somebody was going to recognize me and do something to me. I have no memory that anything bad happened.

With people like me they didn't use mole markings because people in other governments would have been able to catch that if we were caught but a lot of the Beta slaves in particular had mole markings that show what level ... like, Presidential or another level. One thing I noticed at Huntsville, Alabama ... a lot of the people in the city were so tranced out there, and they had moles all over the place. I was like, "omigod, what is going on here?"

I am very negative about the space camps because I'm sorry, if they have no compunction about doing this for the CIA and whoever, what's to keep them from doing this to kids while they are there at space camp? I noticed in one of the gift shops they had books on Klingon language ... it's cute in a way, but I thought wouldn't this be a wonderful way to use a program language that no one else would understand but a handler and a slave? There were a lot of things there I looked at, and thought "...oh no, this is bad."

My personal experience was more that they were programming me so that when others, especially one President in particular, George Bush ... he knew "Father Time" programming very well and he tried to use it on me. The only problem was he didn't use it right, and it didn't work. I love it when they messed up, because then I remembered better. They were more into high tech equipment. They later on used a lot of virtual

reality equipment as well. Another thing that was used a lot was driving simulators. In screen memories in particular, they would put me in a room with a car that was on a hydraulic lift, or several hydraulic lifts, to where it could move from side to side or feel like it was bumping or something and they would run a movie in front of me, and have me in a hypnotic state, drugged, to where the movie became real and I really thought the car was driving somewhere.

Another thing I have run across and have been able to verify for another survivor at Dallas at a hospital there, was that they also have a place near Dallas where they have an actual full-size UFO in a very large room that also has the same type of hydraulic system beneath it, and the survivor would be taken into the UFO. They would see people that looked like aliens. Certain things would be done to them and they would think that they had just been abducted by aliens in a UFO. So that's another thing. It's such a con job they are doing on some of these victims.

You have been listening to an interview with Kathleen Sullivan, a survivor of U.S. government mind control. Stay tuned next week as we bring the final part of that interview and in two weeks' time, CKLN begins Funfest '97, 10 days where we give you the opportunity to support independent media here at CKLN. Listener supported media is the only media that is going to bring you the truth, and it's important that you help keep CKLN on the air for another year. We are going to have copies of this radio series on cassette and printed transcripts as gifts for pledging your support for this show on CKLN 88.1, bringing you the sound and the fury ... I also wanted to mention that there is an anti-shock reference list and anti-psychiatry statement available for free down at the CKLN offices as well.

Good morning, and welcome to another International Connection. We are continuing with our radio series on mind control in Canada and the U.S. and this is show #29 in the series. Today we will hear Part 3 of an interview with Kathleen Sullivan, a survivor of U.S. government mind control. Kathleen alleges that she was used by the White House, the CIA, NASA and the Mafia for assassinations, bodyguarding, smuggling and other criminal acts under the influence of mind control. Her father, a CIA agent, had used trauma-based conditioning involving severe torture and abuse to program and control her, starting in her childhood. And now that interview ...

Wayne Morris:

Was part of the NASA programming and/or any of the perpetrators you were involved with ... would all the programming be accompanied with trauma, torture and abuse?

Kathleen Sullivan:

The smarter ones didn't use torture. This is going to be kind of gross, I will try and keep this real generic. One of the things a lot of these men did especially when they were

giving me specific orders for an op, like briefing me, they would make me get down on the floor and do oral sex on them. That in itself was a definite trauma for a number of reasons. If nothing else, it was extremely degrading. But there were some people who were so good at hypnosis and/or making me feel like I was safer with them ... I know this sounds sick ... and I am aware of this ... and this is what I consider Stockholm Syndrome effect ... I still love Henry Kissinger. Even though I should be absolutely furious at some of the things he did to me, I haven't found that anger yet because he did not rape me like a lot of the others did.

He was nice to me a lot of times. That was very confusing to me. I was a lot easier when I had a handler ... or what they called "owner" (some of these people actually thought they owned me ... Robert Maxwell was one). Kissinger was very good at confiding in me about certain things, he was a very lonely man. He was an absolute genius, and I think because of the things he was involved in, and because he actually is one of the few perpetrators I know who was loyal to his belief system and did not apologize for it. That even made me like him more because at least he was honest about being a bastard.

Wayne Morris:

And what was his belief system?

Kathleen Sullivan:

He is very very into Luciferian beliefs.

Wayne Morris:

What does the Luciferian belief system involve?

Kathleen Sullivan:

He gave me quite an introduction to that personally. By the way, Lucis Trust, the organization he is a leader of, started out as Lucifer Publishing back in the 1920's. Tex Marrs has a book on cults and religion that explains this. One of the books by Tex Marrs I really do like. Luciferians basically believe that Lucifer is (they don't like using the word Satan) Son of the Morning, Day Star ... they worship the Sun to worship him. They see him as the Sun. Some of them have a serious vendetta, probably for childhood reasons, against Christians and Jews both. I found out not too long ago that Henry Kissinger had allegedly been a chauffeur for a Nazi officer during WWII. He was raised as a Hasidic Jew, so I can only begin to shiver when I think of what might have been done to his mind. He was used to bring some of the officers over to the U.S. to help them to set up here. Some serious stuff was done to him. He seemed to be in a lot of pain inside, and I think that's why he seemed to be pretty lonely.

He seemed to have a serious vendetta against Christians and Jews. Some of these

Luciferians have a very strong determination to create a global government that promotes the Luciferian religion. He did tell me that this Lord Maitreya would be their main public figure in doing this. He also told me they were going to use [a well-known international evangelist] and Robert Schuller in particular to help transition a lot of the Christian community over to accepting some of this belief system. Now Robert Schuller is Pastor of the Crystal Cathedral. Billy Graham and Norman Vincent Peale, according to a biography about him called "Goliath", started his ministry and mentored him all the way through, then Armand Hammer became his mentor also.

Norman Vincent Peale is a 33 degree Mason. Crystal Cathedral itself, from what several high level officials told me, is actually a Temple to Ra, the Sun god, which a lot of these Luciferians worship.

There is also the Golden Dawn, and a lot of these people are in both groups, Lucis Trust and Golden Dawn. Golden Dawn is what I consider to be a neo-pagan underground religion that has a lot of members in D.C. They do a lot of pagan rituals, and there are a lot of Masonic connections with this also. They are into the Sun ... What I am seeing, and what I suspect is happening, is that these people are really desperately ... so they can come out of the closet. There is a lot of lesbianism in the Golden Dawn. A lot of ritually sexually abusing children in the Golden Dawn. A lot of politicians in D.C. are pedophiles and many politicians who are not are being blackmailed to do sex with children, in a drugged or coerced state, so they also will be blackmailed, and cover up for these people if they are investigated.

The Golden Dawn is a very large organization, and it is amazing as I track the people I remembered are involved with this organization, they always go to a lot of the same functions. When one is being called up publicly on things he should not have done or she should not have done, the others always tend to cover for them publicly and make them look real good. It really fascinates me how these people kind of take care of each other. I don't think that's going to change. A lot of these neo-pagans came from other countries. My father's Dad was Welsh, and was a Druid. A lot of these people are not willing to let go of their old religions, so they will go to church on Sunday and then practice these other religions at other times.

Wayne Morris:

These groups that seem to be interested in global domination ... what is your sense of their ties or their connections to what is known as the New World Order?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Very direct. A lot of these people who are involved in what is considered to be immoral and/or flat-out illegal activities ... they want to be able to do it publicly. They do not like feeling ashamed. You wouldn't believe how strong a drive that is. I do feel sad about a lot of them, because they are stuck in a system they really need recovery for. They would like to see a world government, that they run of course, to where the laws are

changed, to where there are no more laws against adult-child sex, to where bestiality is all right because there is a lot of bestiality in these individuals too. They would pretty much like to get rid of the Christian legal code, and it does seem to be going in that direction one step at a time. I have been really amazed, as I have remembered all this, as I track how they are gradually, gradually wiping ... and I am not saying Christianity should be the only way people believe, but there are some good morals that do help keep people in line. If the morals are gone, what's left? Social anarchy basically. It's pretty scary.

Some of these people consider themselves to be elite. A lot of them do have Aryan generational backgrounds. They consider themselves to be socially, mentally, in every way, above what they call "cattle, sheep, lower classes". A lot of them have some very strong prejudices - but publicly they will act like they don't - against people of other colours, and other nationalities. A lot of them seem to want to have an Aryan new world government where the Aryans are the ones in charge. And I have heard some of them talk, and quite seriously unfortunately, about eventually wanting to phase out all the other races until it's pure Aryan.

I hope to God people don't let them do that. What's going to happen to people like me - if they are able to do this - we are back into slavery again, with a vengeance, because they will not take it lightly that we are talking. Right now I tell people, and I try not to be morbid about this, but as I see them, step by step by step, doing what they said they were going to do in a lot of their planning meetings - it is absolutely terrifying to me. Most of all, that people do not seem to care enough to do anything about it. That's the most terrifying thing of all.

Wayne Morris:

And what do you know of what they are planning to do in terms of implementing their global domination schemes?

Kathleen Sullivan:

One of the things they were planning on doing was having UFO invasions. I don't know if they are going to pull that one off or not. They were planning on getting people so afraid of a race from another planet coming and having authority here and terrorizing us, that we would just fall apart and "please don't hurt us, we will do whatever you say" ... These people who pushing that scam, and Henry Kissinger is one, in fact I have some documentation where he actually said one time at a global conference that what we need is a UFO invasion ...

The other thing they were trying to work was to get a lot of pastors to push to Christian communities and congregations that we are in "the last days or the beginning of the tribulation" in the Book of Revelation. They talk about AIDS having been a deliberately created epidemic because it fit one of the plagues in the Book of Revelation, and what they have been trying to do is use the Book of Revelation as a blueprint to convince

people that we are in the last days. It seems to be working rather well. I consider it Psiwar, in which Michael Aquino used to be pretty involved in. They seem to be just messing with people's heads a lot right now. All these movies about disasters ... that really does a number on people too.

They were planning on doing what they call "Takeover" which was implementation of a New World Government by the year 2000, but I really don't see how they are going to do it. They talk also about having a President assassinated so that FEMA could take over and then they could just have total shutdown in the U.S. of a lot of the basic services. If that happens, I might as well kiss my butt goodbye. I don't expect I will be at my house much longer at that point, willingly. The way I look at it is, if somebody were told they had so long to live, it makes every day so precious to me now. And wouldn't it be a wonderful thing for me to find out they don't get away with it? That it doesn't happen, and I could have a long life of freedom. I would be so excited. I also try to be practical about this, and when I see what they are doing ... in front of everybody's faces, through legislation and all, I am not so sure they aren't going to do it ...

Wayne Morris:

So "they", being the people involved in these organizations that are bringing this about, and it's your sense that these people are well placed within society ...

Kathleen Sullivan:

I know there has been a lot of talk back and forth about the Bilderbergers, they are, as far as I know, the top people heading this up. The absolute top of the top. I was not real surprised at all to see Sam Nunn go to the meeting last time. Henry Kissinger usually goes. That's the main group that is masterminding this. Again, I have to give them credit where credit is due, they are smart people, but very sick at the same time.

Wayne Morris:

They are certainly putting their mental abilities to the wrong purposes in terms of the public good.

Kathleen Sullivan:

As I have learned about a lot of these people's childhoods, I have begun to understand that it seems like a lot of the rage they are using to pretty much force that government into existence, may be towards some of their parents, towards authority figures. It's really sad to see that because I think a lot of them need rehabilitation themselves. It's like my dad, with his underground black marketing of children, it's like a cult. If you know secrets, and the other people know secrets, you are all involved, and the other people can blackmail you if you tell. A lot of these people, because they are high profile, will never be able to talk about this stuff without dying. They know it. Or losing their loved ones, if they are able to love at all. What happens is that after a while it wears you down

and you get to where your loyalty ends up being to these other people who are part of the same effort, and associating mainly with each other. That is, in a way, a cult mentality on the top level.

Wayne Morris:

Do you have a sense that people are working within government and military to put a wrench in their plans?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Absolutely. There are a lot of people who are trying in careful ways to get some of this exposed to help some survivors get free. It did happen to me but I can't go into the details of it. I am still trying to get more understanding about it myself. There are some pretty neat people out there. Some of them are literally risking their lives because they see what is happening. They want to live in a country where basic freedoms are respected. I have a book that shows the Bill of Rights, and it means a lot to me because when I found out that I literally was a slave ... Article 13 in the Bill of Rights ... it was in direct violation of that. The Constitution and the Bill of Rights are important things that are not taught in school very much anymore.

Wayne Morris:

What is your sense of how mind control and mind control slavery in these organizations that want to bring about the New World Order?

Kathleen Sullivan:

There are a lot of actors and actresses in Hollywood who are MK victims. I met quite a few. I tend to see them promoting the same world view as these high level conspirators ... and conspiracy is a natural ongoing part of history. To me this is conspiracy realism. Because a lot of people look up to Hollywood stars as role models, they tend to have a lot of influence on people. The people who were planning this were not so concerned about the older people. They talked a lot about targeting the youth. Ted Turner's "Captain Planet" cartoon ... some people say it's a good thing because it tells kids to clean up the environment, but it also heavily pushes a New World way of thinking. He's another one of the few honest people out there. He admits that it is part of his personal agenda. I am seeing a lot of signs here that are leading into it step by step.

Wayne Morris:

Let's just go back to something you mentioned about the alien part in terms of mind control and the New World Order implementation plan. How do you think this is tied to the phenomenon of the growth of allegations of being abducted by aliens? Do you feel people are being experimented on by the government instead of aliens?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Absolutely. I realize that there are some MK survivors who will strongly disagree with me and I am not trying to get into an argument with any of them, I am just going by what I have experienced and remembered, and by what others have experienced and remembered. A lot of us were hypnotized and otherwise tricked into believing that we had been abducted by aliens, when actually it was government connected handlers who were using us for illegal activities.

One thing the Nazis were working on very hard was genetic experimentation on some of their prisoners in the concentration camps, although our government has tried to suppress the documentation. And they were into breeding their own. My dad used to brag about how they were doing genetic experiments on embryos that were creating what they called "children". These children are, I personally believe, aliens ... little ones that people have seen. I met several at a NASA facility.

One was an older child, I guess I would call it. He was able to speak two languages. He was able to speak English and what they called a "trilateral language". He used a lot of buzzes and clicks and symbolic hand signals. He also had a lot of Theta abilities. It was amazing. He had been programmed as I understand some of the others had that were genetically experimented on - to believe that they are aliens. But he seemed to understand that it was not real, that he was human. And my concern about this most of all ... I am more concerned about them than anyone else ... if that information is ever made available to take it seriously, they will be killed and their remains put away where no one will ever find it. Because if it's true, it is one of the biggest crimes that an agency of our country has ever perpetrated against another human.

What I understand is that with all the UFO movies lately, and so many TV shows about it in the last few years ... it is preparing people's minds to believe that aliens are real, that they really do exist, that they really are trying to contact us. I can't help but wonder if some of these human "aliens" will be used down the road as some kind of proof to people.

Wayne Morris:

So these people, you believe, have been genetically altered through genetic engineering to look like aliens, or what the public has been conditioned to view as an alien ...

Kathleen Sullivan:

I met several breeders of these people. One of the things that I noticed with some of these breeders ... one woman's husband worked for NASA. She was in hospital in Dallas. She was made to believe that she had two hearts in her body. It was really confusing the heck out of her psychiatrist. There were some things that she said and this was before I knew her husband worked for NASA, because she wasn't telling

anyone anything about that. There were some things that she said, and I looked at her one day, and I said "are you a breeder?" And she looked at me, and said, "yeah" and I asked her if she had NASA connections, and she looked at me in shock and said "my husband works for NASA". I went to her psychiatrist and explained the situation because she had a lot of the physical - especially facial characteristics - of these "aliens".

There was another woman I met back in 1988 in a reprogramming facility who also was a breeder, and she had a problem because she would see UFO's coming at her sometimes in the room - she had something that many of these breeders had, a "birdnest" haircut, where it was shaved part of the way around and the rest looked like what they called a "birdnest". That was one of the ways you used to be able to identify some of them.

These seemed to be generational experiments, genetically, and specifically done for that purpose. Take it or leave it. I tell everyone, one of these days, if it's true then the whole world is going to know it, but it may be a long time.

Wayne Morris:

Do you have any indication of U.S. government or German government use of UFO technology ... that they have developed craft ...

Kathleen Sullivan:

I was exposed to some of that. I saw at least one UFO for sure. It was in a garage, a large room where there was a door where the thing could go out into the open. It wasn't touching the ground. It was an amazing thing. It had a fantastic looking metal to it ... I was absolutely fascinated by it. I have been told that they started out by using these craft, which they said were created by some of the German scientists. They will talk about V2's on Discovery channel, but they will never ever bring up this end of it ... what they had as far as technology and brought it over with them. I think NASA is the biggest cover for this stuff. I understand that there is a base in the Himalayas as well, and that there are some facilities under oceans where some of the stuff is also stored way way out of detection areas. They do seem to be able to go down in deep, deep areas of water including one place near Hawaii. But they supposedly started out, or so I have been told by a number of people, using magnetic grids they called it, I don't understand that kind of technology ...

Wayne Morris:

The earth itself has a large electromagnetic grid field around it, and it is my understanding that they have used that kind of energy somehow in conjunction with creating these craft ...

Kathleen Sullivan:

You say it better than I could ... all I know is they talked about it and again, Dad bragged about that too. I have also heard that nowadays they don't use that particular kind of technology any more.

Wayne Morris:

You mentioned that it is your belief that a number of Hollywood personalities are under the influence of mind control and they are being used. Can you give some examples of some of the belief systems that they are pushing?

Kathleen Sullivan:

The biggest one I have seen is that we should put the earth, mother nature, whatever, animals higher in accordance with our selves. To me that is an absolutely devastating thing to be teaching children because it totally brings down their sense of self esteem and self worth, of defending their own belief systems and their right to think for themselves. This is very strong right now.

[continued here in the last episode]

Kathleen Sullivan:

That's what I am most worried about, because the kids are being taught that an animal's life is worth more than their own ...

Wayne Morris:

Certainly all life is precious, including animal life, but what you are saying is that this information is being used more to change the mass psychology of the public ... playing into the implementation of a New World Order ...

Kathleen Sullivan:

What it's going to boil down to is that if they are able to continue that personal loyalties and personal freedoms must be given up for Mother Earth ... that's what they are pushing most. One of the other goddesses that a lot of people worship in the Golden Dawn is Gaia ... and they talked about this in the planning meetings ... that they are going to be pushing this more and more ... Gaia worship, literal worship. Mother Earth is a very strong psychological force and symbol. By making things more and more difficult financially for young families in particular to where those who might have to work two jobs, and the woman has to work ... the kids end up in daycare. What this does is make the kids less able to identify with their parents, and look more for role models and nurturing outside of their home. One of the things that some of these conspirators were hoping to accomplish by that is Gaia worship, by having these kids feel a need for a larger than life goddess or force or identity that would be a nurturing substantive force to

them.

The reason I have learned they are into the sun so much is because I have learned from therapists that feeling the warmth of the sun, laying out in it and stuff, is the closest form of physical and emotional nurturing to maternal nurturing. I was really fascinated when I heard that. There is some psychological stuff going on here that is quite powerful. I try to stay emotionally detached from a lot of this so I can look at it and learn about what is going on now and see where it's heading without freaking out, because that does me no good, it does no one else any good. They are slick, these people are really slick.

Wayne Morris:

Do you have knowledge of other parts of the entertainment industry being involved in mind control?

Kathleen Sullivan:

Music is a big one. I haven't even touched on that. I was extensively programmed through lyrics and even certain chords ... sequence of certain notes ... certain major chords to minor ones ... but especially lyrics. Music is a very powerful way to control a person emotionally in particular. In MK type governmental mind control, among the survivors I have corresponded with or talked to, not a single one has not been programmed with music lyrics as well. A lot of times I still have a bad habit of not catching myself trancing out when a certain song will come on that is very triggering for me. The Beatles music was used extensively, more than any other music I know of. Pink Floyd was used a lot too. People from my MK generation had Wizard of Oz movie based programming; the next generation was Alice in Wonderland. They used Disney movies a lot by the way. Whether Disney is aware of it or not, I don't even want to guess. It wasn't too long ago that someone found out an actual program where a Pink Floyd song could be played along with the Wizard of Oz movie, and everything fits, step by step throughout the movie. Pink Floyd music was used a lot in NASA programming because again it affects a person's sense of time. All the songs they had about time ... it makes me feel like you are tripping in the first place to listen to most of their music. The Who, especially their opera Tommy, was used a lot on me too. And many others.

Wayne Morris:

Do you feel that these musicians or producers of this music were somehow knowledgeable of what was going on?

Kathleen Sullivan:

You start with the lyrics ... they are coming up with this stuff themselves, they have to know something.

Wayne Morris:

But is it possible that the programmers could have just used songs?

Kathleen Sullivan:

That's absolutely possible too. A lot of times MK victims will, especially if they are artistically creative - music, writing, art, whatever - their programming will bleed through. It will come through subconsciously in all of this, so it is possible some victims are programmed and the programming comes out in the music. I have heard from several sources that Elton John is an MK victim and that may be why some of his lyrics are so loaded ... I don't know.

Wayne Morris:

Do you feel Pink Floyd were somehow knowledgeable of these mind control techniques as well, that they were cognizant of what they were doing?

Kathleen Sullivan:

I don't know because I have never met them. I just know that it worked really well.

Wayne Morris:

It seems like quite a coincidence with that sound track and the Wizard of Oz film ...

Kathleen Sullivan:

To me that was absolutely no coincidence whatsoever. It was so right down the line all the way through.

Wayne Morris:

I would like to ask you about this film that has just been released, entitled "Conspiracy Theory" which is about a mind control slave. What was your response to the film?

Kathleen Sullivan:

I had a total meltdown after I came home from that movie. I was really shocked at the information that was in there. I have to say this, I love Mel Gibson. I was really delighted that he played the assassin in that movie. It was a verification for me ... how it is not a shameful thing to not remember what the heck just happened when a person has been reprogrammed, drugged or whatever because some of these drugs are very powerful at wiping out memories. And yes, I have had hallucinatory experiences as well during scrambles ... that was a verification for me, and I understand that Walter Bowart was a consultant on that movie, so that made a lot of sense there. There were a couple of

things that bothered me, and they may have been minor things ... the uncle of all of all the agencies that was trying to help him get out and how they treated him so well and all ...I have yet to find a survivor who has such a pleasant experience with any of these agencies. I wish one did exist that was so benevolent. The way it showed the guy who played Jonas, Gibson's character's programmer being like ... a rogue or something like that ... that he was setting up an operation using these guys that was not really connected to any agency any more ... I thought that was pretty misleading because agencies are very much using MK victims.

I did like the way ... I have watched Lafemme Nikita (France) and several other movies including The Long Kiss Goodnight (USA) where it shows people who were supposed to be used as assassins by governments. It made them look very, not inhuman, but knock-knock, nobody's home. They could do superhuman things almost. In real life it's not that way. In real life a lot of times the victims, when they are not actually doing ops, they are absolutely total victims, totally at the mercy of their handlers. Not knowing from one minute to the next if they are going to live, if they are ever going to be normal again mentally. So I really liked the way Gibson's character showed the vulnerability MK victims really have. I also liked the happy ending, and I hope a lot of us get to experience that eventually.

I got a number of contacts this last week about that movie. A number of MK victims went to see it just to see if there were any triggers in there, or anything that would help them with their own recovery ... and I think their biggest concern was that ... like with X-Files, Long Kiss Goodnight and several other movies and tv shows ... it would make people think that we were getting our memories from these movies and tv shows. I want to specify that I started remembering this stuff back in 1991. I have strongly encouraged a lot of survivors to write all their memories down and store it in a number of places so that they have proof they remembered this stuff before they ran into this type of external material. There is a concern there, but I also know a therapist who seems to see it like an open door in the minds of many people in the public to understand that yes, this stuff can go in, does go on, and how it is done. There are a lot of mixed reactions in me and in other people in the survivor community about the movie. I think it is going to take a while to see what develops out of it. I enjoyed it, really enjoyed it and I thought it was just very very well done.

Wayne Morris:

I was going to ask as well what, in a larger sense, do you feel the effect of this film is going to be on the public's perception and knowledge of mind control?

Kathleen Sullivan:

I think it was one of the most accurate things I have seen yet, done on it, as far as the way things really are, so I think it was very helpful that way. Showing that, yes, people do such heinous activities with other human beings, yes. The only thing that concerned me was they made it look so limited ... that very few people were doing it, and very few

people were victimized by it. That concerned me the most. Thank goodness at the end they showed this wasn't so, but throughout a lot of it the guy who played Jonas, the programmer, he was trying to make it look like Mel Gibson's character was dangerous and that has been stigmatism that a lot of former assassins have run across ... like, they will be dangerous again, and that is not accurate because once a person has dealt with their rage, which is how they are usually used to do assassinations, it is triggered out and focused on specific targeted individuals ... once that rage has been dealt with, they are pretty neat people. And even while their rage is being dealt with, they are neat people. They are very big assets to society. Showing an operative in such a humane way was a help to people with Delta programming in particular.

I do wish they had shown more about this character's childhood ... they did allude to it several times ... like when he talked about the weird school he had been to ... it showed how he would switch to a little boy ... but I wish they had brought that out more. Most MK assassins or Delta programmed MK's, have child alter states, and sometimes the child alter states are the parts that are called out to kill because they have such pure unswerving determination to do it ... sometimes the child parts have the most rage of all. I wish they had shown that, but I guess there wasn't enough time to put all that in there.

Wayne Morris:

I think the biggest thing that bothered me about the whole film was the title itself ... that term is used in such a dismissive way and for the public to then come across any other information about mind control to kind of label it, oh that's conspiracy theory, it's not happening, it's not real.

Kathleen Sullivan:

That didn't hit me. A therapist who has been working with me asked me to go see it and warned me in advance about the gory parts which helped ... although it really was surprisingly not gory at all, as far as I was concerned, and I was very grateful for that. She said "Now, I want you to learn from this film, what is paranoid, and what is real fear ..." At first I was really thrown off by the way he played an extremely paranoid person, and yet towards the end you realize it all had a purpose, and it was legitimately based. People would have to know more to catch that -- that may have been part of the message. That was one of my concerns too. If people are not educated -- one survivor went to see it in another state and said that the younger people were laughing at it most of the time, like it was a big joke, and she was very disturbed about that. It's going to take a while to see what kind of impact this will have all across the board ...

Wayne Morris:

For a lot of people who are not familiar with all of these issues around mind control such as dissociation, I don't think they would have gotten the full amount out of that picture ...

Kathleen Sullivan:

That's the main reason I wish it had shown how he was programmed as a child. I wish it had shown that because then it would have made even more sense.

Wayne Morris:

How do you think society has got to deal with this issue of this use of mind control for political and military purposes ... that seem to be corrupting society in a very profound way.

Kathleen Sullivan:

That is a huge question. If I were God, or if I were Queen, or if I were Monarch (a little joke there), what would I do? Any time there is an investigation into this stuff, one of the things I've seen is that they tend to put their people leading up the investigation to where they will allow so much information to come out, but not the rest. That seems to have happened during the 1970's when they were investigating the CIA, MKULTRA and other illegalities including assassinations, which of course the CIA denied. So they admitted they tried to kill Castro with whom Ted Turner is now best friends with, from what I understand. Strange world. I know that Blanche Chavoustie and Lynne Moss-Sharman have started a real push to get an investigation D.C.-level done into these illegalities. I have agreed to join that push. I understand that Lynne Moss-Sharman is also starting a letter campaign and asking people to write their senators and other people in D.C. about pushing toward an investigation. My only concern is that I know so many senators and others who have tremendous influence there ... if I were God or whatever, I would set it up to where younger people, newer people in the Congress and such were the ones to head up these investigations ... people who are not so compromised. We'll see how far that goes.

I think that one of the things that happens a lot of times is that people get so totally overwhelmed, which I am sure they will if they hear or read this, and I apologize in advance but this is like a one-shot deal for me to get all this information out at once ... it is very overwhelming. If people are willing to accept the information, it is incredibly depressing for a while. It leaves them feeling hopeless, and believe me every survivor that has had to remember these things has also gone through these long-term struggles. I think if people learn to deal with this information one piece at a time, get away from it for a while, do something, recreate their minds in other ways, and come back to it, learn a little bit more, and then begin to look for more materials on these subjects. Information is available. There are several articles that came out during the hearings on MKULTRA, but not enough. They are out there if someone is willing to research it.

I think that the youth on up to adults need to be aware of what happened. It seems like this information is still suppressed in the mainstream media, and that deeply concerns me. A lot of the people who started up NASA are dead. A lot of the people who taught CIA and Pentagon personnel are dead. A lot of the stuff is now being carried on by

people who are criminally involved, at least partly by choice, in all of these activities. But I think people need to be more educated and aware of how this influenced so much of us, the Nazi influence. I think that will help them understand the historical progression because then it is not such a shock, and then there is a reason to feel outraged and do something about it.

I want to say this too. I am part German. I am proud of it. I am not anti-Teutonic belief systems or anything else. But ... I also believe that when a person immigrates to this country, as I do, I appreciate what is here, and do not try to overthrow it. A lot of these people that did immigrate from Nazi Germany, subscribed to Hitler's plans for world domination by the year 2000. There is a videotape I found in Blockbusters that did verify that information. There is no way Hitler could have lived that long and yet he made that their goal. I have noticed with some of these people they are so identified with the Nazi belief system, that they will die promoting these plans. That is awfully scary to me. One young woman I knew in Atlanta was going to meetings there, very covert meetings, attended by young people, skinhead affiliations. There was, and I had several other witnesses verify this, an actual leader, an adult who was meeting with them, coming over from Germany each week, to meet with them and teach them the Nazi belief system. I know young people who are skinheads, and I love them dearly, but I do not agree with their politics and I do believe that there needs to be more information made available, and I do believe there needs to be hearings into this situation.

Some of the people who are in the military and let's say they were involved in certain activities in intelligence agencies, and realized what was going on ... they are very vehemently opposed to this Nazi stuff, and it was supposed to be part of Operation Clean Sweep, but I don't think it worked. I think there has been too much coverup because of the connections to the CIA, NASA, and all the rest. What I would like personally to see is these people to start coming clean, and I hope there is a time when some of these people are going to be granted amnesty if they will 'fess up and make some kinds of reparations for what they have done to survivors. A lot of survivors need information in order to heal. They need verification and it is available, and I would like to see that happen as well. Some survivors would be extremely upset with me for even suggesting such a thing, and two or three years ago, I would have too. But what I see how many people are dying or close to dying because of a lack of verification, is it worth holding on to that anger?

Wayne Morris:

Do you think it's better to get the information out and provide some kind of amnesty for the perpetrators rather than holding out to try and get some real justice?

Kathleen Sullivan:

I think there should be some kind of reparation to survivors, in whatever form. I think the perpetrators should be induced to get into some kind of therapy personally. I would also like people to start understanding the needs of survivors presently besides the need for

verification. My husband is 30 years retired Airborne and just yesterday I received the Legion magazine, and there was an article in there by a psychiatrist up in the Northeast who had been a young victim in a concentration camp in Germany. He just barely survived when the Allies came in and gave them food and medical and psychiatric help. It broke my heart to read the shape he and his friends were in. He said that after they were released from the concentration camp, they walked for nearly a day down the road, no food, totally exhausted, in a total daze I am sure. In severe shock. They saw a soldier using a bayonet to get some food out of one of his rations ... the soldier saw them and gave them the food. The three boys divided the ration between them because to them it was survival. The soldier saw that and got the other soldiers to feed them from their rations as well. They gave of what they had so these other people could survive. I think that if a lot of people would just be willing to give a little bit of their time, their energy, their willingness to learn, even though it is painful and frightening and depressing information ... they don't have to risk their lives for this. A lot of people are afraid to associate with some of us because they are afraid they are going to die or get hurt, or their kids will get hurt. It doesn't take a full-fledged devotion to helping us to help us. A lot of survivors were not taught basic life skills. They were not taught how to socialize. A lot of them are financially struggling. They are just barely making it. Some of them cannot even afford therapy which is essential for their recovery. Some of them seriously need to get a higher education. I'm very fortunate. My husband is 100% VA disabled because he has a deteriorating spine from over 300 parachute jumps in Airborne, and I have received four years free education in college. This is so incredibly helpful to me because I am now able to build a future.

I would eventually like to see some kind of scholarship set up whether it has to be done by the private sector until survivors get what they deserve financially for what they have been through, so that other survivors can also begin to rebuild their lives. A lot of us, until we got out, that's all the life we had. I used to joke when I first got out, heck I could always hire myself out as a bodyguard. Do I want to do that? Do I want to put myself in a risky situation again? I want to have other options for my future. I want to have much healthier, adrenaline free options for a job or whatever. I realize that because I go public, it's going to limit what I can do but still at least I have options, at least I can get an education, and be around normal people and learn how to live a normal life.

So many others are not as fortunate as I am. I would very much like to see them getting funding for decent therapy and help for some kind of education. I understand in Canada it is harder for survivors to get therapy or to get any kind of regular financial support. It is almost impossible for some of these survivors to be able to function on a job. Most of us suffer not just from dissociative disorders, but also from PTSD, post traumatic stress disorder, and believe me that is hell. Any Vietnam vet, and a lot of WWII vets, can tell you what that's like. Those are the things I would like to see accomplished, at least short term, until some of the other situations with our government can be ironed out.

Wayne Morris:

Kathleen, I would very much like to thank you for joining us in this radio series. I realize

that talking with us here is not without risk to you, and I wish you all the best.

Kathleen Sullivan:

I wish you the same. You took a serious risk in doing what you are doing, and I have tremendous respect for you for doing this ...

You have been tuned into 88.1, The International Connection, and that was the final part of an interview with Kathleen Sullivan, a former U.S. government mind control victim. [Svali Speaks Again](#)

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<https://svalispeaksagain.wordpress.com/2019/10/29/spiritual-controllers/>

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 11:46 pm on September 10, 2018

Tags: dissociation (49), healing (62), mind control (97), programming (86), ritual abuse (93)

What My Healing Journey Has Been Like

I thought it might be helpful to share a bit about what healing has looked like, for the past few years, as I have worked on memories. I realize that the articles I have posted (in hopes of helping therapists and those who support survivors understand more about programming done, and the issues that survivors face) sound very organized, calm and logical. This is in large part because they have been written after some of the hardest part of a very difficult journey has been completed.

In 2007, I had gone through a very difficult time in my life. I was in a very abusive marriage, and had moved back to Texas after leaving the state for a year. A former friend saw me, was concerned about how I looked, and asked me "Are you okay?" I asked her if we could talk; and shared with her my concerns about my safety and my life in my current situation. She then told me that I could come and stay with her.

I went home; packed up my clothes (my husband was working), grabbed my dog, and fled. I literally had one bag of clothes, and almost nothing else. My friend, who had another friend living with her as well, became part of a difficult and highly emotional journey for me.

Journaling, collaging and self therapy

I began journaling daily, for hours. Parts were sharing their thoughts, concerns and fears on page after page, which included drawings of internal parts with “thought balloons” like cartoons, where they shared their thoughts with me. As the parts shared what they looked like, and their terror/panic/anger and shame, a picture started taking shape; one that horrified me as I saw what had really been going on, and the history of my life.

I filled three boxes full of journals over the course of the next two years. I created numerous collages, as parts put on paper their histories. At one point, I bought a cheap set of dolls of different ages, and hand-sewed costumes that included white lab coats, dark robes and other costumes, as younger parts did “play therapy” and showed me with the dolls what had happened to them.

The emotions

Some days, I would shake with fear, as parts shared about the programming traumas they had undergone. Other days, I would cry for hours, as I recalled losses; and as parts grieved what they had done in their past. I remember feeling suicidal as retaliation programming would be set off after parts disclosed high security memories, wondering if I would make it through the day. I decided to take life one hour, or even one minute at a time, and to choose to believe I would make it.

The despair would hit, and I would want to curl up into a ball and never get up. And still the memories came, and the journals filled up. I learned to find things that brought me joy, such as listening to songs my littles like (“Nala the Chihuahua” was a top favorite, as well as the gummy bear song in French, and the theme song from “The Titanic” in German). I would color, and finger paint, and play with clay. I took walks every day (with a friend, for safety). I found out to my amazement that I could dance; some ways that were joyful and fun; other ways that saddened me. I sang and played guitar, and made up songs to encourage my parts. I gave inside parts medals of commendation for courage and bravery, as they shared their stories, and helped others in the sharing. I played with my dog and hugged her.

I learned about the families I had grown up with in other countries, and felt disoriented and dislocated, as I realized that the life history I had always believed was a cult fabrication. I then felt deep anger at myself, for having “bought the lie” and at my perpetrators for controlling my life to this degree.

I dealt with rage, taking a sledge hammer and breaking rocks (which helped my friend, who was building a rock foundation and fence on part of her property). I was depressed

and felt horrendous betrayal as I remembered my children accessing me, and taking me to be hurt; and realizing that it would not be safe to have contact with them.

The Toughest Times

Some days, I wondered if I would ever heal. I wondered if anyone heals. I wanted to know somebody who HAD healed, who could tell me it was possible to do it.

I got angry at God, yelling at Him, and telling Him I wanted nothing to do with a God who created a world where the types of abuse I was remembering were possible. I then felt His love and concern, and patience, in spite of my pain and hurt.

It was a difficult, hard and lonely process. My friends were supportive, but they had no background to understand the types of programming I was dealing with. I remembered being put in negative sound rooms, and isolation tanks; going through tech torture using Tesla waves, harmonics and machine brain entrainment, and while they cared, they could not really relate.

I missed my loved ones in the group, terribly, and cried as I worked at breaking the bonds. I drew pictures of them. I made pictures of perpetrators, and cut them up with scissors in rage; then would remember that I had also deeply loved these same people. I battled the inside shame and grief of realizing I attached to the very people whose abuse I despised.

I found parts inside who were just like them, both the good and the bad; and struggled to see both sides of them at once. I created an internal healing team of the healthiest parts inside whose job was to hold, love and nurture the young parts who felt scared about all we were remembering; and to help them through the anguish of missing the people they were bonded to.

I didn't know anyone else who had gone through this, because I didn't have any contact with any other survivors during this time. But I did have one thing I am very thankful for: when I asked my friend if I could ever heal, ever make it, during the worst times, this friend said "Yes". When I said "I don't know anyone else who has been through this type of stuff who has completely healed" my friend said "then you be the first. Show your kids and the people you miss that people really do get out – and stay out."

I divorced my husband. I made new friends (and was very selective about who they were). I literally started my whole life over, at a time when most people my age were watching their children graduate from college.

It has been a difficult and emotional journey over the years. But it is so worth it. I now know my life history; the gaps are filled in. I remember my loved ones, with a mixture of joy for the love I knew, and sadness over the abuse we all endured, and perpetrated. I enjoy living a life now where people are no longer hurt; where "performance" is not the measure of a person's worth. I am learning to forgive myself for the things I did that

were wrong; and to forgive others who taught me to do those things.

This blog is in a sense part of my restitution, just as my earlier articles were. If sharing my journey is helpful to even one other in their journey, it will be well worth it.

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Jonah in Nineveh (@jlaws)'s avatar

Jonah in Nineveh (@jlaws) 2:28 am on December 15, 2018

Svali, it grieves me to read about the breakup of your family. I am a husband and father with a very great devotion to my vocation as head of my family. I see your misfortunes as a wound to my community.

When I came to Toronto as an engineering student, I was quickly singled out by a girl at my college residence who wanted to get me interested in freemasonry. She was a Rainbow girl whose father was the head of a regional lodge and a member of the board of the college. Her don was a member and recruiter for Eastern Star. She presented herself as a Pentecostal Christian — her father was also an elder at Evangel Temple, the community that gave Benny Hinn his start. However, in time, she began to divulge her belief in Lucifer and the coming New Age. I resisted the masonic entreaties — they did not sit well with me. By the end of my second year, I was pretty well run out of the college.

I eventually recovered my academic endeavors and graduated. I remained active on campus and was one day approached by another girl from that college, named Honey Reich. She was Jewish, and although I liked her very much, she remained in the "friend zone" because I could not accept not raising my children in Jesus Christ. Many years later, tragedy struck her and her family in a way that makes me think of the Luciferian underbelly of the college:

<https://www.macleans.ca/news/canada/barry-and-honey-sherman-duelling-investigation-s-high-drama-and-still-no-answers/>

Do you have any knowledge of the Toronto milieu I described above? Do you know anything about how Honey and her husband met their end? I ask this as a concerned family man and member of my community. I'll also pray for your healing, that of our

families, and of our communities.

Liked by 3 people

ladysheepdog's avatar

ladysheepdog 4:08 pm on May 3, 2023

Though this post is some what old, I'm sending prayers for your continued healing. Not sure if you are still monitoring this account, but if you are and you could use another friend....

Like

...s avatar

... 10:14 pm on October 17, 2024

I am currently wondering how people can heal... articles like this really do help me and my system to not give hope, that it is possible somehow and that we can be forgiven for all that we have done.

thank you.

Like

...s avatar

... 10:15 pm on October 17, 2024

typing error: ...help me to not give up and bring hope that it is possible.

Like

Alex's avatar

Alex 11:43 pm on November 25, 2024

Svali, es gibt seit Monaten keinen Beitrag mehr. Ich schaue regelmäßig. Geht es Dir gut?

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 7:32 pm on November 26, 2024

Alex, Thank you for asking. I am fine; working on editing my third book, and helping a friend with a project.

Like

Kripa's avatar

Kripa 7:41 pm on April 30, 2025

This article will always be helpful to anyone who reads it., its evergreen and timeless as all of us in our darkest hours doubt our capacity to heal and to love... there is such an

innocence and naturalness to your healing process and I deeply appreciate you sharing it with the world.. may we all ride on the coattails of wonderful men and women like you who have trailblazed

Through sheer hell and come out the other side as good true human beings

Much much love to you Svali 🌸🌸🍀💖 I know you're an inspiration to many survivors

Liked by 1 person

Sab's avatar

Sab 9:12 pm on January 3, 2026

Dear SVALI, your testimony not only helps survivors of this abuse but also people like myself who go through tough periods. Jesus has used you to give me hope, to just keep going and trust that the lord will never lead us astray!

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Healing from ritual abuse and mind control

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Mizpah: Svali Speaks Again

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 12:37 am on July 6, 2018

Tags: dissociation (49), healing (62), mind control (97), programming (86)

Dealing with Harassment: Part 1

One concern that survivors who attempt to leave cult groups mention is the issue of harassment. After all, groups that have invested time, money and thousands of hours of effort into controlling the mind and developing “useful” skills in an individual do not want to lose that person for several reasons:

They need that person's skills

Pride: it makes them look bad if someone leaves

Fear that others will get the same idea.

Harassment is real, and it can be quite intensive, based upon the group the person left, their money and resources, the individual's position within the group, and how much personal investment in “getting the person back” the group's leaders have.

In these blogs, I will describe some of my personal experiences with harassment: these are autobiographical and part of my history. You will learn about both the good things I did, and some of the incredibly stupid things I did, in response to cult harassment. Hopefully, by sharing my experiences, it will help encourage others that they are not alone; and help people realize there are different options than they were taught by the groups for dealing with harassment.

Some of the experiences I describe I went through for several reasons:

-I was top leadership (in the “top 4”) for an international occultic group when I left, and their head trainer; which made leaving unacceptable to the top leadership at that time – I was considered a security risk

-my brothers, sisters and children (who by this time were in the early 20's) were all at the time I describe part of the leadership council for this group, and several had a vested interest in “bringing me back” for punishment

-I have a tendency to speak my mind, and to make top leadership angry with me (by doing things such as writing articles or giving interviews)

Arkansas Nightmare

Eight years ago, I bought 11 acres of land up in northern Arkansas. I had been free of the cult for two years; and in the early fall my best friend and I decided to go and homestead on the beautiful, wooded land with a pond fed by a stream. There was a small shack on the land, and we built a cement floor, installed a wood stove, and proceeded to clear the brambles, cut wood for the winter, and work on improving the

property. Things went well, until in the middle of winter, we found evidence in the snow that others were visiting our property: footprints that came in and out over several fences. We also saw men in military uniforms walking the perimeter of our property; when we walked towards them to ask what they were doing, they left rapidly.

One night, we heard splashing in the stream that ran past our small residence; upon going out the next morning, we saw bootprints in the mud; someone had waded in the stream until they were slightly downhill from our cabin; the footprints then led to just outside our cabin. The bootprints were small, nearly child-sized; next to them were adult prints. The next night, we sat up, and heard activity outside our cabin. I took my pistol out (I had been practicing my marksmanship after breaking presentation programming to be afraid of guns), and my friend and I shot into the bushes where we had heard the noise coming from, telling the intruders to "Leave, now, in Jesus's name!" There was silence.

The next day, the noise began: a low-pitched rumble that seemed to go through the ground, and that caused waves of nausea; and a higher pitched, incessant noise that was in the same range as "ringing in the ears" but much louder. This noise caused almost immediate pain.

Each day, the noise continued, and my friend and I became seriously ill, with joint pain, fatigue and horrendous pain throughout our bodies. Finally, I packed a bag, jumped in our truck, and told my friend we needed to get off the land. We stayed in a motel that night. The noise stopped entirely, and while we both felt "buzzy" for the next few hours, we immediately both felt better.

My friend and I both deduced that we were being hit with a combination of both low frequency and high frequency waves. My friend went online, looked up the symptoms of being exposed, and we both had every single one. We decided to leave our land, since the pain had increased the past day to an alarming amount. The next day, we went onto the land, packed our bags as quickly as we could. Within minutes of our going onto the land, the high pitched noise started, much louder than before, and we were literally staggering and both almost passed out. We grabbed what we could, jumped into our truck, and ran, leaving our land abandoned and feeling grateful we hadn't died from the intense pain caused by the electronic tech waves.

On the Run through Four States

Because it was winter, we left in the middle of a huge snowstorm. This ended up being a blessing, because it would slow down those looking for us. I cannot describe the feelings of being pursued, and trying to get away; it is NOT romantic or anything like movie depictions. We were both tired, hurting and afraid. We both prayed a LOT.

We found a motel to stay in (that didn't require ID), painted our truck a different color, and spent two days resting, doing our laundry in the tub and sleeping lot more than normal; we were both recovering from the tech wave effects, and our bodies were

attempting to recover.

I was angry at being chased off my land, which I had loved. I was upset that this was happening. And I had no idea what we would do. My friend and I went to a neighboring state. My friend did not have a legal ID (this friend had stayed hidden for many years, and had successfully left an intelligence agency located overseas), but helped with the driving. After my friend drove for four hours, we were in another state, and I felt an urgency to take over the wheel. "I'm fine" my friend said, "I can keep driving". But I insisted. We pulled over, I took the wheel, and ten miles down the road, we came to a police blockade; they were checking the IDs of all drivers. If my friend had been driving, we would have been stopped, and possibly risked a fine or even jail.

I believe the LORD prompted me to drive before reaching this point.

My friend and I were praying continuously. We stayed at a motel and the next morning, continued driving. I didn't feel comfortable with the area, neither did my friend, so we continued driving two more days until we were in yet another state.

Finally, we headed to a state to the south. We found a cheap motel (the kind that charges hourly rates) and checked in without ID, since we didn't want to be found. There were loud parties, and it seemed obvious that quite a bit of drug dealing was going on in the rooms around us. We laid low, prayed, and started looking for a job.

God Comes Through

After searching for two weeks, my friend and I saw an ad in a local paper. We answered, interviewed, and were hired to work on a horse farm. I loved the idea; I had raised horses myself for several years, loved them, and best of all, a smaller camper was included to live in, next to the barn.

We stayed and worked on the farm for over nine months. During this time, we drove the owner's truck, and never used our ID. It was difficult for my pride; our employer knew that we didn't use ID, and from the looks he, his wife, and his uncle and the uncle's wife next door gave us, I knew they thought we were criminals on the run. Obviously, the idea of getting cheap labor (\$100 a week in pay) overrode the owner's scruples regarding the past of those he hired.

I learned how to feed the horses (there were seven), clean stalls like a pro (my own horses had lived in a field with a lean to; this was luxury horse housing); and loved exercising the mares. I had one favorite with a bouncy gait and a temperament to match, and also helped break a young gelding.

Meanwhile, I was developing my talents as an artist (after all, cleaning barns and taking care of horses didn't take all day, and I was bored; in my previous life before running, I had worked 80-hour weeks). I started painting oils, and over time, participated in several art shows and held a one-person show at a luxury restaurant in the "big city" a

half hour away. Living under an assumed name, I was glad for the peaceful life; there was no harassment from the cult, and it was a wonderful time.

After nine months, I went to visit a local upscale furniture store in a nearby city that the farm owner's wife suggested I go, to market my paintings at. My friend was with me. The store owner was extremely friendly; visited my art site online, and seemed interested in selling my oils. My friend and I then went to get an ice cream; but suddenly, I felt uneasy. "I think I knew the store owner" I told my friend. "I don't have a good feeling about this; we need to get to the truck and go." My friend was unsure. "Are you sure? Don't you think you are being a little paranoid about this?" my friend said. We walked back to our truck, and saw the store owner outside with a pen and paper, writing down the license number of the truck (it was the farm owner's, not mine, and registered to him). As soon as he saw us, the store owner scurried back inside. "Oh, sh-t!" I said. My friend and I went to our truck and left.

Once Again, It Starts

Over the next two weeks, there were a lot of new "visitors" to the horse ranch; individuals interested in looking at the horses (one was for sale), in buying hay, etc. One couple held a picnic in the field outside our camper and asked to come inside to use our bathroom. I refused, not wanting to give them a chance to view the inside of our place, and suggested they go to the main house, which had three bathrooms.

The husband of the couple took a camera out, and started taking photos of the camper, of my friend, and I (I turned away). I asked him to stop; he insisted his hobby was photography and that he "couldn't resist" taking pictures wherever he went.

My friend and I prayed; we realized our place was being scoped out, and didn't know what to do. That night, the horses in the barn became restless, and my favorite mare whinnied, at 1 am. I went out to check; as soon as I turned out the outside light, I saw a figure dart away from the barn, leap over the fence, and run into the nearby woods. I told my friend, and told my friend we needed to make plans to leave right away. My friend agreed; my friend wanted to give our employer notice for two weeks.

When we went into the barn, we saw evidence that the intruder had entered the stall of the mare that had whinnied (fortunately, she hated strangers, and gave the alert); the water tray in the stall was bent from the intruder stepping on it; from that point, he had a perfect view of our home. My friend and I were wondering what he was doing in the barn.

Two days later, my friend and I felt a low, deep vibration that was all too familiar; the feel of ELF waves. This was followed by bursts of very high-pitched noise (sounding like a dog whistle in frequency) that could barely be heard. My friend and I started experiencing joint swelling and pain; were unable to sleep, and began feeling the nausea and pain. I was terrified; I didn't want to go through Arkansas all over again. Two days later, we packed our truck, and left in the early evening, leaving before the

two weeks was over. My friend and I were exhausted, nauseated, feeling “buzzy” and experiencing joint pain all over. We drove our truck to a nearby city, and found a cheap motel to stay in.

Chased by Helicopters

We slept for five hours; then at 2 am, we heard a door slam next door to our room. Within a few minutes, we began hearing odd noises: high-pitched noises; and a phone ringing in odd patterns. “We have to leave, they’ve found us” I said to my friend, who agreed.

We decided to check out, even though it was only 3:30 am. As we entered the lobby, we saw the door to the room next to ours open; a woman and man came out, and stood in line next to us. “We’re checking out, too” the woman said to me. They had stayed less than two hours in their room.

My friend and I got coffee and donuts, got into our (ancient) truck and headed out. A few hours later, it was daylight. As I was driving, my friend exclaimed, “Oh, crap!” My friend then stated, “there are two helicopters right above us, following us.” I couldn’t believe this. I pulled over, looked up, and there they were; two black helicopters hovering in the sky at a fair distance above.

“Helicopters?!?!?” I yelled. “How the h-ll are we supposed to escape them?” We got in the truck, and I was driving, tears streaming down my face (I was not faith-fulled at all at this point, as you might have gathered). I was yelling at God instead. “God, what do we do? There’s no way out!! Why are you allowing this??” I was terrified. I knew they would hunt us down, get us, and there was nothing we could do. My friend and I stopped at a rest stop next to a park, decided to walk down to the riverside and pray. As we did so, a couple, one that was all too familiar, came walking nearby. “Imagine seeing you again!” said the woman from the motel, who was wearing dark sunglasses. “We must be going the same way.” She gave a smile that looked more like a smirk. I couldn’t punch her, or I would be arrested for battery; but I hated the insolent smile and jaunty wave she gave as my friend and I turned around and went to our truck. We realized that she and her companion believed they “had” us for sure, and I wasn’t so sure they weren’t right.

As we got into the truck and continued driving, my friend and I were praying non-stop. “God, HELP us! What do we do?” My friend then said “I have an idea. It might not work, but it’s worth a try.” My friend then said, “the next time you see a power station, pull up and behind it. The electrical frequency should block the copters from using their tracking technology.” An hour later, we came to one; I did what my friend said, and parked. We waited. We looked above, and to our amazement, no helicopters. Nothing.

“I know of a better place to hide” my friend said, who had lived in the area several years before. We found a large power station on a river, with woods nearby. We parked our truck in the woods, and took out some enamel spray paint we had bought two years before, and painted the truck in camo colors. The homemade job was not pretty; but our

truck certainly looked very different. Meanwhile, I slept on a blanket from the back of the truck, beneath the trees. From time to time, I heard the chop-chop-chop of helicopters far above, and would start awake, terrified. "Go back to sleep," my friend said. "God is going to protect us." "I wish I could be as sure as you are," I said. Faith was not my strong suit at this point. I fell back into an uneasy sleep, then when it was dark, we drove our truck (that unfortunately did not have working headlights) for several hours, until we were out of the state. It was early fall, and we both had no idea of where to go.

"I know of a place a few hours from here" my friend said, who had lived in this state for two years. We finally came to a secluded lake near a state park. We set up camp, and exhausted, slept most of the next day. We ended up camping there for two weeks, and it was a wonderful time of rest and recovery from the terrible pursuit. I felt grateful to be alive, and to God, who had saved my friend and I. I believed at the time that God protected my friend, who had much more faith than I. It wasn't until years later that I realized that He was also protecting me, in spite of my small faith.

Do Miracles Still Happen?

After camping out, my friend and I chose to stay in a very cheap hotel for a few days (the running water and electricity were wonderful luxuries after roughing it). But we were running out of money. Down to our last \$100, we drove south across the state line to a small town, and got a local paper. I found a place advertising a room for \$100 a month; we answered the ad, put our last bit of money down, and rented a small camper for the next four weeks. It was damp, musty and scary; but at least we could rest for a bit.

The next morning, my friend and I realized that we needed to find jobs quickly, since we were completely out of funds. I was terrified; after being on the run for the past few weeks, and now penniless, I was also depressed about our situation. My friend decided to apply at a local meat processing plant, since my friend had worked as a butcher in the past, and had experience. "How can you apply for a job without ID?" I asked angrily. NO ONE will hire someone without ID in this day and age; it just doesn't happen." (my friend did not have a legal ID, so this was a legitimate question). My friend replied "God will take care of me. He will provide the job if I'm meant to have it."

I snorted in disbelief, and told my friend, "If God gives you a job without needing identification, then I will believe in miracles." I had thrown the gauntlet down. I had faith for church services; I was a Christian; I believed that God loved His children. But seriously – a job without ID? Even God couldn't overcome this obstacle, in my mind.

My friend went inside. A half hour later, my friend came back smiling. "They hired me; and they would like to talk to you; they would like to hire you, too, to wrap meat, since they need extra staff right now." My mouth dropped open. I literally couldn't believe what I was hearing.

Neither my friend or I would need ID; we both had jobs; and the company paid us in cash at the end of the first day, so we could buy groceries. I realized then that God

does do miracles; He had heard my challenge, and chose to answer it.

If what you need is a miracle, God can provide it.

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Steve's avatar

Steve 4:20 pm on July 8, 2018

Praise be to Lord Jesus Christ who "watch[es] over those who do right; his ears are open to their cries for help"!

1 Peter 3:12

Psalm 34:15-16

Amen!

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atkinsondiscloses's avatar

atkinsondiscloses 7:30 pm on November 30, 2018

I forgot to thank Svali for letting us comment here

Liked by 1 person

The Freedom Fighter's avatar

Hadassah 7:26 am on April 21, 2023

Wow, I had missed this one, and sometimes I do worry about you when we don't hear from you for awhile, Svali, and then I ask Father to protect you.... Praise God He does! I hope your friend is still okay too..?

I do wonder if you or anyone reading this has learned other ways since that we can protect ourselves from frequency weapons. (Wrapping ourselves and homes in tin foil actually makes sense now!)

Thank you, as always, for educating us!

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 12:29 am on November 27, 2018

Tags: [Christian \(34 \)](#), [dissociation \(49 \)](#), [mind control \(97 \)](#), [programming \(86 \)](#), [ritual abuse \(93 \)](#)

God in the Labs

Trigger warning: discusses Christian faith and prenatal abuse

When Christians talk about the “enemy” and doing warfare, they are referring to Satan and demons. What many Christians may not realize is that those involved in occultic groups do the same; but to them, the “enemy” is the Christian God, and the “warfare” is against encounters with God.

Over time, as I recovered my own memories, and broke vows and agreements made to never remember encounters with the Christian God (made by my cult parts), I started to remember things that made me realize that even in the darkest situations, God shows up.

An example: I have mentioned the prenatal labs, where the birth mothers and the fetuses are tortured, with the intent of programming the fetus in the womb to hate God. This is the time when the cult loyal parts that hate God with a vengeance are created and tortured to fuel this hate.

But what I also remembered is the fact that not infrequently, in response to the fetal cries to God (fetuses do this instinctively, especially during the first three months in the womb), an angel would appear to stop the trainers; to prevent further torture. I remember one encounter when I walked into the lab, and saw an angel bend over the abdomen of a pregnant mother, and kiss her swollen belly (and the baby within). The angel had an incredibly loving look on its face. I stared; the angel gave me a look of great sorrow (as in “how could you do this?”) and left. I was a bit shaken, but these things happened from time to time. I had a very hard heart towards God at this point, and chose to ignore what I had seen.

It is not at all uncommon in the first few months of a fetus’s life, for equipment “malfunctions” to occur (e.g. equipment used to cause torture suddenly stops working for no reason; it later passes all checks). These are considered normal oddities, because the programmers know and realize that the one they consider the “enemy” (the Christian God) is interfering because of the fetus’s cries of distress.

I now realize that God encounters such as these were not at all uncommon. Most trainers are taught to explain them away; to ignore them, and to harden their hearts and continue doing the work in spite of seeing divine intervention. The True God was giving a witness to His power and mercy in one of the darkest places of oppression possible, and I had no excuse for my choice at the time to turn away, other than my own lifetime of programming.

I now realize that the Christian God is good, He is merciful, and He answers the cries of those who cry out to Him. He never forsakes or abandons those who ask His help. It was due in part to encounters such as the ones I described above that I began to question what I was doing, and to wonder who the real “enemy” was: the One trying to stop what I and the other programmers were doing, or the one who commanded us to hurt others (e.g., satan). I came to realize that I was on the wrong side, and chose to switch camps, and join the side characterized by love.

My prayer is that all who see heaven invade into the darkest places (and I do realize they are dark indeed), will choose to take the hand of the True God who loves His creation.

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In "dissociation"

Stephanie Koutsimanis-Smith's avatar

stephaniekouts 5:35 am on November 29, 2018

Really insightful, thanks.

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dory463's avatar

dory463 2:58 pm on December 5, 2018

Thank you Svali for all that you have written! Your blog – past and present – is amazingly validating! Just about everything you have written resonates so personally. Thank you again.

Like

Angela's avatar

Angela 5:16 am on April 23, 2023

I'm not sure if you still monitor your website, or have added to it recently. When I read this, it brought tears to my eyes.

Take heed that you do not despise one of these little ones, for I say to you that in heaven their angels always see the face of My Father who is in heaven. For the Son of Man has come to save that which was lost.

Matthew 10:10-11 NKJV

Like

ladysheepdog's avatar

ladysheepdog 10:43 pm on July 17, 2023

This is a very encouraging post for me. Yahweh Yeshua is King and King of kings and Thee One True Victor.

Like

ladysheepdog's avatar

ladysheepdog 11:13 pm on July 17, 2023

I had to go feed my dogs, and as I was preparing their food, I kept thinking about that Angel kissing that abdomen and sending our Savior's Love to that precious baby. I'm feeling relief and joy knowing He showed up. What makes me angry is not knowing years ago that I should have been praying for those babies. And why didn't I know? Because my fellow Christians have never told me. I'm tired of this hush, hush crap of previous generations. But, as you said, things are coming out in the light, which is as scripture has said, and Prayer & Tenacious Warriors For Yeshua like me are doing something about it. Sorry its taken so long for me to show up at the frontline, but don't worry, this Little David is going to kill some goliaths, uncircumcised philistines, jezebels, baals, sennacheribs, etc.

Like

Ian's avatar

Ian 7:26 pm on September 11, 2023

How are you allowed to divulge all this information? Couldn't they easily track you down (like you blogged about in a different entry) and eliminate you? Why do they not capture and torture you? Genuinely asking, because I do believe you, just wondering how you managed to evade them?

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 11:32 pm on October 21, 2023

Ian, I plan to write a blog post at some point about this. It certainly hasn't been for lack of trying; if it weren't for God's protection I would have been killed several times. It is not "hiding" -they certainly know where I live -but my belief in God and His mercy that has protected me so far.

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Growing Up International: Part 1 (prenatal programming)

This article describes what it is like to grow up in a cult facility overseas. There are several international occultic groups that now use facilities such as this to train members during their early years. The reason? Pre-birth and the first three years are the years when the most intensive training is done, and for these groups, it is literally a “full-time” job.

During the first three years of my life, I lived fulltime in a cult facility in a European country, before I ever met my host families in various countries. This facility was under the direction of a well-known programmer. This is how my life started:

I was conceived in a petri dish in the late 1950's at a genetics laboratory in Switzerland. By the time of my birth, I was considered “generation 3”, or the third generation of

genetic enhancements. The first two generations were prototypes for physical beauty. By G3, the gene for intelligence had been discovered, as well as for improved muscle strength and healing capability. Later generations improved upon these foundations as genes for even greater intelligence, theta skills and other abilities were developed.

On the third day of life, I was implanted in the woman who was my birth mother, but she was not my genetic mother (who was a ranking member of the group I was raised in; the well-known programmer was my genetic father). She, along with other birth mothers, were taken to a special facility in Europe where the prenatal programming would begin, since the experiments on pregnant women conducted by Mengele had proven that programming begun in the womb lasts longer and is more difficult to break than programming that occurs after birth, when the infant has the opportunity to interact with the outside world.

For the first two weeks, my birth mother was treated extremely well, praised, petted and told what a “special” baby she was carrying. Beaming programmers and their trainees brought her choice foods, and told her what a special person she was, to be part of carrying a baby that would be part of a “new breed” of individuals. This kindness was unfortunately the priming for the later setups and betrayals that would occur, with the purpose of creating rage against the human race in her unborn child.

After two weeks, the torture began. The birth mother was told to do something repugnant to her (e.g., lick up urine and feces off the floor, or a similar act), and as she hesitated, the punishment was quick and brutal: agonizing, squeezing pain to her limbs and partial suffocation, as she was told “You must always obey, immediately.” A tone was also played with this injunction. The rationale for this treatment? A developing embryo and fetus automatically synchronizes brain waves with the mother, and their young spirit feels what the mother’s spirit does. The extreme distress is imprinted on the unborn child as well as the mother.

At this point, a reader will wonder: but the baby doesn’t have a conscious mind yet. Why do this before brainwaves and consciousness develop? The rationale the programmers use is that the unborn embryo’s spirit is present, and the spirit will never forget these events, which lay the foundation for later programming.

How does the birth mother not abort her unborn child with these traumas? The programmers will administer specific drugs to prevent this occurrence, although contractions may begin in some cases.

I know these things happened, not only because of memories my parts have shared, but also because when I was older, and ran the facility, I and other trainers did these same things to birth mothers. The things we did to these women and their unborn children are among the things I most regret doing in my past.

As the weeks go on, the torture and programming sessions become more severe, along with the rewards (operant conditioning techniques). Both mother and child are subjected

to electric shocks, the instillation of drugs that induce severe, agonizing pain (as part of the “seal of mortality” programming, during which the fetus is told that this pain is their “ascended” self feeling the pain that “mortals” feel; this is part of the installation of a fear of mortality in the “higher” or “ascended” parts within the system). The fetus is then told that the birth mother can be “saved” from the pain if the fetus is willing to “rescue” her by taking in a demon. If the fetus complies, the stimulus for pain is stopped, or an antagonist drug given to stop the effects of the pain-inducing drug, and an injection of a bliss-producing drug is given, while both mother and fetus are told that this is the “joy of ascension”, etc.

The real goal is to teach the fetus to rescue the birth mother; this will be the foundation of later rescue programming that will chain them to the group (e.g. the need to rescue those they love from torture or death if their programming breaks).

The punishments for disobedience become more severe: the end of a finger is cut off from the fetus, who experiences agonizing pain (this small digit will grow back if done early enough in development, but the trauma remains in the subconscious throughout the lifetime), as a punishment for “disobedience”. Digits are cut off of the birth mother as well, and she is raped and traumatized by a pretend “Jesus” to teach the fetus to hate Christianity and all it represents.

All the foundation templates for later programming, and the first splits, were created during the months before birth. This includes the installation of an inside “Satan” who believes they are completely “evil”, the inside “god” (whose voice sounds like the outside main programmer), an inside “He who is to come” (antichrist; this has changed to “he who has come” in recent years), and top controllers and core guardians. These are created to protect the developing core from the reality of the complete helplessness and reality of a world where horrendous abuse – including rape with special instruments – occurs in the place that should be safe and protected for the developing child.

Fetuses like warmth, dark and security; but bright lights are shone into the womb as punishments. A voice accompanied by a bright light is placed outside the womb, and the voice proclaims that they are “god” and that in order for the birth mother and fetus to survive, this voice must always be obeyed.

By the end of the seventh month, the birth mother’s limbs have all been traumatically amputated, and she is forced to eat out of a dish like a dog. Soon after this, the ultimate abandonment occurs: the birth mother loses her mind completely, and the link to the one the fetus loves most is gone. The fetus is in complete despair, and she hears a voice, kind, loving and reassuring her that while her “mother” abandoned her, this person loves her and will always be “there” for her.

I was that fetus, and I reached out to that voice as if it was a life raft. This was my primary trainer, aware of Mengele’s teachings, and the one I loved most as a child; I bonded completely to him at that moment, because my life depended on it (fetuses that

do not accept or receive this bonding will die in the womb in a short period of time; this is another of the terrible experiments that Mengele did on pregnant women and fetuses that the public has no knowledge of).

This voice told me they loved me, and were waiting eagerly to see me when I was born. This gave me a reason to continue living, in the midst of a world filled with pain, despair and darkness.

This was life before birth in a programming facility in Europe. Soon, I would be born, and the abuse ("training" was the name given to it) would continue.

These methods are still employed today, in training facilities around the world. The goal is to create a programmed individual during their most vulnerable time: before birth. The deepest delusions of "god", "powerful demons", supernatural creatures, ascended beings, celestial paradise, torturous hell are best installed during a time when an individual has had no interaction with the outside world to dilute the delusions with real-life experiences. These delusions have no resemblance to the truth found in the Christian Bible, and are installed as part of the core belief system for individuals born to international occultic groups that follow these precepts.

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Growing Up International Part Two: The First Three Years

Note: this article contains graphic descriptions of trauma and programming setups under Mengele

At the moment I was born, and took my first breath, my birth mother was killed by being pulled apart as I came out of the birth canal. This trauma was designed to create a guilt that the programmers would build upon the rest of my life: the belief that by living, I “killed” my birth mother. The guilt would be used to drive me to perform ceaselessly over the years in an unconscious attempt to justify being alive.

A ritual was done immediately, in which one of the people I had bonded with in the womb (my primary trainer – a father I loved) began to suffocate me, asking me if I would accept a demon present behind him; if I did, he would let me live. I agreed, and was allowed to breathe.

I was given to a woman to nurse, one of several nannies at the cult facility I was raised in who would nurse me, rock me, and sing me songs about the group I was in, the heroes in the group who performed great deeds, and songs of praise to Satan.

My genetic mother and father were also present, and participated in a ritual that dedicated me to Satan.

Afterwards, I was taken to the newborn nursery where other infants in my group (we were raised in groups of 12) were in their cribs. Each infant in a group was born within a day or two of each other. My birth date was January 5, an important date to the group I was born to: Epiphany. I was considered one of the “gifts of the magi” to the group, and many other infants were born on this date as well.

Spiritual Programming

From my first breath, the programming was non-stop for the first three years. The programming involved numerous setups in which trainers dressed as various “deities” (“celestial beings”) appeared by my crib, clothed in white or silver robes, and glowing with a soft light, as their kind voices taught me to love them – and to identify with them.

Others trainers dressed as “demons” and showed the splits created just before their appearance how to act and sound like a demon, with guttural growls, snarls, etc. These splits learned as toddlers to enjoy eating raw flesh, the only food they were allowed.

The highest (core) systems were bonded to trainers who dressed as ascended beings. Their eyes were covered with crystals to prevent me as an infant from seeing human eyes, since these parts were taught to hate and fear mortals through setups that involved “humans” or “mortals” raping and torturing them, until the “ascended beings” rescued and comforted them. I bonded completely to these creatures that appeared in various forms: a young form (appearing like a small dinosaur), a huge form (resembling

Jabba the Hut or a similar grotesque appearance) and a beautiful form, looking much like a beautiful human but with unhuman eyes.

My love for these creatures would be tested time and again over the years. These parts felt that only these “celestial” creatures could love them, and they all held one feeling in common: they utterly despised mortals and the human race, who had tortured them in the womb, and were committed to the destruction of the human race (my fetal rage was held by them).

Celestial Paradise and “Hell” programming

As a baby, I was placed in a special baby carrier designed as a chariot in the programming labs. This chariot slowly rose upwards on a clear cable to an upper level of the lab staged to look like celestial paradise. In this “paradise” beings dressed in silvery white robes greeted me, held me, comforted me and gave me sweet drinks and cake. Harp music played, and a celestial “choir” sang songs of the joy of ascending. I realize that this sounds more like a Hollywood studio than a programming lab, but a young infant is very susceptible to believing these setups, since they have limited life experience to balance it against. As an infant, I truly believed I was “ascending to the heavenly realms” and loved the experience – and the beings who lovingly greeted me there.

As an infant, I was also taken at other times to “hell”, which was a programming studio at a lower level. Trainers dressed as Abbadon and Apollyon came to my crib, grabbed me, and told the young infant me that I was going to be “punished for my sins” of “disobedience.” It was a terrifying experience as they took me down a long, dark tunnel to a place lit with flames, with demonic creatures (young trainees in costume) dancing around poles where victims were tied and being tortured. As I descended into this place of horror and fear, I heard the “demons” discussing how young and tender I looked, as they drew nearer and tried to cut some flesh off with a knife, or spear me with a fork. I screamed in terror, and then “Satan” appeared and “rescued” me in this setup (in others, various people, such as the trainers I was bonded to, or a messiah figure were the ones who rescued). “Satan” scooped me up and took me away, telling me that as long as I obeyed him, I would be safe and he would protect me.

By the time I was three years old, I was utterly and completely committed to the belief that those who obey “ascend” and those who disobey cult directives and orders “descend.” The proselytizing that began in the womb, and reinforced heavily, had taken hold. I had internalized the creatures ranging from angels, to demons, to celestial beings, to dragons, and others inside, and had created an internal “heaven” and “hell” to hold them in. Punishment for questioning the group’s orders included the inside parts being dragged into the internal hell by internal representations of Abbadon and Apollyon, and rewards for instant obedience and good performance (such as killing on command, doing sacrifices well, etc.) included being allowed to visit “paradise” and communicate with the beings there.

I was considered successfully spiritually programmed by the trainers who installed these setups and beliefs. It would not be until years later, when I became a Christian, that I learned to my great surprise that the Bible never mentions a hell populated by “demons” who are overseen by “Satan” with the power to “torture” individuals; instead, the concept of Sheol is quite different, and the gehenna of final judgment is very different from the cult setups I experienced.

Early Loyalty and Anti-Christian Programming

Loyalty was considered one of the greatest imperatives of the Order, and extensive time and thought was put into the programming for loyalty. Men and women dressed in shabby clothes would come into the nurseries where the babies were, shouting “we are traitors and are here to get you.” They would hit, rape and abuse us; all the babies would be screaming, until one of the Fathers would come in and “rescue” us from these terrible “traitors”. Numerous setups of this type were done, until the mere mention of the word ‘traitor’ would make our infant hackles rise.

A man dressed as “Jesus” would also walk into the infant nursery at times, abusing the infants and causing intense dislike and pain. Again, the infants were “rescued” by one of the Fathers, who “chased” him away.

Presentation and Amnesia Programming

Because the Jesuits are international, they create presentations to be hosted in various presentations in the infants. Nine presentations were created for the infants in the group I was in: a presentation for America, another for the UK, another for France, another for Germany, one for Italy, one for Japan (where the Jesuits have a large interest and alliances with the clans that operate there), one for Russia, one for Amsterdam and one for Israel. The latter was considered one of the most important, since the Jesuits do extensive intelligence operations against the Mossad and Israel, and have numerous agents placed there.

The programming labs had rooms set up, where members of the future host families would meet with and interact with me. I met my parents and siblings from each of the families I would have in these various nations, and they took family photos with me, talked with me in the host country language, and worked on my amnesia cues (to prevent bleedthrough, or having memories or speaking in the “wrong” language). I grew close to the other siblings and my new parents, and was warned in the various presentations to never remember the cult facility, and for presentations to never remember living in another country, on pain of the death of the host family. Sacrifices were done several times during the first three years, and agreements made to keep the amnesia intact between presentations intact.

In one country (France), to my joy I was to be hosted with my identical twin, E. We

both loved our times together during the presentation programming, where we were taught how to be part of a “normal” family and interact normally, to create our covers within these countries and cover the fact that we were actually raised in a cult facility.

The closest friends and family members in each of the host countries were, of course, cult members, since for the first three years, I spent almost all of my time in a cult facility and would not be actually spending time in the host countries until I was three years old.

Just before I went to host in the countries, each time, an important event occurred. I would be asked to “remember” living in the cult facility, would say something about it to the host parents. That night, a baby sibling (considered expendable, but allowed to bond with me over the past several months) would be killed in front of me because I “remembered”. This trauma was used to seal the amnesia between presentations. The cult host (the real “host” in an international system) also made agreements to never allow memories of the “real” (cult) life rise to awareness in the presentations. The Fathers would have me go into a room where a Jesuit Father was present, along with the host family, and later ask me if I remembered anything unusual. If I remembered the Father, who I loved greatly, the Father was brought into the room and tortured in front of me, to my screams and distress, because I had “remembered” the cult life. I was supposed to completely forget seeing a father when in my presentation, to completely “blank out” any memory of this other life.

In one setup, I would go into a room where cult objects were placed. My presentation was switched out. Later, I was asked what I had seen in the room. One time, at age two, I remembered and reported seeing a dead body and a chalice, and a Father in the room. The Father then came into the room, held a gun to my head, and said I would have to be killed, since my remembering would endanger the Order. I vowed to always forget. He said I must, or he would be forced to kill me, as sad as that would be. The next time the setup was done, I forgot, and lived. I did know children who actually were shot, because they kept remembering in spite of their trying hard to obey. The gun was not an idle threat; I had one brother shot this way, and never forgot this.

Pirate Programming

Babies love parties, and there was a special setup done in the programming labs with a pirate ship, jolly pirates, plenty of good soup and cake, songs and holding for the babies. This setup was done to create an internalization that would keep the internal baby parts inside and entertained, unless they were called out to be programmed.

Mengele and Senseless Deaths

Mengele (“Herr Josef” as I knew him) was head of the programming labs during this time. There was one lab in Italy, another in East Germany, and another in Switzerland at this time. He had students who walked around and mimicked him, assisting him. His main assistant was a young woman named “Hilde” with blond hair, blue eyes and an ice cold manner much of the time. Hilde was extremely efficient, and knew exactly what he

wanted. Herr Josef was not one of the three Fathers I loved (bonded to primarily) but he was a primary trainer, and I bonded to him out of necessity and survival.

Mengele loved “survival of the fittest” setups, and would place two bottles in the middle of a roomful of infants. A bell would sound, and the infants would all crawl quickly to the bottles; those who got there first and could fight off the other babies “won” and got a bottle that day. The others were killed in front of the survivors, to teach what happened to “slow” or “expendable” babies.

Mengele did not value human life at all. He would kill 99 babies in order to find one baby he felt was “worth keeping” out of a batch. He was terribly manipulative as well. Babies in the nurseries were punished terribly for disobedience. If a baby held onto the bars of the crib, because the baby didn’t want to be taken out to be tortured (programmed), Mengele would chop the hand off in front of the other babies, as an “object lesson”. All babies would watch this scene with round wide eyes and horror, as the consequences of disobedience or hesitation were shown dramatically. Herr Josef would say “That was a BAD baby; you don’t want to be a BAD baby” and all the babies, including me, made the instant decision to never be the “bad baby”.

Only ten babies out of a thousand would survive the first six months in this kind of environment. Mengele and his programmers insisted on absolute, complete obedience even in infancy, including allowing sexual abuse (babies were taught to open their legs on cue and allow this sadistic cruelty without crying), as well as other forms of abuse. If a baby cried too long after a programming session, or failed to greet Mengele with a smile and outstretched arms even after a previous day of unthinkable pain, the baby would be placed in a sliding box that would be locked for a day, abandoned in the dark as punishment for disobedience or “bad behavior”. The baby would be taken out, frantic to be held, and told to never disobey again, or they would be kept in the box “forever”.

I was rewarded for performing well: I would be held by a nanny who rocked me and gave me a bottle, and who would then take me to a window to get a peek at the outside world and sunshine. Or the Fathers I loved would come and spend the precious 15 minutes a day that I cherished, telling me they loved me, holding me, and teaching me what they expected (including allowing sexual abuse).

By the time I was a toddler (15 months), I was put in a cage in a room with dozens of other children my age in another “survival game” that Mengele made up. A buzzer would sound, the cage doors would open, and we would all rush to get food and drink. We had to fight one another to get food. There was only enough for two or three. I remember that after a few days, the little girl in the cage next to me seemed sick; she wouldn’t get up or run any more when the buzzer rang. I felt sad for her, and when I ran and fought and got my food and water, I took some to her, and tried to get her to eat, but she wouldn’t eat or drink. I didn’t understand what was wrong with her, but to my dismay she got weaker each day until one day she fell asleep and didn’t wake up any more. I tried and tried to get her to wake up, but she wouldn’t. Other children were getting sicker and sicker, and only three of us were alive and healthy out of the sixty

children. We watched the others slowly die, one by one, and wondered why Herr Josef thought this was a good thing, and praised the three of us so highly. I felt guilty and sad that I was alive and the others had died, and that I couldn't wake the little girl in the cage next to me up.

In another setup, as a baby I learned to crawl through a maze. At intervals, there would be a bridge; another baby would be crawling from the opposite direction. I had to crawl across the bridge, and get to the other side, or get shocked; so did the other baby. The only way to get across was to push the other baby off the bridge. If I did so (and I always did), I was rewarded with a bottle and no more shocks; but I also had to watch the other baby be killed. I was said, but also knew that the price of my survival was the death of another; Mengele made that very clear in his infant programming.

Mengele had several top assistants who were younger (teens) that I began bonding to. By age 12, children in the Order are considered adults, and they by age 13 were full trainers. One would become my primary trainer during most of my childhood, and was a Father I loved; her name was Father Matthew and I wanted to be just like her when I grew up.

As soon as I could toddle around, I tried to follow her around any time I was allowed to. By age two, I was allowed to wear a little white coat like Fr. Matthew's, and tried to act and sound like her. I wanted to be a head trainer just like her, and she and the other Fathers said that one day I would, because I did very, very well and learned quickly. Most importantly, I had survived many of the brutal tests of strength and intelligence that Mengele put infants through during the first year of life; I was considered a "keeper" and to have potential by him and the other fathers.

Any infant that survived the facility during this time period was at the top of the charts for strength, intelligence and survival instinct. Those who would be chosen for leadership also had another quality that I had shown by trying to save the little girl next to me: the ability to look out for the interests of others, and the common good. All I knew is that life the first three years was a constant round of pain, testing and sadness with all too few moments of nurture and bonding.

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Growing Up International Part Three: Ages Three to Six

I am writing these autobiographical articles to help others understand how international occultic societies program their members. The information in the articles is specific to the group I was raised in, but many of the methods described are used by other groups.

Trigger Warning: this article contains graphic descriptions of trauma and programming setups

At age three, the others in my group and I graduated from the white tunics we wore, to longer brown tunics (what acolytes in the order wear). This showed we were no longer infants and toddlers, and our training would progress with greater expectations.

The Monastery

At this time, I began to spend regular time at a monastery north of Rome that is very old and ancient, and not part of the “public” tours. The monastery is completely walled in

with high walls. Inside, it was beautiful, with a walled in garden and bench on one side; a circular fountain in front of the main doorway inside, and flowers. The grounds were kept immaculately.

I was there to learn numerous things, including discipline (I learned to scrub the stone floors on my hands and knees without complaining; every once in a while, I would finish scrubbing, and to teach me humility, a father would come and urinate on the floor, and tell me to do it again. Normally, though, the tasks were completed and I could go to class.

At this time, I went into classes for part of each day (the preschoolers are genetically enhanced and highly intelligent, and go for four hours a day), where I learned languages, oral history, and how to read and write (I could do so by age three and a half, in several languages). I was also learning martial arts (one of my favorite classes at the time), and military skills, including how to take apart and put together a gun, how to shoot a target; how to defend myself against an attack dog; the use of various poisons, basic field first aid, how to climb over barriers, running, how to follow someone without being noticed, and other skills.

Amnesia and “Don’t Talk” programming

I was also undergoing extensive amnesia programming at this time. In one setup, a father would come into the room, talk to someone else, and I was given a forget code by the father as he left. Later, I would be asked what I remembered. If I remembered anything at all, the father (who was someone I loved) was brought in and tortured in front of me (to show the “effect” of “remembering” on others). In one setup, I was switched through several parts in succession while doing a small “mission”; later each part was quizzed regarding whether they remembered any part of the sequence that they shouldn’t. One time, they did; then the Father I loved held a gun to my head, and told me, “If you keep remembering, I will have to shoot you; we can’t afford a security risk like this, much as it would hurt me to do this.” I had seen a child shot for remembering too much (too much bleedthrough), so I knew the threat was real. The next time, I had complete amnesia when taken through sequences. My parts had gotten the message.

There were other amnesia setups, such as the “Remember the Flowers” setup (where the pool in the garden was filled with the partially submerged bodies of children and adults who I “remembered”, some were doubles of myself and my classmates, as well as fathers I loved; the pool was also filled with water lilies). Each child represented a “flower” and the warning was to not remember, or they would be killed.

Because age 3 is a time when the child is very creative, many internal structures put in previously were heavily reinforced. These included internal trees (Tree of Life, Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and Cruz, or the Cross of false martyrdom); the Garden of Eden, including the snake, Adam, Eve and Lillith (the first mother of all witchcraft, also called “Adam’s second wife” by the programmers).

Spiritual Programming

At this time, the spiritual programming was also heavily reinforced for various systems. These included:

Babylonian programming: deities, rituals and learning how to do sacrifices to the deities was done. These included Ashtoth, Bel, Ashtaroth, Molech and others. In one programming ritual, the child has hundreds of golden needles with wires inserted, and is hung from this series of wires in a very painful sun ritual (to Bel).

Egyptian programming: deities and parts were reinforced, and sacrifices to Ra, Horus, Set and others was taught. For each of these “classes” the oral history of the cultures was also given. Internal pyramids with altars were installed, and chambers where the various parts lived internally were created. I was left in a re-creation of an ancient Egyptian chamber, chained to an altar; it was a rough night indeed, as I was terrorized by actors portraying “demons” and “Egyptian gods”. This trauma reinforced the programming, and was meant to make it very difficult to remember.

Ancient Ones programming: these were very old earth deities, with many appearing as giants in groves overseen by “ancient ones” with white hair and mage or high witchcraft/warlock skills.

Q'bala programming: this was also installed to a greater degree during this time, with the three trees tied to the delta computer logic system.

Druid programming: This programming was conducted in ancient groves, and included learning the appropriate sacrifices, how to set the stones in a magic circle, and being tied to a very large and old oak tree for the night.

Throughout these years, I was also taught how to perform rituals and sacrifices, learning how to dissect first a corpse, and later a living human being (homeless people were used in the school for these purposes). By the time I was six, I had dissected and learned how to carve a cadaver and living person expertly, how to peel skin (a torture technique), and other “skills”. I knew all of the major organs, circulatory and nervous system structures, and nerve points. I was becoming very skilled at torture. At first, as a young child, I would turn white, or even vomit, but soon learned that this was not tolerated, and learned to dissociate my feelings.

Programming Training

All children in the group I was raised in have at least basic competency as a trainer or programmer. This training also continued in the “lab” time, and included instructional classes where my classmates and I were allowed to watch the older trainers and ask questions. We were also taught skills on homeless people and others considered less valuable, learning how to install programming; read brain scans and monitor responses. By age six, I had significant basic competency as a trainer, and could install many basic programs successfully.

Learning to Hate Traitors and Anti-Interrogation (setups)

Because loyalty was so basic to the order, my classmates and I were taught to heavily fear and hate traitors through setups that included:

“traitors” breaking into the monastery and attempting to rape my classmates and I and set fire to the room. We fought them off, but they began overpowering us, until the Fathers came and drove them away

Running away setup: all children become angry with the fathers during their training, and are allowed to “run away” with a setup . I “ran away” in anger, trying to escape my abuse at the monastery, and was picked up by friendly people who offered to take me to “safety”. I agreed, and they drove me to another town. That night, and for the next three days, I was abused non-stop in terrible ways, until I managed to “escape” while they were sleeping, and was found and taken home to the monastery by the Fathers, who said they had been “sick with worry” about me. They would then ask me what my punishment should be for worrying them this way; once decided, the father would then go through half of the punishment for me (to show their “love”). This setup was designed to teach me that the outside world was much worse than what I was undergoing, and to teach me to mistrust and hate “outsiders.”

During military setups, during which we camped out after marching all day, at times I would be “abducted” by an “enemy” (non-member of the order) who would spend time interrogating me. As a preschooler, this involved simple levels of torture, and refusal to answer questions. Later, I would manage to “escape” and the Fathers would rescue me, take me back to the monastery, and praise me for my “bravery” under torture, etc. Learning to “rescue” others

Learning to rescue loved ones is a critical skill and belief system taught, since so much programming involves rescue of not only the self, but loved ones, from trauma, torture or death. These setups often involved doing something considered very “disobedient” (all children do from time to time; the anger and rage from the constant abuse leaks out, and they defy orders or do things to act out their pain; this is expected and planned for). Upon defying an order, I was ordered to be flogged with a whip that had small bits of bone attached (a flagellum, a favorite punishment of the Jesuits). I realized that the amount of whipping ordered would likely cost my life (I had defied very badly). But then, the Father I loved most stepped in, and said “I will take the punishment for you.” I was stunned. He was flogged until his skin was stripped and bleeding, looking at me the whole time with a loving face. I cried and screamed, and this reinforced for me the belief that if you love someone, you will take their pain for them.

Over the years, I learned to do this myself, in setup after setup, until the ultimate ones in which the Father I loved most asked “I know it will hurt badly, but are you willing to die for me?” I was four, and I said “Yes”. I allowed him to put me to death, then resurrect me with resuscitation equipment and spiritual means. He then said “Now we are tied by death and life.” I literally trusted him with my life. The main thing is that out of my great love (for this individual who manipulated me) I willingly agreed to the death and resuscitation. This is foundational for programming, because the individual must agree before it can be truly successful.

Green House (MI6)

At age 3 ½, I was taken to Green House (named after Col. Green of MI6) for the first time, with my classmates, for training. Green House is rented out to various groups for training at times, with the purpose of my undergoing the Green House training to be an agent. At this time, my delta computer system programming was also layered upon the base programs set up in the womb and during infancy, using the sophisticated computerized technology there. I was literally hooked up to a computer, and for days, taught to simulate everything it did internally. My delta parts learned to talk with a computerized flat affect, and to perform internal system checks, to store information in various security layers, etc. I also improved my skills with a gun, a knife and other abilities.

Introduction to the Vatican School

At age six, I was already a competent trainer (programmer), with the ability to program others with basic programs. I knew human anatomy inside out, was skilled at torturing others in numerous ways, was learning various rituals, and had already performed several assassination missions (the first one completed at age 4; I was deadly as a child, which the order counted on, since no one would suspect a child that young). I had been hosted in several countries around the world for three years now and was building up my covers in those countries. I was now ready to enter the Vatican school.

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Imailletlynn's avatar

Imailletlynn 12:42 am on August 25, 2019

Hi Svali

when you wrote, "where the pool in the garden was filled with the partially submerged bodies of children and adults who I "remembered", some were doubles of myself and my classmates, as well as fathers I loved", did you mean that the bodies of the children were literal clones of you and your classmates?

Lois

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svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 7:09 pm on September 2, 2019

That is a great question. I meant that some were genetic doubles; others were individuals surgically altered to look like them.

Liked by 2 people

christine alessandrini's avatar

christine alessandrini 12:49 am on February 2, 2021

Hi Svali, How would they do those "doubles" of yourself ? is it similar to clones ? Do they make a lot ? Can they make as much as they want ? Thank you for this blog and everything you put in it because I can assure you that yes ! you are helping a LOT of people. Those are precious informations that definitely help for healing process and for other things as well. Bless you !

Liked by 1 person

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 6:28 pm on February 5, 2021

Christine, doubles can range from genetic twins or triplets, to surgically created doubles, to individuals with a similar body type and build wearing a high-quality mask. Thank you for your comments

Liked by 1 person

Jude's avatar

Jude 11:36 pm on February 10, 2022

You are a brave and wonderful soul and the people who has hurt you no longer breath. I hope your healing continues to ho well. Im so sorry what has happened to so many and I wish you love tp heal your soul. Jrkz

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Jude's avatar

Jude 11:38 pm on February 10, 2022

You are a brave and wonderful soul and the people who has hurt you no longer breathe. I hope your healing continues to ho well. Im so sorry what has happened to so many and I wish you love to heal your soul. Jrkz Keep Your Family Tree Safe

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 1:58 am on December 29, 2018

Tags: Jesuit (18), programming (86), ritual abuse (93), SRA (73)

Growing Up International Part Four: Ages Six to Twelve

I am writing these autobiographical articles to help others understand how some international occultic societies program their members. The information in the articles is specific to the group I was raised in, but many of the methods described are used by other groups.

Trigger Warning: this article contains graphic descriptions of trauma and programming setups

At age six, the members of the top class ('top' is decided by the trainers according to the child's performance in the previous 5 years) within the Jesuits enter the Vatican school. Classes have both boys and girls – trainers assign children to classes not according to gender but by performance. Other schools for training Jesuit children exist besides the Vatican one, and in all schools, the training will continue until graduation at age 12 -13 (when the individual becomes a full Father in a special ceremony). Military training continues until late teens, with yearly "boot camps" the members of the Jesuit army attend. Over time, the number of students diminishes (due to deaths during military exercises, or during programming) and by the time the children are 12, fewer children remain than began classes at age 6.

The Vatican School

The Jesuits like to tell their children they are receiving the "best education in the world". In some respects, it could be called "well rounded", but it has terrible aspects as well. A typical day would be as follows:

Wake up at 5 am. The school is divided by age into classes of 12 each, separated by age: the six-year-olds are in one class, the seven-year-olds in another, etc. Each class sleeps in rows of beds in the same room, with the class leader taking the position by the door (to answer if anyone comes, and protect the class from any possible threats). Normally, the leader's "second" and "third" in command will sleep near him or her. I was the class leader for my class, so I slept closest to the door. The signal for waking up is a voice over speakers within the room saying "Today is an opportunity to do great things for the Order; you are blessed to have this chance".

Quick cleanup at the communal bathroom (5-minute showers done together in a large area); dress quickly (easy, since the brown acolyte robes are hung up the day before; this is what the children wear until they receive a Father's black robes at age 12 or 13, except when they are being hosted in outside families, when they wear "normal" clothes for that country). The children rush downstairs to the communal dining room, where a nutritious breakfast is served. They are allowed 8 minutes to eat (to this day, I eat extremely quickly and never understood why, until I remembered the short times allowed to eat). There may be assigned tasks before chapel that are relevant to the children's training, such as checking supplies for the military exercises, or cleaning up the lab areas, including the areas where animals are kept, such as primates, for experiments and teaching.

After chores, the children go to chapel. This is a time of singing and devotion (to Satan). The children sing beautifully, sounding like a professional choir, but the lyrics are quite different from Christian hymns. The older children and teens at times create and write new songs, if they have musical talent.

After chapel, classes begin. The first classes are "gym" with physical training exercises, including martial arts, hand-to-hand combat, and learning to climb ropes, etc. After this, the morning classes are devoted to typical school subjects, only much more advanced

since the children are genetically modified for strength and intelligence). Children have already learned to read, write, do math, think and ask questions in a logical manner and so on, before the age of 6, preparing them to begin the more advanced studies in the Vatican school. Classes consist of learning various languages, world and civilization history, politics, economics, the history of various religions, advanced math, reading classics from every culture (in the original languages as the children get older).

At noon, there is a quick break and meal (15 minutes).

In the afternoon, there are “anatomy and physiology” classes where subjects (usually, homeless people or those purchased from refugee camps) are used to teach topics such as how to torture (including skinning alive; paralysis points, pain points, how to use knives and other instruments to inflict pain, including heated needles and rods). These classes also include demonstrations of various techniques for killing a human being, from suffocation, to poisons (the children are taught how to administer, and see the effects), to knives, and other methods. The children are given a living human being to “dissect” and learn anatomy from, since this knowledge is essential when torturing or programming others. In some of these classes, a live demonstration of the various areas of the brain is conducted, with one of the trainers using a probe to show the response to various areas being touched; and the children are taught to read brain monitors with real-time brain scans (much more advanced than the most advanced PET scans today), to read emotional and cognitive responses to stimuli. Practical “on-hands” classes in how to do programming are done in the afternoon as well.

There is a half hour break in mid-afternoon, when the children are free to play soccer in an outdoor courtyard, or other active games.

Around 5 pm is a short dinner break.

In the evening (and, at times, in the afternoons) are the mage and witchcraft classes.

This is when the children are taught spells, rituals, how to sacrifice animals and humans (using techniques taught in the afternoon classes), and how to read and write the ancient magical manuscripts.

There is a short evening chapel afterwards, with a short talk about current world events and announcements of special events.

Bedtime comes at around 9 pm; although the children may be woken during the night during special holidays or seasons to participate in the associated rituals and/or festivities.

The above is a generic schedule. School runs year round, in 4-6 week intervals, with a short “summer break” although training still continues. There is a short military camp at the end of each interval, and a special longer military camp. The children are also rotated through their host families, making coordinating scheduling quite complex (there are individuals who do this scheduling of children and host families to ensure that they are together at the same time). A typical child may spend a week in the UK with a host family, then complete 5 weeks of school; then, a brief military camp. After this, the child might be hosted in Germany for a week or two with their German family (mother, father, brothers, sisters), then return to the school for 4 weeks and military camp. After this, the child may spend 1 week in Russia, and 1 week in the US, then 1 week in Israel, then returns to Rome for more schooling.

While the child loves the host families in each presentation, they never fully bond to

them; they know their real home is in Rome – with their brothers and sisters in their class, and with the Fathers they love.

The school years are very busy and full. There is very little time for “recreation” or free time, other than the daily break in the middle of the afternoon. In addition to the above schedule, the child will undergo regular programming, and will also be learning to program others (a training class which teaches the children how to install and reinforce programming is part of the core curriculum). Under the supervision of the older trainers, the children are mentored until by age 12 they are full trainers, able to do all that the adults do in this area. Some children with specialized skills are given special mentorship, and become head trainers when they are older.

Leadership skills are honed. A class leader is chosen for their ability to inspire the love and loyalty of the other class members, their own strength and skills, and the ability to make decisions for the good of the entire class and think quickly. Each child in the class is ranked according to ability, and the leader will have a “second” (who takes over if the leader is ill) and a “third” who helps back them up. Learning to work together, help one another, and overcome obstacles together is an important part of the training. The children compete against one another in a friendly fashion, and the daily scores (individual and class) are posted on a digital bulletin board for comparison (test scores, athletic scores, awards, special achievements, etc.). The goal is to instill excellence, and the competition is fierce at times, but typically within bounds (cheating and sabotage is frowned upon).

As the child matures, they are mentored in going on missions (including assassinations, and intelligence gathering), and assessed for the ability to think quickly and strategically under pressure. They are also mentored spiritually, and learn increasingly complex mage and witchcraft/sorcery skills. The child is continually assessed for their areas of greatest ability and performance, and are often given advanced training in subjects or skills they excel in (such as martial arts, ancient languages, military strategy, politics, etc.)

The child learns to perform surgery, both normal surgery (for healing), and specialized surgery such as performing placental transplants (this technology has been available for years, and is now part of the prenatal programming done; the fetus is transplanted into another birth mother, and is told that the first one “did not want” the fetus; this creates a huge rejection wound and bonds the fetus even more strongly to its trainers and the demonic. The child also learns various neurosurgery skills, and may receive advanced training if they show ability.

During these years, the children go to other schools (often within a monastery) for a semester, and the children at the other schools will come and spend a semester at the Vatican school. This allows for greater cross-training, and helps the children learn how things are done at various places.

As the child becomes older, they become skilled agents in every area: gathering

intelligence; following and getting rid of “targets” while staying invisible and untrackable; training others; advanced mages. By age 12 or 13, if they have survived the previous 6 years of training and missions, will have the equivalent of a medical degree, a law degree, an advanced degree in political science and languages, and are equipped to “fit in” within almost any culture and strata of society. They are advanced mages and sorcerers. The child is now ready to undergo the ceremony to become a full Father, and receive their black robes.

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In "healing"

Stephanie Koutsimanis-Smith's avatar

stephaniekouts 6:32 am on December 30, 2018

Thank you for this breakdown. There are thousands of emotions that must come with living in this education facility/home. You have siblings there, comradery and yet many painful experiences too. Sending love to survivors as they journey life.

Like

Imailletlynn's avatar

Imailletlynn 12:52 am on August 25, 2019

this is insanity. sounds like a horrifying movie that can't be true. i have thought for a few years now that jesuits are the ones behind the new world order. i am canadian, P.E.Trudeau was our PM and now his son is. Do you know if they went through this training? Any knowledge of them? God bless you and keep you, Svali. if i can ever do anything to help you, it would be an honour. i'm a bible believing Christian, with all my hope in Jesus Christ. Lois

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 7:11 pm on September 2, 2019

Hi, I prefer not to make comments about specific individuals. But I do believe that many of the leaders in countries around the world today are either mind controlled, or blackmailed into compliance. Thank you for your kindness.

Liked by 1 person

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 12:10 am on June 11, 2019

Growing Up International Part Five: Ages ten to twelve

I am writing these autobiographical articles to help others understand how some international occultic societies program their members. The information in the articles is specific to the group I was raised in, but many of the methods described are used by other groups.

Trigger Warning: this article contains graphic descriptions of trauma and programming setups

By age ten, most children raised at the facility are quite accomplished in various areas, including training (they are at an age where they now develop their own training plans for others, and can work independently in most areas); and are able to do fairly advanced military exercises.

These years are basically used to build upon the previous skills learned, and to provide increasing opportunities to work independently in preparation for entering adult roles, which occurs at age 12 or 13, when they become full fathers in the order.

The scenarios and challenges given are increasingly complex, and the child will begin multi-tasking. Computer and hacking skills are now at an advanced level as well. While formal schoolwork is done, it is increasingly supplemented by more advanced practical skills in areas, such as:

Performing surgery, including fetal transplants (assisting at first, then developing the ability to do so over time)

Prenatal programming interventions

Monitoring and evaluating baselines and outcomes for infants and children being programmed in the labs, and developing individualized training plans for review by the adult trainers, as well as problem-solving

Increasing complex field missions, ranging from infiltration, to gathering intelligence

Overseeing other children, and modeling skills and tasks

Acting in increasingly complex roles in the programming labs (e.g., dressing in a specific role such as Lillith or Bel, and then combining this acting role with ongoing evaluation of how the child being programmed is responding to their script)

Helping to develop new technology or designer drugs with adult mentors drawing from fields that include chemistry, organic chemistry, neurobiology and others

Dimensional travel (to the 12th and 13th dimensions) and advanced mage skills

The above are just a few examples of the skills that the children develop during the preteen years. They also increase on baseline athletic skills, with daily martial arts, sparring, and use of weapons, as well as the ongoing military exercises.

By the age of twelve, the child is considered ready (or almost ready, there is some variance between children) to step into their adult role. The long-anticipated “coming of age” ceremony, and the receiving of a full father’s black robes to replace the brown acolyte’s robe will occur.

All of the children at the facility, as well as selected leadership from the other 12 international occultic groups, come to the initiation into full fatherhood ceremony (note: females as well as males are given male names in the order, and are addressed as “father” after completing this rite). This is the ceremony in which the child Anthony becomes “Father Anthony”.

The initiation ceremony begins early in the morning (at dawn), at a private location where an arena is located. The circular arena is surrounded by seats, where the various leadership in the groups sit. Each section will have the group banner displayed

overhead, and there are canopies to help protect from the hot sun. The young father-to-be has been carefully instructed over the last year on what is expected, and how to perform their role. In the center of the arena are 1000 golden poles, with individuals of varying ages, from infancy to young adulthood tied. The group of fathers-to-be will spend the day killing them all with special golden knives, in a mass sacrifice that initiates them into the order.

Because it is hot, and the work becomes difficult, they are allowed to drink from golden bowls that contain wine during the day. At first, the infants and young children set up a wail and a cry that is chilling, but gradually, as the day goes on, silence slowly overtakes both children and young adults. As a sacrifice is completed, a portion of blood is collected in a special bowl, and taken to an altar at the center of the field (dedicated to Satan, called "Theo" or 'god' by the members of the order).

By the end of the day, the young initiates are exhausted, and weary in both body and soul; the wine does not numb the pain and awful, soul-deadening effect quite enough. Some of the initiates stagger, or even fall, from this weight; but they are expected to rise and continue without assistance, or they will be unable to receive their ordination. Most do, but occasionally one will fail to be able to. The other initiates are under orders to kill the one who fails and does not rise within 15 minutes to continue.

Finally, as the sun begins to fall in the west, the ordeal is over. The killings and sacrificial offerings are completed, and the young initiates present themselves to the council. They are then blessed, take the oath of obedience and loyalty, and are given their father's robes. They have spent the day conducting sacrifices to show their complete obedience and loyalty to satan, and to bringing in his plan for the world. The members of the council greet the new fathers with a kiss and embrace, and then they are honored at a special banquet attended by the top leaders of the other societies, as well as the leadership in the Order.

After the feast, the new fathers are allowed to rest. Due to the oppressive effect of conducting mass ritual slayings, the fathers are allowed several needed days to rest and recover; days spent with those they love best. Each one is praised and given special time with their main mentors and parental figures in the order as a reward for completing this difficult ceremony.

Soon, they will begin their new life as a fully adult member of the order, working in their adult role. Childhood is now considered over, and their real work will begin: to pave the way for the coming occultic messiah, and to help implement a world that will be ruled by him.

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In "healing"

Stephanie Koutsimanis-Smith's avatar

stephaniekouts 8:50 am on June 14, 2019

Thank you for writing about this svali. What was it like for you to process this/these memories?

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 12:02 am on June 16, 2019

Stephanie,

It was very difficult when I first remembered; I grieved for days, and am glad I had supportive friends during that time. I know that I am forgiven; that there is nothing that God cannot forgive from our past, and so I am now at peace with the fact that this is the past; and that I have chosen to leave this type of life for one where abuse does not occur.

Liked by 1 person

Stephanie Koutsimanis-Smith's avatar

stephaniekouts 4:49 am on June 16, 2019

Wow...thanks a million times over for sharing, feeling your feelings, choosing to leave everything you ever knew and allowing God to be big enough for both of you. Much love and support from our household

Like

Imailletlynn's avatar

Imailletlynn 12:56 am on August 25, 2019

i don't know how you survived this.

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 7:12 pm on September 2, 2019

I survived by dissociating, just as the other children did. I wasn't unusual, there were many others surviving this, which is sad.

Liked by 1 person

Anthony Evers's avatar

Anthony Evers 4:26 pm on March 13, 2021

To be clear, This is part of the Vatican. Endorsed by the Pope and Bishops. For me, being raised as a Catholic. this information is mind boggling.

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 6:41 pm on September 2, 2019

Tags: dissociation (49), mind control (97), programming (86), ritual abuse (93)
Healing in the Context of the Faith Journey

Over the years, I have come to realize that healing for my parts and myself, is often very much related to healing in my walk with (the Christian) God. In other words, as my perception of God and His goodness is healed, and the lies I was told about who He is, or what He is like, are replaced with truth, my parts heal as a natural response.

This makes sense, since some of the deepest and most fundamental programming done early in my life was intended to damage my ability to know and love God. For instance, one of the first splits that occurred in the womb for me was based upon my frantic need to save my birth mother and myself. As she was being tortured, and begging me to “save” her from the abuse, by turning away from God and turning to Satan, I complied. I literally turned my back at that time on God, whose loving presence I was aware of, due to my anger at the abuse, which the trainers blamed on God, saying “If God cares for you, why is He allowing you and your mother to be hurt like this?” These individuals conveniently forgot to give Satan any blame, other than blaming God for his creation.

Healing of this fundamental wound has meant being willing to turn back to God; to ask and receive His forgiveness for choosing to be my own savior, and spending a lifetime of making bad choices as a result.

I finally had to come to the point that I realized that I was helpless in the womb; I did NOT have the ability to “rescue” that the programmers (including my birth mother) told me I did. This helplessness, and realizing that there is only One who can truly help, was the one thing I did not want to ever look at, face, or feel ever again.

In His goodness, God did show His love, kindness and mercy to me time and time again. I spent a long time avoiding the real issue: can I really trust God? Not in the pat “Christianese” way, in which the correct answer is “of course”, because that’s what good Christians say, regardless of what they really feel. Instead, I had to face all of the pain, helplessness, rage at God, and hatred of my own vulnerability to reach the point of saying “God, I need You. I am sorry I have tried to figure out how to do this for a lifetime on my own, without You; please forgive me for listening to Satan’s ideas of how to never be helpless again. “ Because Satan lied. He promised I would have power, and never be hurt like that again, or never feel pain like that again, and simply put, he lied.

Satan said I would be rescuing my birth mother and myself, by choosing him, and he lied. She ended up dying, and I ended up being controlled, for years.

I had to come to the point of realizing that every programmer, and every spirit other than the Christian one, had tricked, lied, deceived and betrayed me; and that I bought into these lies because I didn’t want to face the despair of realizing I had made the wrong choice – to turn away from God – very early in life.

What it took a lifetime to realize is that the Christian God forgave me for making this

choice. He didn't hate me, He loved me. He understood the intense emotional and physical pressure I was under, and He truly forgives it all, from the first choice to turn away, to the latest struggle to want to rescue others I love.

Awhile back, the LORD showed me what healing looks like. I saw (the real) Jesus in a room, that was filled with shining dots of different colors, scattered like a cloud throughout the room. Gradually, the dots began coming closer to Jesus, and they also simultaneously began coming closer to each other, until directly in front of Him, they were close together and joined.

The LORD told me that this is what healing is like. As my parts and I look at the real Jesus, and draw closer to Him, we draw closer to each other (because He gives us the courage to share and communicate and really see each other's realities, and to take the barriers between us down that the programming installed). Over time, we have been joining as we get closer to the real source of love and healing; while this has been gradual, He sees the finished person: all the aspects joined together in loving and worshipping Jesus.

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In "Christian"

Phoenix system's avatar

Phoenix system 10:06 am on September 3, 2019

As i slowly try to breathe through this and read through the tears i feel like i have found a person who gets it. And your confirming us out here as well or its validation. I was just literally talking to another survivor about being split in the womb. I really am glad you have been getting healed. Our God is soooo good and much more than those nasty programmers ever told us.

Liked by 1 person

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 4:00 pm on September 3, 2019

I agree completely, this is why I write here, to encourage others. I am glad to hear that you are healing, and realizing that the programmers lied to you about God.

Liked by 2 people

Phoenix system's avatar

Phoenix system 10:06 am on September 5, 2019

You too. Do you have many memories of names or people. I guess this isn't the place to discuss it. But i know i was programmed to be a leader of the black army. I know i have military stuff. I know i was taken to Phoenix and Montauk. I guess its irrelevant on who my programmers and handlers were but i really would love my file. I guess it helps somewhat to know I'm not crazy. That I'm not alone. I was a mother of darkness but I'm starting to figure out that was more across the board in alot of us matriarchs.

Liked by 1 person

CityGal Melanie's avatar

citygalmelanie 11:14 pm on September 13, 2019



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CityGal Melanie's avatar

citygalmelanie 11:13 pm on September 13, 2019

I am in such respect for you, Svali. This is a very confusing time to be alive. All these Thought Prisons and the pain of too many realities and hatred.

What does Jesus look like and is Jesus the Biblical Jesus or is Jesus a Frequency?

I am so confused but my heart is filled with love and I've been a Humanitarian since I was born lived with lots of abuse myself, the Commoner Kind but knew there was other sources and forces here.

I get so confused when every day people are born into different faiths and they're good and have to go through hardships.... but they don't believe in Jesus as they were born in a different country.

There are over 400,000 religions? If someone was born into a wonderful family ... normal dysfunctional but was always good in their lives to one another and charitable ... does that mean they go to hell or what does all this mean.

God Bless you for healing with us.... and sharing.

Warmly,
Melanie

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 1:06 am on September 20, 2019

Dear Melanie,

I cannot answer what Jesus looks like; there are those who have reported seeing Him in visions (myself included), but no direct physical observers of Him. I do know that He has very kind, loving eyes; He is the Biblical Jesus. On hell: the best source of information for your questions is the Bible; it would be good to read the gospels to learn more. Thank you for your questions, they are good ones.

Liked by 1 person

CityGal Melanie's avatar

CityGal Melanie 4:15 pm on April 2, 2021

Dear Svali, most have not come down to the ground in that humanity opened a porthole to frequencies of 300hrz (Committee of 300) and it was the royals and affluent who did this. Those frequencies promised great power and were far beyond human capabilities.

These frequencies figured out how to control the human host as discovered by Sir Thomas Browne.

How do? Mercury, Heavy Metals and Electrical... diving inside of the human host and controlling their brains.

When they bred ... the women were men and the men were women (Eugenics) ... they continued with direct energy weapons and with their plans ... elevating any human host willing or by force.

Our entire history is a lie. Morgellons is the pandemic on the way.... and the Reece Commission never ended.

God Frequency here purging as humans can not be modified, genetically altered and harvested.

Earth's minerals are being harvested. That is all ending.

Many incarnated here to help and be witness to this. We are getting as many children and young families out of harms way... sitting on Jury Assemblies to correct our Law back to the Magna Carta.

The Earth, once whole ... won't go back to being whole.

There is no woooo whoooo in my opinion as God is Science.

These frequencies even taught the Satanists their religions.... it's not about "blood and guts".... is about harvesting negative energy.

Anyone can conjure these frequencies to elevate themselves for this lifetime.

The world has been poisoned beyond repair with everything imaginable and so have humans.

The "God Gene" looks like a cross and probably is Jesus but God is inside of us as much as all the demons and they're frequencies inside of parasites controlling the brain... again the human host ceases to be human.

Detox, limit all electrical/WiFi ... move to regions that are more rural but check the corruption... no prisons, army bases or chemical corporations....

Proper Legal standing in a Common Law Trust.... and one won't have to opt into Scientific Socialism.

I think God is pretty angry. I know I am but I'm also at peace because it won't be long now.

Mudfloods haven't stopped. It's direct energy weapons and the only demons are inside of us.

Like

CityGal Melanie's avatar

CityGal Melanie 1:21 am on October 10, 2019

I am having such a hard time struggling in this time period. What if someone was born to a normal family in a different country with different religions? Is their God the wrong one? Yet they're good people and loving... will they go to hell if they don't believe in Jesus but follow a good faith and are loving?

I am so confused about the pain and all Out confusion within everything.

I strongly believe in God but I believe more so in the 10 Commandments as all religions seem to have this similar structure.

I am not sure what the purpose is here besides a test to love, learn and graduate to the next dimension with good grades.

Love is an action. God is Love.

I know reality within Cult victims and Satanism or varying kinds and this just is the most bizarre reality of total disgust and hate perpetrated on such innocence.

The insane science and technology used to harm everyone ... I can only make sense of it as those in power contracted medical and genetic conditions that cause pure psychopaths.... and within this comes their addictions to severe mental illness.

I understand the plan and now Humanity has been relentlessly Bioweaponed to be psychopaths themselves.

I also understand Free Will.

If God is loving and I know God is ... the only sense I can make of this existence is that humans have to pass the test in this dimension in order to move to the next dimension.

Any help you could give in explaining this would be greatly appreciated.

I am in awe of your strength and love. Again... I know what you say to be verifiable ... it's the "why and what God is better" that has me so confused.

And I pray Every day ... sometimes all day ... for God to stop everyone's suffering.

Satan or the Devil has massive grips on the majority of hearts.

For the youth and the children ... I cry.

Thank you Svali

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar
svalispeaksagain 6:39 pm on October 13, 2019
Melanie,

I wish there were easy answers to this; I don't have one. This is the question that everyone who has encountered, or learned about evil, struggles with. If God is good, how can this happen? One thing that has helped me is to understand that He really does get it; Jesus went to the cross, and literally took on Himself all pain, all suffering, so that we can be healed. He said He came to destroy the works of the devil (killing, stealing, destroying) and to provide hope and abundant life. I do believe that once we are in His presence, all questions will be answered by realizing how much He really loves us.

Like

ungurumel's avatar
ungurumel 11:10 pm on October 24, 2019
God Bless you Svali. I am just starting my healing journey. You are hope to so many.



Like

ShadowMyst's avatar
ShadowMyst 9:43 pm on November 1, 2020

Ditto what ungurumel said.

Where was God when I was being abused and shattered as a baby and child?

What if the quotes below are meant not only in a figurative, but also a literal sense? That is, Jesus agreed to have done to Him everything that is done to us.

“Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me.”

“Surely he has borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.”

Where was He? Where is He now? His heart is broken every day and night by the beloved humans of His creation hurting each other in ever more horrific ways. He could have created us as robots who had no choice but to love Him. But unless we’re free to choose good or evil, love or hate, it’s not real love is it?

Here is a link to someone else’s view:

<https://bunchesoffamily.wordpress.com/2012/03/22/god/>

I believe God is almost ready to bring evil and its authors to a screeching halt. I see the evidence in the Bible and in the world around us. I am very conflicted about the true God but I believe my path to healing lies only with Him.

Like

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 1:09 am on August 5, 2019

Tags: [dissociation \(49 \)](#), [healing \(62 \)](#), [mind control \(97 \)](#), [programming \(86 \)](#), [ritual abuse \(93 \)](#), [SRA \(73 \)](#)

[Healing is a process](#)

Was I Illuminati or Jesuit? Healing is a Process

Since I started my blog, I have received several emails asking why there appear to be several differences between the personal history related in my newer articles, and the ones I wrote several years ago (available at this site). This post will explain why.

Healing dissociation is a process. Often, memories come in 'layers' or 'stages', filling in previously missing gaps in the story, or shedding new light on an old story. In a way, it is like the process of completing a jigsaw puzzle: small portions of the puzzle are filled in initially, but the ability to view the "whole picture" only occurs as more pieces come together. It is a natural part of the process of healing from dissociation and mind control, to progressively learn more about one's history and self, as one's faith grows and different parts (including the host) increasingly experiences the blessings of internal cooperation and healing. In this post, I will describe two major 'stages' of discovering my life history: knowing that I was working for the Illuminati, and knowing that I was in the Jesuit order.

One of the most outstanding differences between my first set of svali posts (written roughly twenty years ago) and my posts from the last two years is this: I had written back then that I was a member of the Illuminati; in many of my more recent posts (2017-2019), I write that I was a member of the Jesuit order, and have described in no less detail various aspects of a childhood and adulthood in the order.

Both sets of posts describe my life history. They are not mutually exclusive experiences. I worked in the Illuminati in the US, and was also a part of the Jesuit order. When I first

began my healing, my first layer of cult-related memories was of being an Illuminati programmer in the United States. I was in my American system of parts, and was mainly learning about the traumas and cult activities that I had been involved in within the US. The process of addressing the dissociation and healing from the memories that were coming was very difficult. Having to decide what to do and how to move forward with God as I realized that I was not just 'making it all up' was very difficult. As difficult as it already was, I assumed (wrongly) without exploring further that the Illuminati memories already represented all of my cult-related life history. My posts from twenty years ago reflect this perspective.

While I did not realize at that point that significant portions of my personal history were still dissociated, I was aware that I had not fully healed yet. I had several responsibilities during that time (including raising my children after I received custody and working 2-3 jobs to make ends meet). During this time, I stopped writing my svali posts online for a period of time. Finally, in 2006, I had the opportunity to spend two years fulltime on healing (I went completely offline at this time).

During this two years, I journaled intensely, often up to 8 hours a day. This was when more of my life history came forward, as parts deeper within began to share. I discovered that the work for the Illuminati in America was only part of my life, and I actually was part of the Jesuit order. I learned that I had not only been a programmer for the Illuminati, but had been one for the Jesuit order. I also discovered the cult had constructed identities and life histories, 'presentations', for other parts of me in other nations, with other names and families. I learned that my very name, family and life in America was also a 'constructed identity' by the cult and that I had been assigned to work with the Illuminati in the US for the Jesuits since I was a child. My American mother was one of my main trainers in America, I first met her as a very young child at the Jesuit training facility in Rome (She was not my only trainer, I had several others). She, along with Dr. Timothy Brogan and others, had helped program my American system of parts to only remember life in America and to completely believe that she, my stepfather and my sister were my only family.

This new set of memories overseas was no less heartbreaking and shocking for me to uncover. Again, my sense of who I was and my history as I had understood it, was shaken. On many days, it felt like I had to process my life story all over. A couple of supportive friends who were crucial to my healing during that time, and what I had learned during the earlier phase of healing about God's faithfulness, comfort, ability to bring truth, dealing with denial and so on truly helped me through this extremely painful phases of my journey. The fact that before 2006 – 2008 I did not remember this portion of my history does not invalidate what I wrote in my earlier articles; I just didn't have this part of the story yet when I wrote them. Healing is a process, and memories may be held by several layers of parts. It does not invalidate the memories of one part, if they are unaware of the history of the others. The fuller picture unfolds as the person progresses in healing.

It has not been easy learning why I had not remembered my Jesuit memories earlier in

my healing journey: I had deep attachments with the fathers who had raised (and programmed) me. While much of what I had with the fathers were in fact 'trauma-bonds' (they had traumatized then rescued me to create dependence), there was also love and affection – they had been my world, and I lived to please them since early childhood. As a very young child, I had promised them that I would never betray them. 'Not betraying' and remaining loyal to them meant that I could never remember the Order if I tried to heal, and that I would never address my deeper programming and break the mind control that they had installed. It had been 'easier' for me to address my Illuminati memories as I did not have the same depth of investment in protecting them or being loyal to them as I did the Jesuits. As a child and adult serving the Jesuits, my life in the Illuminati in the US was one of my 'jobs'/'assignments', but the Jesuits were who I then felt were my 'real' family and home.

I started to know and process these memories as God helped me to realize to a deeper level that healing and rejecting the group's programming to not remember was not a betrayal (that was a deception introduced when I was very young in order to control me), and that it did not mean that I did not care. Wanting my mind to be free did not mean that I was hurting the fathers. I started to learn more about my Jesuit history after growth in several areas of my life: knowing that God cared about people in the Order and wanted them to know the truth too; knowing that God loved me enough to hold me through the grief and anguish that would come as discovered my Jesuit memories; knowing that God could protect my heart, mind and body as I addressed the deeper programming and parts related to this aspect of my life history; knowing that God could help me to know truth and cut through all the confusion and pain. Basically, increased faith and understanding of God's love and power enabled me to start remembering and processing my Jesuit memories; earlier in the journey, I did not have the capacity to do so. This stage of my healing came too as my system of parts grew utterly tired of being mind controlled to keep secrets, being only partially healed and vulnerable to the cult, and decided to 'risk' trusting God to heal.

My memories of having been programmed in a facility overseas, and being part of the Jesuit order with large parts of my life being in Vatican, have been consistent since 2007. I have been blessed with direct validation for some of my memories as well. I have also noted that my statistics for site visitors have often shown more visitors from Italy to my site, than any other country. There are several possible reasons for this: what I write may resonate with Italian survivors; there could be a deep desire to learn about dissociation and deprogramming within this country; or other reasons. I pray that my posts bless those who read them, including those in Italy.

I do hope that explaining the healing journey will be helpful in promoting understanding of the process a bit more.

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Leni's avatar
Leni 9:23 pm on August 5, 2019
Thank you for sharing. I believe you.

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Imailletlynn's avatar
Imailletlynn 12:57 am on August 25, 2019
what a gift you are giving the world by revealing these things!! thank you

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Imailletlynn 1:07 am on August 25, 2019
do you see any of the people that you trained- made to be genetically superior – in positions of importance in the world? on tv, newspapers, online? Are they running the world now? Lois

Like

Phoenix system's avatar
Phoenix system 10:23 am on September 3, 2019
Hi. So I'm not so crazy when i say i was trafficked thru the vatican. That i was programmed and oh my goodness who has our files? I wanna know the truth.

I watched a kay tolman video and she prayed to break the Jesuit oath. 6 little nazi soldier alters popped up in me in the system and i was like woah. Anyway i knew Jesus then and he came in and they got in a tank with him and started breaking down the military structure of my delta assassin programmed alters. The next night God integrated those 6 little soldiers that i was in my sleep.
So some of your testimony here helps me understand why i said things about the Vatican and different system in different country programs.
Thank you for sharing

Liked by 1 person

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A Day in the Life of a Trainer 2

Several years ago, I wrote an article about a day in the life of a trainer in my American presentation. This article is about the day of a life in the cult host, where most of my life was spent, as a trainer overseeing facilities. I was in my cult host when doing these activities.

3:30 am: My beeper, one of four that I have (for various facilities, plus a country that I am military commander over) goes off. I am sleepy, having gone to bed just three hours before. But the work at a programming facility never ends, and the group I work for is not kind to its trainers – even the head trainer over the facility. I get up, take a quick shower, and put on my clothes and lab coat, grab a cup of coffee and start the day.

4:00 am: All of my trainers are gathered together to give a quick update on what is going on in the facility. These are bright, outstanding trainers, and their reports are quick and to the point. Any unusual changes in the children and infants are noted, and the goals for the day are quickly discussed. My beeper for another facility goes off, and I answer it. It is a crisis there; a child being trained attacked and nearly killed its trainer, and has been put in isolation; the trainers are asking what they should do. I tell them to wait until I get there later in the day, and in the meantime ask them to send the video records of the event for me to review right away.

4:30 am: the day starts with a ritual, with all the trainers participating together. The trainers range in age from mid-40's, to young training mentees of age four. Most children are taught how to program others starting at age three, and by four, will follow their programmers around, learning how to program others from them.

4:50 am: Facility rounds start with checking on the infants, to review their progress, their responses, and to address any difficulties (such as failure to thrive, unusual responses) that have come up. These genetically enhanced infants are extremely bright, and greet their trainers with coos of delight. This response has been repeatedly reinforced; any infant that turns away in anger from its trainers is brutally punished, and isolated/abandoned to extinguish this behavior. The infants are rewarded for dissociation and their ability to smile, bond with, and attach to the people who torture them. Today is the day that this group of infants, who are all roughly the same age, will undergo training to enjoy sadomasochistic sex. The infants are roughly abused sexually, while at the same time tech stimulation of the pleasure centers of the brain is being done. The infants have already learned to open their legs for sexual activity on hand and voice command, and this is another step in their training. One infant refuses to open its legs on command, and is hung painfully upside down and whipped with a baby whip for this infraction.

5:45 am: By this time, I have reviewed the video of the issue at the other facility, seen where the trainer made an error working with the super theta (a child who has never been allowed outside the facility, has undergone horrific abuse and bonding, and has learned to channel its rage spiritually). The trainer pushed the child too hard, did not look for its cues of stress, and the child reacted predictably. I resolve to put the child with another trainer, and to discuss what went wrong with the trainers at the facility. I sigh. I wonder what caused the trainer to push so hard, and how I will deal with him at the meeting I will have privately later with him and his mentor at the facility. He is 17

years old, has been programming children for 14 years now, and should know better.

6:15 am: I have grabbed another cup of coffee and a brioche for breakfast, brought to me by one of my students. I have 24 students that I work with intensely, who are all top trainer potentials themselves. They vie with each other to see who can bring me coffee, or lab reports, or meals in order to spend extra time with me, since I am their primary trainer and the person they love most on earth. I make them take turns, since I don't like to play favorites. I feel a small trickle of dread in my stomach, and push it away. It is time to go check on the birth mothers in another level of the facility.

6:30 am: Rounds at the birth mother area are done, with all students and trainers involved in this area present. There are currently 15 birth mothers in private rooms. It is month seven of the prenatal training, and all of the birth mothers look inhuman, with heads and pubic areas shaved; their teeth all missing (pulled out during torture sessions); and missing arms and legs due to the slow removal of digits, then hands and feet, then lower limbs, and finally the cutting off of the entire limb. Because of the healing technology, the stumps have healed well, but the birth mothers have almost completely lost their humanity. They have just finished eating breakfast, a nutritious mush in a bowl, which they eat out of like dogs on the floor since they have no hands to eat with. The birth mothers alternately howl and whimper as we come and assess the fetuses; they have learned to associate the presence of lab coats and trainers with inhuman torture. The fetuses are growing well, and respond positively on the brain scans to hearing the voices of their primary trainers, who they are completely bonded to since the emotional "leaving" of their birth mothers after months of torture which was blamed on the fetus. The fetuses will undergo their celestial city programming today, with visits from actors who represent the main controllers within the city, and a visit from the occultic "messiah" who promises to give them peace, safety and joy as they obey him. Later, "hell" programming with birth mother torture in a simulated hell will be reinforced.

7 am: By now, I have had 12 calls from five facilities to solve problems and answer questions from head trainers at each, and will need to get ready for a meeting with several of the facility sub-directors to discuss a new programming sequence recently developed for two-year olds that will be implemented. The new sequence improves on the older version of the installation of elements as barriers: the new River Styx and water barrier sequences in the VRs will replace older ones, since they contain certain things the previous programs left out.

8:30 am I leave this facility, to go to one in another country. I will be meeting with the head trainers at the facility with the student who attacked a trainer, and deciding how to proceed.

12 noon: the previous issues are resolved, and I have reinforced the need to look for subtle signs and cues of stress in children who do not exhibit normal reactions due to their highly abnormal life to the trainers at Facility B (the supertheta training center). I also discuss the need for extra bonding time to prevent attacks like this. The trainers agree that the incident could have been prevented, and a new protocol is created and put into place for prevention. I am now on another flight to another facility where genetics research is being conducted. I eat a quick meal brought to me by one of the five advanced students (ranging in age from eight to 15) who accompany me. These are my top students, who I am mentoring, and they will one day become some of the top trainers in the world. I catch a quick nap, between emails and making several phone calls to resolve issues at the other four facilities that I oversee.

2 pm: My students and I make rounds with the head scientists and researchers at the genetics lab. On the way to rounds, I quiz these mentees on the main genetic markers we will be looking for in this new group of zygotes, and ask questions regarding how they would conduct the research if they were in charge. I am developing future leaders, and am truly interested in their responses, since they are often more intelligent than the current head scientists. They give the correct responses, and we review what will become G19 (Generation 19) genetic enhancements. The scientists have learned how to add exceptional coordination to enhanced muscle mass that is not obvious, since the muscles have a specific shape that appears normal, but is much stronger than ordinary. Enhanced healing abilities have also been added.

4 pm: I have reviewed lab reports and had Skype conferences with the facility sub-directors and trainers for all the facilities that I oversee. I am now flying to the cult facility school, where the children aged six to 12 go to daily classes. I am also the head over this school, and will be meeting with the teachers to review student progress. As I walk down the hall, I am greeted by numerous people, and eager children wave at me or smile as I walk by. The children are on an accelerated schedule, which includes physics at age 7, calculus, and the equivalent of a full medical degree by age 10, among other classes. Some of the classes include language skills (in all the major world languages), and mage classes in the afternoon. I go to my office at the school, and am greeted by a head teacher who brings a "difficult" student who played pranks on the instructor for me to deal with. These children have extremely high IQs (far above 200, on average), and their greatest delight in life seems to be trying to outwit their trainers and instructors. Because creativity and problem-solving are encouraged, some of this is allowed; but I must discipline children who cross the line. This student hacked into the main computer of the school, getting past all the firewalls and security measures in

place, and replaced a training video with a video in which all of the trainers involved were naked. I keep my smile to myself at the effort, intelligence and computer skills this prank took, and with a stern look on my face, order the student to go naked for the afternoon in front of their peers; a true humiliation. It is not okay for students to show insubordination to teachers.

6 pm: I have dinner in my private office with a friend for a few quiet moments alone – a rarity. I then go to evening vespers in the chapel, where the children sing beautiful praises to satan with voices that sound like the Vienna Boys Choir.

8 pm: After several classes on conducting rituals, and the routine evening sacrifices, I meet with the head of the cult intelligence unit and the second in command in the Assassin Corp. The two are having an argument, and ask me to mediate. The second in the Assassin Corp feels that the intelligence that they received from one of the Asian countries was unreliable based on the reports from one of the Corp members in that country. The head of intelligence argues back that his agents are completely reliable and fast, and have gathered sufficient intelligence for the Corp mission there. After hearing both sides, I and several others decide that the intelligence unit needs to spend more time gathering intel, because we do not want to compromise an agent in the field due to inadequate information. This is also based upon past experience with the Assassin corp second, who is very bright, perceptive and has good intuition regarding such matters. My top student, who will be training intelligence and assassin personnel like these in a couple of years, is present for the meeting in order to learn, but is not allowed to add her input. I do ask for it afterwards, and she gives remarkably perceptive answers.

9:30 pm: I must go to a ceremonial dinner at a major meeting between our group and several others. I will also be gathering intelligence for our group, so I am dressed in a designer gown, full makeup and put on my most charming aspect. Even as a facility director, I often must go on missions myself, especially those that are politically sensitive or that require specialized skills. The group I am in only allows the best to teach others, and so I must use these skills now.

1 am: I finally go to bed, for a couple of hours, knowing that my day will start in a few hours. After 20 minutes, my beeper goes off; I am being paged to handle another crisis in another part of the world.

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Accessing: What it is and how to prevent it

The following is from my new book

One issue that survivors often face is attempts by the group they left to re-access them. This article was written to help survivors understand what accessing is, and the steps they and their therapist can take to prevent it from happening.

What is accessing?

Accessing is the deliberate contact of a survivor by the group (or affiliates) that they left, in order to intimidate and frighten parts into doing their cult jobs. Access may be as short and simple as a single sentence in an email that scares a part into shutting down therapy or withdrawing from healthy support. It can also be more complex, for instance, a survivor returning to a cult facility for hours for reprogramming.

If a person was raised in an organized group, they will have programming put in to make them accessible by the group. This is considered base-level programming to prevent their leaving.

How is accessing done?

Accessing is done by several methods, depending upon the stage of healing and awareness of the survivor.

One misconception people have is that accessing is done by mysterious, scary “bad” people who follow the survivor around and try to harm them when out and about. But the number one person who accesses the survivor is the survivor themselves. They will have recontact programming installed that makes them become extremely anxious if they do not have regular contact with their cult handlers.

Cell phones are the number one method of accessing used by the cult. All survivors who have left an organized group will have programming in place to contact cult members by phone, or to receive messages or calls from cult members by phone. The survivor often will have absolutely no recollection that they received a text or message from the cult (this is how the amnesia linked to this programming works).

Who contacts the survivor? In most cases, the person’s immediate family will be the members of the group chosen to contact the survivor. This could be a mother, father, aunt, uncle, brother, sister, children or grandchildren, or other family members. Texts back and forth about “family matters” will often have hidden messages or cues within them, reminding the person’s cult parts of their jobs, and the programmed threat that goes with them.

Examples: “Your family really loves you” is a frequent cue to cult-loyal parts to remember that only the cult can love them.

“I love you and miss you” can be a cue that if the person does not re-contact, that the person’s double binds will be put into danger, or tortured.

“We haven’t heard from you in a while” is an even stronger message that the person’s cult parts need to contact, or someone they love will get hurt.

Often, cute videos of family members are sent as reinforcements of the fact that if the person tries to break free, or their parts stop doing their old jobs, the people in the video will be tortured. There may be subliminals in the background reinforcing this message on an unconscious level.

The person’s cell phone bill will not show the more blatant or direct cult calls or texts, because there are special codes that can be entered in that ensure that the calls are not recorded by the phone company.

To break this re-contact programming, the individual’s presentation (or host parts) needs to show the programmed parts that it is entirely possible to disobey the programming directives. This involves breaking the program by

parts realizing there are options besides the directives

2. parts giving up programmed lies for truth. The presentation parts may want to choose for a period of time to give up phone contact with cult-active associates or family members, until the person is sufficiently healed to be able to relate without being accessed. If the person chooses to give up their cell phone (which should be done in order to break the programming, at least for a period of time), the group will then attempt to access the survivor by other methods. They will usually go to email or online next, since most people stay “connected” in these ways. Emails with triggering subject lines from people the individual knows and trusts will appear around this time in healing. This is because most accessing occurs from people the person has known and loved most of their life. The individual has no idea that these members of their family, or church, or group of friends, is a cult member, since they will be amnesic to this fact until the parts begin coming forward and sharing information with them.

Subliminal Programming: whenever a survivor uses technology such as a smart phone, goes online, plays video games, or watches current TV programs, they will be fed subliminal messages and images designed to fire off their NWO and other programming. These subliminals are part of Project Alexis, which was designed to prepare the world for the rise of the NWO. The images are fed at a speed of .03 microseconds (faster than conscious sight can see), with extremely rapid audios paired as well. Once a survivor of cult programming signs into their email address, or visits Facebook, or signs into Amazon, or any other sites online, the subliminals linked to their profile will begin automatically feeding through their browser (there is no “safe” browser or operating system that can prevent this). Images of family members being hurt, and other distressing events, will be flashed by faster than the survivor can visually process. Ads with cues and triggers will also be displayed, and the individual may be completely

unaware of this fact until they begin healing and working towards co-consciousness. It becomes a “catch 22” in many ways: the emails, texts and subliminals frighten parts into not disclosing about family members, and the person is left wondering why their parts are not talking to them, or sharing much in therapy. The failure to disclose and amnesia keep the survivor in constant contact with cult members, while they are completely unaware of this fact. As a result, their cult parts continue to do their jobs, while the person’s presentation has no idea that this is going on. If a person chooses to give up their cell phone, and to go completely offline (or only limited online use with full accountability, i.e. someone watching while they check their bank statement, etc.) then the attempts to access by other methods will escalate.

Common forms of attempted access at this point will include visual triggering by a visit from a family member if the individual is still in contact, or the cult placing someone who looks very similar to a double bind in view of the person. This could be a child who looks very much like a beloved child or grandchild standing next to the survivor at a store; or individuals who look just like a family member showing up when the survivor is in a public place. These are meant as nonverbal warnings: “If you don’t obey us, this person will get hurt.” These double bind lookalikes may also quickly sign messages to the survivor that they may be amnesic to (such as “help me” or “save me”) in order to trigger their recontact programming. Cards by postal mail with threats may arrive; or voice mail messages with triggers may be left on a message machine. If the person has international presentations, mail addressed to the name of one of the other presenters, or a child or loved one from the other countries, may show up (i.e. “How odd, this mail came here and I don’t know anyone by that name.”) Visual cues may be placed in the survivor’s surroundings: a bouquet of flowers that has a special meaning; a special perfume on a card, or a ‘gift’ of a food that has a specific meaning to another presentation may appear. If the above do not work, then attempts at physical abduction may be attempted as a last resort. Often, the survivor will be taken somewhere by someone they know and trust, that they are unaware of as being a cult member, and physical accessing will then occur. If the survivor has too much co-consciousness to allow this, then physical threats and abuse may occur when the survivor is alone or in a vulnerable state. Along with all of the above, the cult will also attempt spiritual access of the individual trying to break free. Dreams, threats and messages via astral projection may be given while sleeping, or even while awake, through demonic means. It is important that the individual prays about any open doors or parts with double binds that were programmed to stay in contact with loved ones who are cult members in this way. Why is accessing done?

Internal jobs

As mentioned previously, these jobs could include both “internal”, “spiritual” and “external”/“physical” jobs;

Accessing is done to make sure that the person’s cult parts are continuing to do their jobs and that the presenters continue to remain clueless and amnesic. Continued access will cause continued amnesia and dissociation.

Making sure that the person’s dissociation/amnesia is intact

Protecting/guarding classified information or parts inside

Blocking the person’s healing

Undoing the person’s work in therapy

Wearing out helpers
Sending warfare and division internally and externally
Participating in full rituals internally and calling on the demonic
External jobs

Participating in rituals
Active physical agendas against Christians and those helping survivors break free
Sabotaging other survivors' safety or healing
Assignments like research and assassinations
Training of younger cult members
Reporting to the cult
Disseminating misinformation
Discrediting other survivors and therapists
The person will normally be completely unaware that they have been triggered, or that their cult parts are doing their jobs, until later in healing.

Next, we will address a common question that survivors ask regarding accessing.

If I pray, and ask that my Christian Host or presenters be present, could I still be accessed and unaware of the fact?

Yes. Why? Firstly, because the LORD does not set aside free will in the survivor, including the free will of parts who are still compliant with cult orders or who still want to protect loved ones in the cult way. Also, the Christian host, while a true believer, is often programmed to allow access and may have taken vows of amnesia and access, i.e. the Christian host/presentation is double-minded. Thirdly, the survivor often has a False Christian presentation that takes over the prayer that prays to a false "Jesus" or "God" before the Christian presenters (who pray to the true Christian God) have a chance to pray.

While the Christian presentation can pray, if other cult programmed parts that the Christian presentation is amnesic to rotate out due to a trigger or cue, the person can still be accessed and be completely unaware of this fact.

Here are two examples from real life. At one time, I took an accountability person (another survivor in therapy) with me each time I went to visit my children in another state (there was a custody battle, and at the time, I was only allowed supervised visitation with her children due to the risk of my abducting them in order to get them away from their abuse). Each time, my accountability person and I, as well as trusted church support members, would pray for my safety and ability to stay in my presentation and not lose time during the visitations.

Throughout the visits, I would pray continuously for safety with my accountability friend. On the way home, after each visit, I would thank the LORD with great relief for safety, and the fact that "nothing bad happened" during the visits, and gave praise reports to my church about how the LORD protected me and my friend, and answered our prayers.

for safety.

It wasn't until years later, and with more healing and deeper internal communication inside, and the amnesia dropping, that I discovered to my great distress that during each visit with my children, I had been accessed, tortured, and reprogrammed during the entire time. My accountability partner had been programmed to not remember these facts either. This is one reason why in general, other survivors do NOT make good accountability for a survivor.

The "safe visits" were actually cover memories that my Christian presentation was told to believe, or my children would be tortured and/or killed. Because I loved my children, there was a huge investment in not remembering, and so I had no idea of what actually happened during the visits. Memories of taking my children shopping were dealt with by cult members placing the items "purchased" in my car, and quick photos during the last hours of the visit were taken, with each photo staged to show different "fun activities" with my children.

In actuality, each visit was reaccessing and reprogramming by the cult, with orders given to not remember the accessing and to come again in several months. The amnesia at the time was utter and complete, with absolutely no hint of what was actually occurring during the visits. My belief that the visits were safe, and that nothing bad had occurred, was real – and mistaken.

Another example: One survivor who had broken off all contact with her family due to cult memories of them had a short meeting with her brother at a local grocery store. She timed it and had a accountability person come and get her at the end of 15 minutes, to ensure that the meeting was short. She and her brother walked around the store and talked a little. During that meeting, completely unknown to the Christian presentation despite prayer, her brother gave a message to her cult parts. Due to the message, for months her cult parts strongly attempted to sabotage some very important matters for the person. These parts shared what happened only six months later in therapy, after much trouble.

Asking the Christian presenters/Host if the survivor was safe during a time period may not work for several reasons:

The false Christian Host was the one actually out praying and reporting how the trip went, and the survivor is completely unaware of this fact

The Christian presentation/Host has been heavily programmed to sabotage healing and keep cult contact up. They will be completely unaware of this fact. The person's day to day Christian presentation/Host may be the most heavily programmed part of the person, and they will not know this at all. The cult will not leave Christian parts unprogrammed; and in fact, will make sure these are the ones that maintain recontact. It can be helpful to educate the survivor and their parts on why it is a good idea to stop cult (family) contact. Some reasons to do so include:

The desire to stop cult contact must come from the survivor themselves. While it may be

obvious to the therapist and others that the survivor is being reaccessed, they will be oblivious to this fact, and will become very angry/defensive/hostile if confronted about this.

With this knowledge, the survivor will need to find out which parts are currently in contact with the cult. One way to do so is to give up all phone, email and online activity for a period of time, such as two months. The parts who are currently contacting will probably complain loudly, or the survivor may even become suicidal. The person may become restless and feel a huge urgency that they are “missing something important” in emails or online (the survivor will always have legitimate sounding reasons for continuing online and phone activities, such as checking bank statements and paying bills, but behind these is their programming to recontact running). The Christian presentation, with support, then has the opportunity to bring truth to these parts and help them break out of their cult-trained beliefs.

The cult does not just “let people go” when they become adults, or enter therapy. Instead, the accessing will often increase during this time, as cults or government agencies do not want to lose members.

Now that the problem of accessing has been defined, what can the survivor, and their helper do, to prevent reaccessing? Especially with the knowledge that early in therapy, reaccessing occurs in nearly 100 % of survivors? It is very common for survivors to be given cover memories that they “broke free” or that the cult abuse ended earlier in life, while in reality, they have been continuously cult active. It is common for survivors to be reaccessed or have cult contact of some kind, until the amnesia starts coming down.

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It can be helpful to educate the survivor and their parts on why it is a good idea to stop cult (family) contact. Some reasons to do so include:

The survivor gets hurt

Loved ones of the survivor get hurt when they are accessed

Accessing impedes healing, because parts get retraumatized

It is an extremely poor Christian witness to people who are still in the cult

It is an extremely poor Christian witness to the survivor’s own parts

It is a lifestyle of extreme duplicity

The survivor has to actually hurt others during a reaccessing session

The survivor may be forced to accept agendas against their therapist and other survivors

Cult loyal parts that recontact will be rewarded for contact, which actually increases the bonding to those reaccessing, making healing more difficult. There are always significant traumas and double binds behind recontact programming, and the therapist will want to help the survivor look at these issues. Cult loyal parts will have difficulty stopping recontact if they believe that failure to do so results in the torture or death of someone they love. This is where the ability to trust the LORD with the safety of double binds is so important. Saying, “LORD, I give my double binds to you,” does not at all ensure that this is being done. Instead, HOW the double binds were installed, and with whom, and

the specific vows to protect the double bind will need to be remembered. Often, these vows are elicited by the survivor watching a double bind being tortured; unable to take any more, the survivor will cave and agree to stay in contact. They will have no memory of this event, since they will also agree to forget the event, or else their loved one will be tortured. This is why consistent memory work and dedication to healing and looking at the events that run recontact programming inside are so important. If the survivor is an international survivor (one who was hosted in several countries as a child and adult) their primary double binds will likely be in another country, and they may be amnesic to them. This will also need to be looked at. Breaking double binds with the American family may not be sufficient to stop reaccessing if there are unconscious double binds elsewhere.

The survivor's first programmer/trainer will often be their primary double bind. They will often be completely amnesic to whom this person actually is. Their systems will be invested in protecting this person above all others, and so they will disclose other people as double binds first. The true double binds often will not come out until later in therapy. This is where accountability can help. Until the survivor is aware of and has broken their recontact programming, and has truly dealt with their double binds, outside accountability can help prevent reaccess. Safe accountability would be either a non-dissociative person, or a survivor who has broken their own double binds and recontact programming and is co-conscious with their most loyal cult parts.

Survivors who are in the early stages of healing should never be asked to be accountability for another survivor's safety. They will be completely unaware of the fact that they themselves have a strong recontact agenda, which can include helping other survivors "reconnect" with family (cult) members, or others. A safe accountability person should be made aware of the survivor's safety plan (any survivor should have a safety plan, if they are serious about stopping reaccessing). This will include awareness of any phone calls and texts made and received, and any online activities of any kind; for instance, the survivor may ask the accountability person to be with them and watching at all times that they go online. Failure to have accountability jeopardizes both the survivor and others that they could impact. While it can be a "bother" to have accountability, the alternative can be much more painful. Once the survivor stops Internet, phone and other contact, and has accountability in place, they may actually feel worse for a period of time as they are breaking the programming. The programming is actually being drawn out so the survivor can look at it: they may feel suicidal or depressed, or shaky for a period of time. This will pass as the programming is broken. Stopping Astral Access If the cult cannot reach the survivor by physical means, they will attempt to do so spiritually, often through astral projection. These demonic spirits will appear, often in the middle of the night, to the survivor, and will frequently appear as double binds/loved ones. The astrals may appear to be in great distress, and will attempt to "blackmail" the survivor into recontact with messages that the loved one is being tortured, or sobbing that they miss the survivor. The survivor will need to discover and close the spiritual doors that allow spiritual access. This process will include: Finding out which parts inside have the job to maintain spiritual contact with loved ones in the group.

Why they want to continue this contact

What these parts believe will happen if contact is stopped. It is common to feel immense

fear at first, at the thought of stopping astral contact, since the rituals and programming done around this is extensive, and starts in infancy. Spiritual parts may attempt to punish the survivor for attempting to stop it, until they become aware of the danger of continuing it.

Once all doors are closed, both spiritually and physically, parts may start feeling safe enough to come out and disclose to the survivor, and heal. This includes getting rid of the demonic spirits that sit within the parts whose job is to maintain astral contact, and resolving the traumas that they have undergone.

Over time, astral contact will lessen as the survivor learns to use their authority to stop the contact. Simply commanding an astral to depart in the name of the true Jesus is sufficient to make it leave; doing this builds faith in the survivor's parts and witnesses to them over time, and they will be more and more willing to turn to the Christian God instead of to the dem

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[Alice in Wonderland Programming: Part 1: White Alice Programming](#)

Trigger warning: The material in this article could be very triggering for survivors of ritual abuse or mind control as it contains graphic descriptions of programming; it is best to check with your therapist before reading material such as this.

It is a common misconception that “hosts” or “presenters” have been protected, or have undergone less programming or trauma than other systems. On the contrary, the presentation is often one of the most extensively programmed systems in the survivor of international occultic programming. It can be some of the most difficult programming to dismantle since basically, this involves looking at their own programming.

In most international occultic groups, the child spends the first three years fulltime at a cult facility, being continuously programmed. At age three, the child will also be placed within several host families around the world. The child may grow up with anywhere from two to seven families in different countries, and will typically spend some time each year with each of these families building a “life story”. School photos are taken, and a cover identity created in the countries which they anticipate the child will be working for them as they grow older into adulthood. The families will be given photos of the child (or a look-alike) in infancy for photo albums. These host families will have programming to prevent the child and the host parents from bonding with each other, since the cult wants the child to always maintain their primary bond with the primary programmers. The true host and core will always only be allowed to bond with these programmers.

Because maintaining the amnesia between presentations, and the prevention of remembering the cult life, is such an important cult goal, there will be several programs used to keep the amnesia in place. One of the major ones is “Alice in Wonderland” which will be described here as it is used by the Jesuits. Many other international groups also use this programming, or some form of it.

White Alice, Black Alice and Crazy Alice Programming

There are often three versions of the Alice programming installed, and each will be a backup for the other, in case one fails. Each will be described separately below. “White Alice” programming is designed to ensure the “host” parts does not remember any cult activity and believe that her “ordinary memories” of life are the whole picture. “Crazy Alice” programming is designed to make the “host” parts feel like they are going crazy, be afraid of going crazy and to return to the cult for “treatment” if they start remembering what they are not supposed to. “Black Alice” programming is designed to make the “host” parts afraid that they will hurt the people around them if they remember what they were told by the cult to not remember. I will share about “Crazy Alice” and “Black Alice” programming in future articles.

If is common for members of occultic international groups to have at least one presentation that goes by the name "Alice". This is for a specific reason: this is a trigger for Wonderland programming. The programming starts in the womb (prenatally), with the various Wonderland creatures talking to the birth mother and fetus, and with specific traumas that create the main characters. It continues during infancy. For instance, the infant will be dressed in a "Dormouse" costume, and taught to drink tea that makes him/her sleepy on command, or as a Cheshire Cat, with an outside actor modeling the role of this part.

The initial programming is continued and reinforced over the next few years in the programming studios, that have props and virtual reality films, as well as costumes and actors, until all parts for all three versions of the Alice programming understand and reliably perform their roles.

By age three, the child will be taken to a large estate in France (or, other locations, depending on the group) for the full re-enactment of Alice in Wonderland programming. This is an elaborate setup, and occurs over the period of a week. The child enters through rooms that reinforce previous training ("control the children": is recorded and replayed, with pictures of dead children displayed on the walls of the room; mirrors, "remember the flowers" and other triggers). The child then enters a "backward world" where everything is backwards (much like the third dimension; this prepares the child for this travel). White Alice (representing the presentation main controller who is heavily demonized) is dressed in the blue dress and white pinafore, with blond hair and blue eyes, and guides the child (who is dressed in the same way) through backwards houses, where people walk and talk backwards (a common cause of childhood dyslexia is the confusion this creates).

The child is then taken to a setup street where things are not backwards, but "crooked" or off slightly, which is even more disorienting. The child must walk with the Cheshire Cat (who represents a demonic guide) leading them through houses where things are insanely wrong, where people talk nonsense, and the floors and roofs may be upside down, to teach the child not to trust reality.

The White Rabbit

The Cheshire Cat then brings the child at last to a place where they see the white rabbit (the primary trainer or bond dressed in a costume), and they follow him/her "down the

hole” (representing amnesia) to a room where the presentation stays behind, watching a movie (screen memories which account for the lapse of time). Alice agrees to always follow the white rabbit, to do what he/she tells her, on pain of her/his death; because she loves this individual, she makes the promise. The white rabbit is the primary love bond in this program, and controls Alice.

The Caterpillar

After performing a sacrifice and making agreement to always forget, and only remember what they saw on the screen (videos of presentation normal memories), the child then enters a garden with animated/demonic flowers that at first talk kindly to the child, but later turn on the child and attack them. Wasps come and sting the child, and the large caterpillar (the at first kindly guardian of the garden, played by another primary bond) tells the child what to do, and how to escape. The caterpillar then blows smoke over the child, which induces amnesia, and tells her to “always remember to forget” or the primary bond will be killed. The child (playing the Alice role) agrees, and takes a bite of the mushroom offered, which represents this agreement to only remember what she is told to remember.

Jabberwocky

The child then enters a huge maze created from hedges. Soon, the child is pursued by the “Jabberwocky” (a demonic presence and strong presentation persecutor/punisher), and must rely upon their theta skills to run and escape, and even leave the body and fly away. The white rabbit and the Cheshire Cat lead the child to safety, but at times will try to “trick” the child until the child learns to rely on themselves instead of these capricious demonic “helpers.”

The jabberwocky pursues the Alice characters, and punishes them if they are “disobedient” (going off the path to investigate interesting things put to the side as tests), or if Alice ever tries to leave Wonderland. Because the presentation parts live in Wonderland, they are told to never leave, and at intervals throughout the program, they do sacrifices at altars installed at various points in Wonderland to keep the agreement going. The Jabberwocky and others are guardians of Wonderland that keep the presenters inside.

The Croquet Game

As the child goes deeper into Wonderland, they sleep frightened outdoors, running from the Jabberwocky if it comes near. As the child attempt to go through the maze, they will run across the queen of hearts (a primary double bind, often a twin sister) and her court playing croquet (with the severed heads of human children used as the balls). Hearts is the royal, or controlling, suit in the white Alice program; while spades is the ruling suit in the Black Alice (killer) program that will be addressed in another article. The queen becomes very interested in using the child's head (the child is constantly called "Alice" throughout the setup, to represent the presentations, since Alice in Wonderland is ultimately presentation programming to remain amnesic and rely on demonic help to do so). Alice is very frightened, and this trauma is used to reinforce her obedience and amnesia.

Valley of Shadow of Death

The demonic Cheshire cat helps to "rescue" the child, leading her away through a hole in the hedge. Alice then follows the cat, and goes through the "valley of the shadow of death." The valley goes into a deep forest, is quite dark and frightening, and the child by now is hungry, frightened, and hearing terrible noises. In the middle of the woods is a cottage; it is now nighttime, and the weary child knocks at the door, to be greeted by a kindly woman. The child is fed, sleeps, and is warned to avoid the Jabberwocky, which seeks to kill the child.

During the night, the kindly woman gets up. The child is awake, vomiting from the effects of a mild poison they were given in the food. The woman calls in her familiars (wolves) and tries to kill the child, who cries out for help to the "Cheshire Cat" to rescue her. A mage (spiritual person) also comes and helps rescue the child, who continues the journey, meeting other characters.

Palace of Hearts

Finally, the child ends up at the palace of the Queen of Hearts, who demands a sacrifice (the child was already told that the last child to complete the Alice scenarios will be her

sacrifice). The children who live watch the final child come in; this child was “too slow” and is sacrificed in a ritual. This reminds the children to never be slow or tardy when coming to a “party” (ritual) or event. The “parties” in the Alice in Wonderland books are always referring to rituals.

The King and Queen of Hearts are individuals the child loves very much and has been bonded to. They often represent a twin or beloved brother and sister; or beloved cult parents. The love bond is represented by the heart, with the understanding by the child that if he or she ever remembers, and the amnesia breaks, these individuals will be killed. During one installation of the programming, the child is invited to break the Wonderland programming, and she or he sees a mock killing of their King or Queen of hearts.

The Tea Party

The tea party is an important component of the amnesia programming. Internally, the presenters and other characters are always at a continuous tea party to reinforce the amnesia programming. The script often goes as follows:

The tea party is presided over by Alice’s mother (a cult mother; the mother is called Mnemosyn, or the demon over amnesia by the Jesuits). This part becomes a strong amnesia controller. As the tea party progresses, to the child’s horror, one by one, the people at the party (who are doubles of people they love deeply; including their presentation mother, father, sisters, brothers, and loved ones in the cult) are killed in horrendously gruesome ways.

The horrified Alice is reminded by Mnemosyn that “everything is fine” and is told to “let me take care of everything” and asks Alice to give her the memories. If Alice agrees, Mnemosyn then “takes away” the memories of the murders and sacrifices, and the dead characters are removed one by one; and replaced with living ones. Finally, there are no bodies left, and Mnemosyn assures Alice that “nothing bad ever happened.”

The various characters at the tea party have control over the presentation amnesia in different ways.

Dormouse: The Dormouse is a small child/toddler who constantly falls asleep (presentation sleep programming, to fall asleep on cue), and believes that “nobody loves me, everybody hates me” (a rejection program). Dormouse believes she/he can only be happy if the child falls asleep on cue, when the child then experiences “happy” dreams.

Mad Hatter: The Mad Hatter will contain numerous scripts to reinforce amnesia and dissociation, including anti-healing scripts, scripts that the individual can “never get away” from the group, and the belief that the universe is “crazy” and without meaning, and will often punish the others sporadically. His role is to make the presentation feel nervous and anxious if they start remembering things, and to punish.

The White Rabbit: the Rabbit asks Mnemosyn for tea, and to serve it to the parts at the party, which is a cue for amnesia; as long as the characters are drinking tea (which contains a drug that brings bliss and forgetfulness). He works in tandem with Mnemosyn to keep the amnesia party going on, with the reinforcement of agreements to never remember by the presentation controllers at the table.

The Teapot: In the physical setup, there are two teapots; one is where the Dormouse sleeps, and the other is continuously pouring tea out to continue the amnesia (the two are the same in the VR version). At times, the tea contains the blood from various rituals and sacrifices conducted and performed by the presentations to seal the amnesia program.

March Hare: this is the representation of insanity programming, with the threat that if the amnesia breaks and the “host” remembers, they will become “mad as a March Hare”. The hare does terrible things to the other characters, acting insane, throughout the party.

The Jabberwocky often visits at intervals and comes to the edge of the table, and is thrown bits of food (including sacrificial body parts) to keep him happy; he then goes away. Mnemosyn, Alice and the White Rabbit take turns feeding the Jabberwocky.

These are some of the characters at the tea party; others also come and join in.

Working with the Parts

When working with these parts, it is important to realize that these are the individual's presentation controllers. Breaking the program will often create great anxiety in the presentation, because the individual is "breaking the rules" and fears retaliation both for themselves and their loved ones.

The greatest fear is that the individual will "go insane", which is triggered by the Crazy Alice program (a backup if the main Alice program starts to fail; this will be discussed in another blog). It can help greatly for the individual to realize that these feelings are normal, and that they will not "go crazy" or "become homicidal" (due to the Black Alice program, which will also be discussed in another blog). They may also fear their own murder (in one tea party script, a double of the individual is killed at the table for remembering to install the implicit fear).

It can help if the individual understands that they really can break this program and heal; that the characters do not have to keep continuing doing their old roles, and they can break out of Wonderland. Wonderland is controlled by spirits of delusion, denial and amnesia, and removing the spiritual (which will drive the program) while helping the human parts heal from their traumas is important. Kronos, or the timekeeper, will sit over the Alice white system, covering for any lapses or lost time (this is installed with a huge clock, with an infant sitting on each hour; the time hand slices the infants unless Alice can make time go faster, slow down, or "skip" the infant). Kronos oversees this sense of the elapsing of time, in tandem with the other characters.

It is important to get to know each of the characters in the program, and listen to them. They will have reasons for doing the jobs they are doing, and these are often based on trauma, including very early (infant or prenatal) trauma that has been reinforced and layered upon over the years.

Hearing their traumas, comforting them, and providing validation and relationship will help these parts to decide to leave their old "jobs" inside. Once they do, the whole

system will benefit greatly. It takes time and safe relationships to heal this type of programming, and for parts to make the decision to give up their amnesia and agreements to forget. These agreements are based upon deep love for individuals they were bonded with, and these bonds must also be addressed in order to give up these agreements.

(note: part two will cover Crazy Alice and Black Alice programming).

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hisglory44's avatar

hisglory44 9:19 pm on April 21, 2021

Thank you so much for helping me to heal. Now I know why the mad hatter told me today on the phone that the cake is alive the cake was not a cake it was a child that was sacrificed but I'm not sure that even he knows that. He also said that all of my thoughts will be put into a movie or some kind of a play. I wonder could he be referring to my suppressed memories? You have no idea how thankful I am to have found this information. Now I know what to pray for Christina to heal finally

Liked by 1 person

거울's avatar

거울 8:24 am on August 14, 2021

Thank you for the good data. Is it okay to translate Alice in Wonderland's Mind Control series into Korean and post it on the Korean site? I'll indicate the source.

Like

거울's avatar

거울 8:34 am on August 14, 2021

Thank you for your hard work. In Korea, I can't find such detailed mind control data regarding Alice in Wonderland. Can I translate it and post it on my blog? I'll indicate the source.

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 12:56 pm on August 16, 2021

Yes you can if you indicate the source

Like

Amy Williamson's avatar

Amy Williamson 2:39 am on June 1, 2022

Your information is incredibly eye opening and has started to make me wonder about my own past. One of my friends, who leads a group bible fellowship chat, stated he thought I've been through some type of mind control. I don't believe I have but some things don't add up. Molested in the church at 4 or 5, reoccurring dreams of my mother handing me over to Satan, same dreams but with more detail of my family pushing me down into our dark basement. Wolf at the bottom, waiting to devour me, except that I am thrown into a room with computers monitors who speak and tell me I will never escape. More nightmares of bloody faces being ripped off the person, more demonic nightmares, snakes, sleep paralysis, talking to someone as if I know them but there is no one there, black cats darting back and forth. There's so much more but is this maybe just being oppressed demonically? I was raised in a Baptist church in ND. That's where the abuse started so maybe it's just how the door was opened to the demonic. I also just think strange thoughts that are not normal. Nothing bad but just strange. I would appreciate any feedback! Thank you and God bless you as you reveal these truths!

Liked by 1 person

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 8:26 pm on June 11, 2022

I cannot tell you whether anything happened or not, but your dreams seem to indicate that there is something that you should consider exploring with a therapist.

Liked by 1 person

Jennifer's avatar

Jennifer 9:43 am on September 4, 2023

So does this book by Fritz Springmeier and Cisco Wheeler: They Know Not What They Do – An Illustrated Guide to Monarch Programming-Mind Control informs about the similar programming. What are your thoughts on this book, Svali

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 11:34 pm on October 21, 2023

I have read some of Cisco Wheeler's writings, and found them very good, and validating, after I had recovered my own memories. To be honest, while good, it was harder for me to wade through Fritz's writing (it wasn't as concise or organized). I do know that different groups do the Alice programming with different variations, and found her descriptions good regarding her experiences.

Like

Brittani's avatar

Brittani 4:31 am on September 10, 2024

Is the clock ticking and hearing "times up" and "I want to go home" all repeated 3x part of this programming?

Liked by 1 person

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 5:05 pm on September 16, 2024

Hi, it is impossible to tell if this is part of Wonderland for you, or another program, since a lot of different programs could use those words. "I want to go home" sounds more like a return/recall program, though, just based on what you wrote. Your parts will be the best ones to let you know what these sounds and phrases mean.

Liked by 1 person

Turan's avatar

Turan 9:55 pm on January 5, 2026

Hello, have you some informations, or articles about Walt Disney please ?

Thanks you very much for your very interesting work, i pray for you.

God bless you.

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 8:23 pm on July 8, 2018

Tags: mind control (97), occult (26), programming (86), ritual abuse (93)

Alice in Wonderland Programming Part 2: "Crazy" Alice and Black Alice Programming

Trigger warning: this post contains information about programming that could be triggering to survivors of ritual abuse and mind control.

Crazy Alice Programming

A part of the Alice in Wonderland (presenter) programming is the "Crazy Alice" programming, which is meant to warn the Alice controller (a presentation controller) to never allow memories to come up, or they will be labeled "insane" and extreme abuse will occur. This is often the root of insanity fears when a person first starts remembering their past; the presentation controllers know that if they remember, Crazy Alice is supposed to present.

In this setup, the child (now called "Alice" and dressed in the typical blue dress and white pinafore) is taken to a "mental institution" that looks like one from 400 years ago, where the "inmates" are chained, and who rant, rave and curse at her. The child is left

there for days, with her only food being rancid water and rotten cabbage. The inmates (actually cult actors) hurl feces at her, verbally abuse her, and the custodians sexually abuse her while she is chained to the wall because of her “insanity” (remembering).

Because she is “sick”, and “mentally ill” Alice is taken regularly down to the basement for “treatment” which consists of electroshocks, drowning, and being held over a rat pit filled with hungry rats that are allowed to bite her feet and ankles. The child is told repeatedly that “remembering” or “telling” will have her labeled “crazy” and that she will be taken to the institution (or one similar) for “treatment.” This is part of developing the presenter amnesia and vows to never remember (or seek treatment).

During the hospital stay, a team of doctors in white coats walk through the ward and stay with Alice, and the head doctor (usually, a primary programmer) says “Alice is my favorite patient” and “I will do everything possible to help you get well.” Alice keeps a stuffed rabbit with her (“foo foo”) who at night seems to come alive and sexually abuses her (this is done with a hand puppet). When Alice reports the abuse the next day, the doctors look at her sadly, and insist that she is “sick” and “needs more treatment.”

There is a special room in the “hospital” for the religiously insane, with Bible studies and church meetings, where Alice is raped and abused by the “Christians” and “Jesus” in the hospital. After several weeks of this treatment, “Alice” is pronounced “cured” (e.g. this part is heavily traumatized and has learned to never disclose what is going on, and to promote presenter amnesia) and is allowed to leave.

This “hospital” is also part of the presentation re-programming. If the presentation amnesia begins to break down, and the individual remembers, the “doctors” (programmers) will come internally and take the parts that broke programming to the “hospital” internally for treatment (reprogramming).

This is also linked to recontact programming as well. The presentation is often programmed that if there is too much programming breakdown or remembering, to believe they are “sick” and “need to go to the hospital right away.” This is meant to get the survivor to an “approved” hospital or treatment center where they can be accessed, and reprogrammed.

Black Alice Programming

In another version of Alice programming, Alice has a “dark side” that comes out and kills everyone around her in a killing spree. The terrified presenter wakes up to a room full of bloody bodies, and is told that if she ever remembers, the “evil” inside of her will “escape” and she will kill her loved ones. This is a particularly cruel form of amnesia programming.

Black Alice wears a black dress, black stockings and shoes, and a white pinafore (covered with blood stains). She lives in Nightmare Wonderland, a black and terrifying version of the white wonderland. In Nightmare Wonderland, the prime terrors are re-enacted time and time again, such as rats that chase the child, large stinging insects; black woods filled with horrible creatures, huge caterpillars that look like maggots able to sting, etc. The woods and other areas of this wonderland (which includes a large cemetery) are also filled with dead bodies and rotting corpses, and zombie-like creatures chase the child.

Black Alice has often taught to “love death” and insists that she loves killing, and death; she has often been forced to have sex with dead bodies, and cannibalizes them as well. This controller terrifies the white presentation, who fears that she will come out if they “lose control” (e.g. by trying to break programming, or remembering too much).

During her creation, Black Alice is heavily tortured and traumatized by everyone around her except the dead in the room; the dead bodies are her only “comfort”. She has a rabbit called “Edward” who hates all living things, teaches her how to kill to protect herself (rewarding her with sex) and later encourages her to “kill, kill, kill” to give him something to eat. Edward is Black Alice’s only friend, and protects her in a nightmare world.

Black Alice is also a part of the child’s assassin programming, since for simple jobs she can switch out and do a kill, and the white presentation will be completely amnesic.

The individual needs to realize that “Crazy Alice” is not crazy, but traumatized. She and

the others in the “hospital” have been programmed with scripts, and the traumas need to be recognized, worked through, and resolved. This is true for Black Alice as well: she is not “evil” but a very traumatized, very young child who was frightened and wanted protection. These are very difficult memories to face, and the presentation will often experience a lot of anxiety working with these parts due to the fact that these are their own controllers.

The traumatized parts can heal, and will be relieved to talk with someone who is safe. They may fear being hospitalized, or alternatively, may insist that they go to a hospital for “treatments”. If possible, it is best that the individual has a safe person stay with them until this programming is worked through, and they realize the traumas and fears that drive it.

As with any other program, there will often be threats to both the individual, or to loved ones, if this program breaks (the individual’s loved ones will have to go through the “treatments” or torture if Alice refuses, etc.). Bringing the trauma memories to conscious remembrance, and refusing to act on the programming, will often help it break, as the individual processes the emotions.

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 1:17 am on July 23, 2018

Tags: dissociation (49), mind control (97), programming (86), ritual abuse (93)

Programming to Block Healing

Trigger warning: this article contains graphic information regarding programming and trauma and could be triggering to cult/mind control survivors

When a survivor of mind control enters therapy, their trainers will be notified (often by the survivor themselves, since they frequently “report in”), and specific programming to block therapy with their current therapist will begin to be put into place. This will be layered in addition to the generic “no heal” programming that all survivors have installed that prevents unauthorized system access, or any communication between presentation (front) parts and the cult host or systems.

Therapy blockers are highly programmed to completely resist therapy, will often have programming specific to the therapist the survivor is currently seeing, and are extremely bonded to their trainers. They are highly motivated to prevent healing due to the fear of trauma (abuse) to the survivor, and the even greater fear of losing contact with their loved one (the trainer the individual was bonded to).

Generic No Heal Programming

When the survivor is an infant, and throughout childhood, they will be put through mock “therapy” sessions and deliverance sessions in which the “therapist” (a cult actor) kindly asks the child to share information and encourages them to disclose their abuse. Later in the setup, the child is then tortured for talking and disclosing, is raped by the mock therapist, and is “hospitalized” (see the section on Crazy Alice programming) to punish them for “making up” memories that “couldn’t possibly be true”. In order to heal, the survivor must choose to push past this programming to enter therapy at all, unless they have been sent on a mission for this purpose (some survivors are sent to infiltrate the practices of therapists who are effective and learn about how they work, in order to help the cult understand how to block therapy with the therapist).

In addition to the above, the survivor will see setups in which for every disclosure they make, a loved one is tortured horrifically, sending the message: “if you talk, your loved ones will be hurt.” This basically shuts down healing for many.

Specific Therapy Blocking Programming

Each therapist has an individual style of working with people, and this may be used against the survivor. Because most survivors are still cult active when they enter therapy, during “tune ups” (reprogramming sessions), the cult will attempt to make the survivor fear disclosure in therapy by doing the following:

Create a VR of the therapist abusing the client following personal disclosure (shocks, rapes, etc.)

Have an actor that looks similar to the therapist, trained to use the therapist’s favorite phrases to encourage therapy, who does mock therapy with the survivor. Each phrase used (over and over) is combined with shock, rape or other torture to the survivor, so when they hear it, they will recoil in pain and disgust.

Create a VR of the therapy room, and then have the “therapist” avatar perform rituals there, to convince the survivor that the therapist is “one of us” and therefore not safe to disclose to.

A survivor often must overcome an enormous amount of programming to trust a therapist at all, especially since during the time they still have contact with the cult, they and their loved ones will be tortured every time they attempt to heal during reprogramming sessions.

If the survivor does choose to trust the therapist, they need to be aware that some people (but thankfully not all) drawn to providing therapy or support for DID, trauma, and ritual abuse are programmed cult members whose job is to access survivors seeking to get out. It is not unusual for the “supporter” to later discover that he/she is actually DID and programmed as well, as time goes on. It can be difficult to determine at first whether the blocks to therapy are coming because of programmed setups such as those described above, or because the survivor (legitimately, at times) does not feel safe with the therapist.

This is why choosing a therapist is a matter for prayer, discernment and seeking input from a safe person (if the therapist knows one) regarding who to see.

Because of the above programming, survivors will often attempt to block therapy using different methods. These fears are genuine, and should not be minimized; instead, the survivor needs support and prayer from individuals they trust, as they work through the issues.

Typical Therapy Blocking Programs

When a therapist works with a survivor, they will see a lot of ambivalence: the survivor wants to heal, but part(s) of the survivor is avoiding the healing quite energetically. This can cause a lot of frustration in both the survivor, and the therapist, who over time may begin to wonder “Why don’t you just heal?” The survivor may experience tremendous internal conflicts between their entire worldview and experience, and the information that a therapist challenges this worldview with. In addition, the survivor will be emotionally invested in saving loved ones, who they believe are being tortured each time they break programming.

This ambivalence and internal conflict can cause the survivor to display any or all of the following programmed responses in therapy:

Cycling through parts over and over (rolodexing): this is a symptom of extreme system distress and conflict, as parts of the survivor are attempting to heal and incorporate new information, while other parts are terrified that the programming is breaking. This rapid switching is a sign that internal controllers are trying to stop doing their jobs (including hiding internal pain), and that they are “failing” at doing their old job; as a result, they are feeling terror and are attempting to send out part after part to present in rapid succession. Rolodexing can also be a punishment program that causes the survivor to look completely dysfunctional, and be used to reinforce the belief (which is a lie) that the survivor is “going insane”, etc. Rolodexing will stop once the “hot topic” in therapy is dropped; this can be an opportunity to journal and work on the topic, since it is obviously important to healing or the system would not respond in this way.

Only one memory comes up: some survivors go through weeks, months and even years processing only one or two memories that cycle through again and again, even though they recognize they were raised in a cult group. This is a way of blocking therapy, since the survivor never gets past that one memory to do other work inside.

House that Jack Built: This is a specific form of blocking, in which the survivor cycles through bits and pieces of one memory, and each time, must repeat the same sequence in order before they can add new information to the memory. The survivor will appear to need to completely recount the previous information given before they can look at any new information regarding the memory, which can be wearing on both the survivor and therapist.

False Christian work: If the survivor is working with a Christian therapist or deliverance ministry, they will pull out their false “god” “jesus” and “holy spirit” to “help” with the healing. They may be praying wholeheartedly, praying warfare prayers, doing daily Bible study, agreeing with the therapist, and reporting visions of “jesus” intervening inside and how “close” they feel to “god” during therapy. The problem is that they are not praying to the real Christian God who has the authority to heal, deliver and bring breakthrough, and this survivor will often leave therapy frustrated, wondering why God doesn’t answer in spite of all the praying they are doing. This is heavily linked to anti-Christian programming (please see article on this topic).

False integrations: If the survivor is on a mission to bond with the therapist, learn their techniques, and later report to the cult the therapy methods used, they will want the

therapist to feel good about seeing them. This is often accomplished through false integrations (the survivor is completely unaware that it is a program), in which dozens, hundreds or more of parts are “miraculously joined together” without any trauma (or memories), and the survivor expresses deep gratitude about the “tremendous healing” they have received. This type of work can also be a response to a huge need to please a prayer or deliverance minister who pressures the survivor to integrate before they are ready. While God can and does accomplish the miraculous, most true integrations bring back life history, both good and bad, and resolve core conflicts and false beliefs that fueled the dissociation.

Therapy sabotage: with this programming, the survivor will be late to appointments, may miss scheduled appointments, may “forget” to pay for therapy, does not do therapeutic homework, and verbalizes wanting to drop out. A subset of this program is distancing the therapist/supporter through methods such as pulling out sexual parts who attempt to “seduce” the therapist; pulling out hostile/rude/unpleasant parts who pick fights, assault the therapist, or tear the therapist down verbally, and even threaten to sue the therapist if they become desperate.

Shutdown programming: At times, a survivor who is still in contact with the cult will be given a shutdown/stop healing command. When this is running, the survivor will experience the following:

- Is completely unable to communicate with parts inside
- Is unable to journal, collage or do artwork
- Feels intense anxiety at the thought of doing internal work
- Wants to be “normal” and “forget about healing”, wants a “real life” and chooses to leave therapy, sometimes permanently (note: this is different from taking a short break from therapy or healing, which is normal at times)

This form of programming is frustrating for both the survivor and therapist, since it seems to be a waste of therapy time working with someone who cannot communicate with parts and does not even seem motivated to do any internal work at all. To resolve this, the survivor needs to look at where access occurred, how the shutdown command was given (including subliminals or texts online or by phone), and what threats were used to accomplish the shutdown (frequently, this will be a double bind being threatened).

Pulling out false issues to work on (cover issues): It is common for survivors, especially early in their healing, to work on cover programming to prevent their going deeper into their system. The survivor may only remember their American host family; or believe

that they were only sexually abused, or abused by an organized cult group for a few years, then “let go when they moved away from home” or “married someone outside the group” (which almost never happens in reality).

Until the survivor goes past the cover, and is able to work with the true programming and beliefs that run the system, healing will be sporadic and difficult, and they will be vulnerable to reaccess. The survivor must be willing to do internal work, including journaling and asking the LORD to uncover the truth, regardless of what it is. They must be willing to go “all out” for the LORD, and trust their loved ones in the group to His care, as they go past guardians, system blocks, demonic blocks and learn what is actually inside.

Doubt: Belief that the survivor will never heal: This is programming designed to knock out the effectiveness of work done by the survivor and therapist/supporter. This programming will be installed with setups in which the child is told to “heal” or “break the programming” under command – and then experiences horrendous pain and terror (through VR or tech torture). The child in numerous setups is told to “integrate” and again, pain, terror and hopelessness is installed. This is layered in many times over the years. When the survivor does try to heal in therapy, they will often re-experience these feelings of pain, hopelessness and futility regarding healing, or even the possibility of God answering their prayers to heal.

The survivor will also have been shown videos of individuals in lab settings attempting to break the programming that was installed in them – and the people viewed in the setups go “insane”, or “die”. They will be shown the readouts for the slow, agonizing death, to instill the belief that the programming can never be broken. In actuality, if that was really true, the programmers would not have to install this false belief. It can help the survivor to understand that their situation is different: unlike the individuals they watched trying to break programming in a facility dedicated to demons, the survivor has a God that loves them and can heal anything, safety, and support that the people they watched did not have.

Emotional flooding that does not promote healing: Some survivors will present in therapy appearing to be willing to heal, but the instant that any memory comes forward, they will burst into tears and appear to “melt down” for what can amount to the entire therapy session, wailing over their guilt and self-condemnation. While emotions will come with the recall of traumatic memories (and should), seeing hours of therapy “hijacked” by a part crying every time the survivor comes to therapy could be a sign that this is running.

The supporter or therapist may want to gently confront or challenge this part regarding their job within the system, and see if the survivor is willing to work past this program. The survivor will need to become aware if it is running, and break any agreements to have this part step forward if anything is disclosed. The traumas that created this response in what is often a very young part will also need to be resolved.

Child presentation: Normally, the infants and children in a mind-controlled system are heavily protected and guarded, and do not come out in therapy until trust and safety have been established over time. A completely young presentation is highly abnormal, and can be the result of several things:

Programming breakdown: some survivors literally “burn out”, especially if they have been heavily used in the field on missions, and too much “wipe out” and other amnesia programming of presenters afterwards can cause a situation in which the adults are too tired/traumatized to present, and children come forward

Mission programming: some survivors are programmed to present with children in order to seem “harmless” and “cute” as they infiltrate a church or therapy organization. This is a programmed in presentation, with great trauma.

Secondary reward: some systems have been heavily rewarded by abusers for “staying young” and childlike, especially if the main abuser was a pedophile. The survivor may have starved themselves as a child/teen in order to prevent the appearance of breasts and delay the onset of menses, and to keep their childlike physical appearance. This is often a system highly dependent upon others, and they may look to therapists and supporters to “caretake” them as an adult.

Constant crises with no resolution (burn out the support): This is difficult programming to endure for the survivor, because the survivor has no idea that this is happening. All they know is that they are in deep distress, and want to pick up the phone and call the only person that can help them (the therapist or support person). There will be crises during the healing journey; but a life of constantly cycling into crisis week after week could be an indication that something is wrong. This type of programming is designed to “burn out” the supporter, who becomes exhausted helping someone who never seems to heal.

Denial: Every survivor will have some form of denial programming, and parts inside will hold this job. Denial parts are among the most cult loyal, and deeply fear the torture or death of loved ones (including trainers) in the cult. Denial parts will often verbalize the following:

It wasn't that bad

I'm exaggerating things

I'm making this up; I have a creative, sick imagination

I'm not dissociative

I'm just seeking attention

This is all for secondary gain; I've been playing with your head

I'm a liar

This part will have been heavily programmed since the survivor was in the womb to say these things – and believe them. They are part of the primary amnesia triad for presentations (denial, doubt and despair) that keep the survivor from truly believing their own memories.

Healing of denial means finding why these parts (often represented in numerous systems, including next to the core) are so invested in doing their job, i.e. who they are protecting, and why. They will be heavily bonded to a primary bond, and thus will be unwilling (or unable, due to amnesia agreements) to disclose who they are protecting until safety and trust are established with the therapist, and with the true God.

“I don't know”: It is normal for an individual to not know what is going on inside at times, or to be unable to answer questions they or a therapist asks parts from time to time. But there may also be parts created who literally “know nothing” who are brought forward in response to asking any information that might be helpful to healing, or breaking programming. These parts normally will have no history, and be unaware of anything at all. Controllers may bring them out in order to prevent healing work during a therapy session; or to prevent journaling and finding answers.

These parts will have been created with trauma, and will have made agreements to not know anything, and to forget any important information. They may be formed during childhood during anti-interrogation training, since these parts are not lying: they literally do not know anything, and so cannot reveal high-security information.

Healing will involve working through the traumas with a trustworthy individual, and helping these parts realize that the system is not being threatened, and there is no longer any punishment for sharing information inside. This can take time, and these parts will usually gradually stop doing their jobs quite as energetically once they realize that the individual is safe, and that the sharing of information inside promotes safety.

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garynotgary's avatar

garypfeifer 2:07 pm on July 28, 2018

This was really helpful for me to see some of the characteristics of my programming.
Thank you.

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svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 8:04 pm on July 28, 2018

I am glad this was helpful to you!

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revelationsfromdaddyinheaven's avatar

heavenlyrevelationsfromdaddy 3:06 pm on August 1, 2018

I am amazed that you were able to capture the truths in these accounts. I have been on both sides of the coin and now as a counselor see so many suggestive behaviors in clients that tap into these examples. Thank you so much for sharing. I will reference this again.

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svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 3:20 pm on August 2, 2018

I am glad that this is helping!

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Pastora Cate's avatar

Pastora Cate 4:40 pm on August 18, 2019

Dear Svali,

I've followed your work for a number of years – discovering you on someone else's blog

when you had already gone silent. I prayed for you back then. I was so relieved to see you back again, most recently on Deprogram.Wiki, and appreciate your willingness to share and help others. I respect the way you unplugged and dug down to work on your healing. Your fearless approach gives hope to others. I pray for your peace and protection. God bless you in the mighty name of Yeshua our Messiah. Amen

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svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 11:00 pm on August 18, 2019

Pastora,

Thank you for your encouragement. I am glad that these posts are helpful to you and others, this is why I write. Also, your prayers are so appreciated! Blessings, svali

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sofia livingstone's avatar

sofia livingstone 10:17 pm on February 11, 2025

Svali, thanks to Dan and one of Bride coaches I have read your third book and listened to one of your calls today plus gone through some of the blogs tonight.....I'm hugely grateful, hard as it is to receive what you share at the same time it's bringing 'life' as it all makes sense...horrific as it is, what you went through and what I am beginning to uncover. Thank you for your immense bravery and strength to defect and stand as a Kingdom warrior for Truth, for your Intel that opens others like myself so we can break through the programming and amnesiac barrier. I've so much to say and I'm speechless at the same time, you will forgive me I know. Double binds, different parts all activated but fundamentally I want to say thank you for daring to speak out and confirm the miracle of what the one true God and Y'shua can do, to show what miracles are possible. Thank you for giving us hope, for helping us to feel less mad and 'crazy' – for reminding us we are the frontline army if we remember to step into our true authority IN Christ. Blessings, x

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 8:05 pm on April 23, 2019

Tags: dissociation (49), healing (62), mind control (97), programming (86), ritual abuse (93)

Chart for Working on Internal Programs

Recently a survivor whose work I respect shared with me a chart they developed when working on dismantling their internal programming. With this individual's permission (they wish to remain anonymous) I am sharing this chart on my blog. It makes a nice way to organize some of the internal work that is done when taking down internal programming.

Chart for profiling programs – the main purpose of this chart is to track what is coming conscious, and to make a tangible record that the person is progressing in working with parts and the important bits of his/her history that are impacting the individual today.

Normally, a person will not be able to fill this in all at once; the information often comes in bits and pieces. At times, it may be hard, especially at first, to know which “category” to file something under.

Description of program:

Instructions (do/think/feel what, in what combination)

Reasons program was ‘accepted’ (such as threat to self, threat to a loved one, love bond to individual asking, etc.)

Parts involved
Main emotions involved
Programming scenarios
(trauma and reward aspects)

Reasons program is still intact (this may include beliefs regarding what will happen if the program stops working)

Other programs that get triggered when I work on this/Other programs associated with this program

Observations when working on this program (physical sensations, thoughts, emotional responses, impulses, etc).

Input from God, supporters, parts:

Positive changes, truths that parts want to see with regard to the instructions, emotions, beliefs, etc. as they heal:

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In "healing"

raissa's avatar

raissa 2:45 pm on May 29, 2019

Great article! I was looking for your website and then I stumbled on another site that is trying to discredit you. "svali is a fraud". And I thought "they" were more smart. Because it's plain stupid to pull this card to discredit everything you've been telling for all these years. I think there's an agenda in the internet to disqualify the testimonies of the whistleblowers. Similar thing happened to the case of The Hampstead, Pizzagate and Fiona Barnett. They are trying too hard, it's so obvious. Keep going and God bless you, svali.

Liked by 1 person

Amber's avatar

Amber 3:55 am on June 21, 2019

I found that site too by trying to find information. He is trying really hard to discredit Svali.

Keep doing what you are doing Svali! The truth will come out in the end.

Liked by 1 person

dory463's avatar

dory463 6:12 pm on August 23, 2019

This is wonderful and thorough! I grew up traditional catholic and even though I have been working on deprogramming for 7 years now, I only recently discovered that my family is a part of it. Seriously – your blog is very helpful!

Liked by 1 person

Michael's avatar

Michael 12:21 pm on March 30, 2021

Just wow. Never could imagine that I was the normal one all along.

Liked by 1 person

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 5:45 pm on January 29, 2019

Tags: mind control (97), nephilim (2), occult (26), SRA (73)

The different types of SRA and Mind Control

The following blog is an excerpt from a chapter in a new book, Prayer Warrior 2, available on Amazon; it was used with permission from the author.

The term “satanic ritual abuse” (also known as “multi-perpetrator, organized abuse”) can cover a wide range of groups, each with their own practices and spiritual orientation. The term “mind control” includes the manipulation of an individual through attachment needs, trauma, coercion and other means in order to perform a task or agree with the beliefs of the individuals attempting to exert control over another. Mind control can include the methods used by governmental agencies, for instance, to instill loyalty and specific skills and behaviors on cue.

Almost all occultic groups also use mind control to varying degrees to ensure silence, obedience and loyalty to the group. The distinction between “SRA” and “mind control” often blur and overlap, as many governmental agencies also include occultic rituals and elements in their programming methods.

When working with survivors, it can be helpful to have an overview of some of the major types of multi-perpetrator groups that use mind control methods. These can include: (please note that there may be individual variations within groups)

a. “Dabblers”: These are often teens, or curious adults, who read literature regarding satanism or witchcraft, and who want to try it out for themselves. They may go online to learn more, and eventually will attempt to practice some of the more common rites, either alone, or will encourage others to join them. Most do not engage in the active recruiting seen in more organized groups, and are very isolated and localized unless the local get together is noticed by representatives of other groups, who may offer to come and “teach” more. The mind control in a group like this is minimal, either than the oaths and vows made to one another; and the shared guilt if an animal sacrifice is done, with a vow of silence (and threats) made to those who participate. This type of group is the one most likely to leave evidence of their activity, such as mutilated animals in a field, for others to find, since they do not have the training instilled since early childhood to perform meticulous cleanup.

b. Wicca and witchcraft covens: these are often generational, local to a county or

region, and may range from white wicca groups (which may be composed of “dabblers” who are not generational) who practice casting spells for healing and “good” purposes; and black wicca groups who actively abuse members starting in childhood. In the more secretive black groups, sexual and ritual abuse are incorporated with activities that may include animal and (rarely) human sacrifice, learning spells to curse others to death; vows of silence (with traumas that can include brief burial alive, to elicit the child’s promise to never tell). The black witchcraft groups are matriarchal, with an older woman who often holds a powerful position (the “crone” over the group) and will have close ties to the local community and close-knit relationships among those who are born into the group. Recruiting may be done to individuals who appear highly interested in learning, and marriages may be done to “outsiders” to strengthen the genetic pool. If the “outsider” seeks to leave the group, after a child is conceived, the outsider may be sacrificed.

c. Local satanic covens (generational): these are generational, meaning most of the members are born into the group; they may do some recruitment of outsiders, or may abduct young children to increase their numbers and bring in outside genes (to prevent in-breeding in smaller, more isolated groups). These groups are usually tied to a town, small city or rural region, and can include clans that have existed for years in mountainous regions; or the local coven that “runs” and has almost complete control of a small rural town. The mind control elements are usually mainly physical, such as beatings, whippings, sexual abuse, burial alive, etc. The children may be rented out for use by pornographers, or to be used as breeders for other national groups, for a price. In recent years, the mind control has begun to be more sophisticated, with the use of some programming technology shared by the larger, more organized groups that have representatives come in and teach how to use it. These groups are more likely than national or international groups to leave marks or evidence of the abuse in their members, such as loss of a digit or toe (marking a sacrifice given during an important ceremony), or burn marks on the back.

d. Government mind control. This includes intelligence agencies from nations around the world such as Russia’s SPETZ, the UK’s MI-6, or Israel’s Mossad, as well as the US CIA and military lab trainees. Most governmental mind control is well-funded and has an extensive research base that is ongoing; all individuals that have undergone it will have extensive profiles and data tracking to evaluate the person’s reactions to the methods used. Shared characteristics include an emphasis on military training, physical strength and “survival of the fittest” setups to weed out the weak and promote the emotionally and physically strongest. These agents will be accomplished assassins, spies with photographic memories used to gather intelligence, and will have undergone extensive programming to be loyal to their country (which may be seen as a “mother” or “creation” figure within who they are bonded to), and to their primary handlers, who will be seen as a “daddy” figure regardless of actual gender. They will often be used in missions both nationally and internationally, and will have extensive mind control to not disclose information related to the national security of the nation they were programmed by; they are programmed to suicide before disclosing this type of information (which will include any information regarding how they themselves were programmed, and the techniques

used). Some individuals seeking help may have been used in mind control experiments, which are used to gather data in methodology, or to create “prototypes” for the military. Governmental agencies will often track their programming methods and agents by the generation or other similar designation: Generation 1 (G1) would be the earliest generation programmed; G12 would represent the 12th generation produced using ever newer genetic and programming technologies.

e. Organized criminal groups: There are numerous national and international crime groups that are highly organized, and often use brutal mind control and trauma methods to instill loyalty, silence to outsiders and the skills required of its members. Some of the better known ones include the Italian Mafia, with similar groups in Russia, China and other countries; the Asian Triads; and other groups. These groups are often “go betweens” for the purposes of sales for those who produce child pornography (including snuff films), child trafficking, drug trafficking and gun running, and the national and international groups that may oversee their region’s area of commerce. Some members of organized crime groups also belong to local or national occultic groups, so there is some overlap. The occultic practices in these groups tend to be to promote success and prosperity for their own group, rather than to curse or control others. These groups are often generational, with specific families running the group within a nation, are very closed to outsiders, and rarely recruit except (rarely) by marriage.

f. National satanic groups: In the U.S. the Brotherhood is one of the larger, more organized national groups. They have divided the U.S. into sectors, with representative groups in most major cities. These groups are generational; extremely loyal to their family members, and are programmed to lay down their life before betraying a “brother” (which will include close family members). The mind control will begin in late infancy with participation in rituals; and fairly sophisticated use of technology, such as isolation tanks, virtual reality and programming setups to instill beliefs in the young child. The members of this group will often “help out” the international groups in their city or region upon request.

g. Asian occult societies: These clans are generational, with training methods perfected over the centuries. These include the secret ninja clans of Asia, and the wealthy occultic families who in centuries past helped administer the opium trade in China and surrounding countries, among other activities (and still do, to this day). The children undergo extensive mind control starting in infancy, with training in military, herbs for healing and poisons, hand-to-hand combat and other skills. Their mind control involves sophisticated technology as well, including the use of virtual reality. Programmers from the Asian occult societies attend programming conferences with programmers from the international occult societies; some programs commonly used by the international occult societies were actually developed by programmers from the Asian occult societies. These clans began to be involved in human experiments and mind control research around the same time that the European researchers did prior to World War II (much of this was conducted in Japan), and the exchange of information has gone on for close to a century.

h. International occultic groups: These include the 12 societies such as the Knights Templar; Opus Dei; Knights of Malta; Rosicrucians, Magnificat; Illuminati, the Knights of Jerusalem; Balepheron, and others, and the Jesuit order, which is the 13th and oversees the others. These groups are generational (they do not recruit outsiders; instead, they may purchase DNA from genetic labs to improve the strength, intelligence or other characteristics of each new generation). The mind control methods used to instill loyalty, obedience and skills required are very sophisticated, and may include VR, brain scanning, negative sound rooms, and high-tech machines used to program in specific beliefs and responses. The children raised in these groups will often have extensive military training, as well as training in the sciences (including programming methods and technologies); various languages, as well as spy and assassin training. These groups have various regions of influence accorded to them around the world (for example, the Templar Knights have been accorded most of France, and Canada; while the Illuminati have been given Germany, the Druid Council was given England, much of Russia, and large portions of the US, and the Knights of Malta have been given Switzerland). Because these groups often send their agents on missions around the world, the agents will first contact and be given permission to conduct their assignment by the leader of the group over the region they are entering. An individual raised in an international occultic group will have programming that is started in the womb, with extensive post-natal programming at specialized facilities or camps. Most children will have a primary placement and bond with their genetic family. The exception is the Jesuit order, which programs their children entirely within a facility setting the first three years of life, and then allows them to be hosted within a family setting for short periods during childhood.

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Pingback: Targeted by Jesuits - Veronica Swift

Sab's avatar

Sab 7:29 am on March 19, 2025

Hey Svali!

I love that your strength comes from christ, your story is truly inspiring and reminds me that Jesus will be with us giving us strength always until the end. I have a question are all celebrities that cover their eye Illuminati? Are they forced into this?

And how did you start to have a relationship with Jesus Christ?
Thank you! (Sorry for all the questions lol)

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Early Splits and Theta Programming

This is from a book I wrote a couple of years ago...

The primary core splits, and the master controllers are always created first. These will take on the roles and names of spiritual entities, since a programmed system is first and primarily spiritual, designed to serve satan, the antichrist, and the beast (father, son and

spirit). All three will be represented in these first splits along with other deities.

The presentations are also created, and dedicated to deities with roles of amnesia; in fact, the presentation undergoes as much or more programming than any other parts in sophisticated systems, which tends to surprise survivors. who may have believed that these systems “didn’t go through bad things.” They have, and their traumas are among the worst, which is why presenter programming is often the last to heal in many systems.

These traumas fuel the deep amnesia that is always present in programmed systems: there are always huge barriers placed between the presentations (“hosts”), the cover programming, the main group programming and the New World Order programming.

Buffers

In these sophisticated systems, buffers will be created in epsilon between the front and back with one sole purpose: to hide the extent of the programming, by “buffering” the feelings between front and back, and maintaining emotional and memory distance between the two. The buffers will always be very void of feeling, and extremely traumatized, since they “hide the back” and help make the programming “undetectable” to the world, and the survivor.

Brain Wave Programming, Early Theta and Spiritual Training

Modern programmers utilize the fact that when a person’s brain waves are in theta state, they are the most open to the spiritual realm. This is why much of their spiritual training is conducted when the individual is in theta state.

Early Brain Wave Programming

The infant is taught to stay in theta state by attaching electrodes to their head that pick up brain waves and show them on a monitor. When the infant personality that is being trained is in theta state, the infant is heavily praised. If the personality “bounces” out of theta state, as is normal, the infant is heavily shocked. Eventually, the personalities created learn to stay permanently in theta state (this same training method is also used for the personalities in other brain wave states, to teach them to stay in the desired brain wave state).

To the left above is a graph of brain wave states (the major ones except epsilon are shown). Gamma is the highest brain wave state, and will occur when a person is in a highly excited or nervous state. This is where loyalty programming and sabotage scripts will later be programmed in, since the high anxiety in this state will trigger calling the police, accuse the helper of kidnapping, or other self-sabotage, if someone tries to help the survivor.

Beta state is a normal alert state, and this is where military systems and those that need

a normal alert state will be created. Alpha is more relaxed, and accessing systems and presentations will be created in this state. Delta is the deepest brain state, and will hold semi-unconscious and even unconscious beliefs; delta programming will be discussed in more detail later in this book.

Theta Training

Once they can stay in theta state, the early spiritual training begins. The thetas are kept in a blackened room, and the people who interact with them appear shadowy. Actors dressed as demons will come into the room, and “chain” the infant to them. The actors demonstrate to the infant how demons act, growling, snarling and torturing them in various ways. At the same time, the infant is told that THEY are the demon. This is how demonic punishers and controllers are created in the first weeks of life.

The programmers understand that an infant must be shown an external reality in order to internalize it. The infant must internalize in order to establish the programming that the programmers desire for later control.

The theta state parts in the infants are left in darkened cribs and are given objects such as decapitated heads to play with; or demonic toys such as fetishes. The infant’s fingers are placed around the neck of a kitten, and when they squeeze, as babies will, they are highly praised. The infant has no idea of what they are doing at this stage, but the foundation for later assassination training is being put in place.

Demons come into the room, and talk and play with the infant’s theta parts. This is their first bonding, with these creatures that appear horrific.

Gradually, the infant is taught to call on the demonic for theta capabilities. The programmer will throw a ball at the infant to hit it, and encourage the baby to spiritually throw the ball back at them (they are too young to have the physical coordination to do so, but can easily do this demonically). Throwing a ball demonically is demonstrated, and the baby is hit again and again, until in anger and frustration, they are able to loft the ball back at the person hitting them. This is heavily praised, since the infant is using spiritual power to accomplish what it cannot physically, and using its hurt and rage at being abused and turning it to hurt another back. This is the early foundation for later theta capabilities.

The infants are taken to rituals, where they watch sacrifices performed, their infant seats propped amidst the fires. They are also taken to re-enactments of “hell” where demons dance and torture victims, and the first subconscious images of hell and the need to punish even the slightest disobedience are ingrained. The infants undergo extensive torture from demons, to teach them in these first weeks of life to fear “descending” and “going to hell” above any other punishment.

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 9:23 pm on May 3, 2018

Tags: [Christian \(34 \)](#), [Jesuit \(18 \)](#), [mind control \(97 \)](#), [occult \(26 \)](#), [programming \(86 \)](#), [SRA \(73 \)](#)

The Hierarchy of the Occult

The occultic world operates within a hierarchy model, and the groups that are occultic are very aware of this hierarchy – and the rules that govern it.

In each nation, there are local cult groups that operate, that often report to national and/or international groups that oversee their region. For an active cult member to move to a new region, they must often get permission from both the local groups, and the larger groups that oversee them.

Throughout the world, there are 12 international occultic groups around the world that have been given established territories and privileges within those regions, and one that oversees them all.

The Twelve international groups include the Illuminati, Rosicrucians, Knights Templar, Knights of Malta, Opus Dei, Magnificat , Trinity, Manus Deum, and four others (including one with its headquarters in Jerusalem).

Overseeing all of these groups is one based in Rome: The Jesuits (Society of Jesus). All other occultic societies acknowledge the headship of the Jesuits, and their pivotal role in bringing in the New World Order.

I know, because I was a Jesuit; this was the part of my history that was formerly missing earlier in my healing. My Illuminati memories are real, but they were the “cover”

programming to hide my past. One of the best kept secrets of the Jesuits is that since 1912, they allowed women into their order (and programmed them from infancy on as agents) – and that since 1975, they could be a ranking general (the Jesuits have 12 top generals, each who oversees a territory in the United States, who all report to their Superior General, commonly known as the Black Pope). I know, because before I left the Order, I was fourth general and the head trainer for the Jesuits, the first woman to achieve that rank.

The facility I mention being born in was located in Rome, in the northern part of the city.

Two years ago, I wrote a book describing my memories of the Jesuit order, which I shared privately with two therapists. I have chosen not to publish it publicly, but I will share that I am quite aware of how they make their money, program their agents and of their desire that the man they call “the desire of the nations” and “the light of the world” will rule the world.

I have found two books online that very much validate my own memories of the Jesuits.

The first is an older book written in the 1800’s by a man who began Jesuit training, then left it when he discovered the terrible truth about this order: The Jesuit conspiracy: Secret Plan of the Order by Jacopo Leone. This book can be found free online. It takes a bit of wading through, but the information is there.

The second was written more recently: Pedophilia & Empire: Satan, Sodomy and The Jesuits as the Vatican’s Order of Assassins by Joachim Hagopian. While I do not know the author, and cannot vouch for any of his other writings (I have not read them), this one is well-researched, absolutely true, and outlines the truth about the Jesuits.

I do want to caution those who read these books: they are not “light” reading at all, but they very much expose some of the machinations the Jesuit fathers have been involved in behind the scenes. There is a reason why the term “Vatican spy” caused monarchs and heads of state to tremble over the years; they knew the Vatican had placed well-trained reporters in their courts disguised as advisors and teachers. It is no accident that the Jesuits trained the youth of the highest families in Europe.

It is important to understand that the 12 societies, and the Jesuits, do not really control the world. There is another who is really in charge of history: the LORD God of the Bible. The plans of the occultic hierarchies are destined to fail, and the messianic kingdom will rule when the occultic kingdoms fall. This is when the true “light of the nations” (who is nothing like the fake the New World Order will put forward) will rule with peace and love. His name is Jesus Christ, and He will put the armies of the NWO to flight with a word from His mouth.

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Al's avatar

At 2:27 am on August 10, 2019

Thank you, most of all, for your reminder and for providing the hope among all this evil of He who really owns this world. Our creator is not Lucifer, He is the Lord God Almighty, the one true God.

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svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 7:33 pm on January 21, 2020

There are more than 12 occultic groups in the world. The 12 that I mention are all international, and serve the Vatican. Others are smaller, or subsets of the others, or more local/national.

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mike's avatar

mike 9:16 am on May 29, 2021

Great insight that makes sense of everything. So long people have been in the dark. Knowledge is power. may God bless and raise your voice, protect, strengthen, and constantly revive you. Thank for the insight that is so relevant and helpful to those who hear you.

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Imoore321's avatar

Imoore321 12:42 am on May 22, 2024

Are all members of CFR, Bilderberg and Trilateral Commission 33 degree Freemasons?
How are members vetted?

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 10:24 pm on July 19, 2018

Tags: [mind control](#) (97), [nephilim](#) (2), [occult](#) (26), [programming](#) (86), [therapy](#) (3)

Hybrid Labs: Fact or Myth?

Note: the information in this blog post may be triggering to survivors of occultic abuse

Over the years, there have been questions raised and discussions of what have been

called “nephilim”, “beautiful ones”, etc., and whether they are real or not. In the Bible, in Genesis, there is mention of “the sons of God” (believed to be angels) having relations with human women, and creating a race of nephilim. The book of Enoch in the Apocrypha also makes some reference to them. Many believe that the myths of half human/half “god” individuals in ancient mythology describe these beings.

What I will share here is based upon my own memories while in the group of these things. I realize that these are recovered memories, shared by parts. Some may disbelieve what I share here, while others may be surprised.

The Jesuit order has been involved in trying to create half-demonic/half-human individuals for many years (since the early 1900’s, especially). This attempt is known as the “Hybrid Project” by those in the order, with the express intent of creating “satan’s son” and includes the following elements:

- A large underground facility (located in Czechoslovakia). This facility has numerous altars within in, where sacrifices are done continuously day and night, for the spiritual empowerment of the project. This facility is equipped with high-tech equipment.

- numerous staff who have strong theta (psychic spiritual) gifts

- birth mothers selected for size, genetics and strength, including strength of will to live.

The latter is extremely important, because carrying a hybrid child is very difficult on the mother. Once impregnated, the birth mother will experience extreme oppression and depression, and over the months, as the fetus grows, the birth mother may literally die from the amount of spiritual oppression in which the mother feels literally consumed from within. In other cases, the mother will abort the fetus before she herself dies, partway through the pregnancy (this happened to me at age 14, when I was a carrier).

In the earlier days of the project, abortions and birth mother deaths were much more common. Many of the hybrid children born only looked partially human. Over time, the technology was developed, along with enhanced genetics (later generation birth mothers were stronger). Omega teams (individuals with strong omega skills) were also developed, during which a group of spiritually strong individuals would spend time around the clock with the birth mother, and literally “take” for a period of time the oppression for her, which allowed birth mothers to carry fetuses to term, and live.

In recent years, several hybrids have been born that look quite human, and that are the product of a spirit father and human mother during specific rituals. One is an individual that the Jesuits believe is “he who has come” or satan’s son; this individual is currently 18 years old.

The main issue regarding hybrids is that they do not think or act like humans. These beings have incredibly strong spiritual abilities, and are born with a natural desire to kill. They do not have to be “trained to kill” as humans do; instead, they must be taught to

NOT kill, through bonding with a human (usually the birth mother, who is normally a very high-ranking spiritual individual). The birth mothers feed these infants with a combination of milk and blood, obtained by cutting themselves as they nurse the hybrid infant.

These children are incredibly beautiful, although some (but not all) are a bit “odd” in appearance; they may have titanium white hair and violet eyes; or be incredibly strong (they develop coordination and muscle mass much more quickly than full humans). They are able to send very strong demonic attacks (theta skills). They are exceptionally intelligent, and often take on the characteristics of their “birth spirit” as well as the human mother.

The ultimate plan is that the hybrid children being raised now (must be under age 8) will form the future leadership council of the order.

One of the reasons that I left the order years ago was that I disagreed with this. I saw the terrible things done in these labs, and realized that these creatures do not love human beings, or care about their welfare at all. They actually hate all humans, and require significant bonding and gentling to even be able to appear normal to some degree. I remember going to a Jesuit monastery in southern Poland years ago (early in the project days) to work with a hybrid toddler that the staff were afraid of. The toddler had gotten out very early one morning, gone into the chicken coop, and killed all the chickens by pulling their heads off. The toddler was sitting there, eating them, when I arrived. This type of horrific scene can occur with these beings.

After experiences like this, I felt that the order was wrong to fund and staff the hybrid labs, and chose to leave in protest. This was not “improving the world” in any sense; it was senseless to attempt to breed these beings that had a natural cruelty.

I do realize that what I have written here sounds unbelievable – that by writing this, I risk being blown off as a “nut”. I wish with all my heart it wasn’t true. But this is occurring, and I ask that all Christians join in prayer that this type of occultic activity would be stopped.

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Stephanie Koutsimanis-Smith's avatar

stephaniekouts 12:58 am on July 22, 2018

Thanks for posting this. It is actually very believable. To the groups, it must just seem like a 'natural progression'. So good to hear your side of the story. When dealing with the hybrid toddler what methods helped to calm him or her down when no one else knew what to do?

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 1:15 am on July 23, 2018

I was patient, and also relied at the time on my theta (psychic) skills to communicate. I no longer use those skills, but it was important. I also re-bonded the toddler, which helped for a period of time.

Liked by 1 person

Russell Mozingo's avatar

Russell Mozingo 10:24 pm on November 20, 2018

Thanks for sharing this. You aren't the only one reporting this – Doug Riggs and Amanda Buy have several survivors who were Nephilim mothers. "As in the days of Noah..."

Like

John's avatar

John 12:04 am on August 3, 2021

I've read much of the info on this site and believe your story but this part may have another explanation. See Mauri's site – http://reflectionsinthenight.com/grey_aliens.htm

I remember you from an interview you did with Greg Szymanski (Arctic Beacon) and from your forum (Lion and Lamb Ministries) . Glad you are still active.

Svali, have you considered opening up your blog (more active) to comments ?

Like

Juanita's avatar

Juanita 6:40 pm on December 10, 2022

Are celebrities kids hybrid? Especially the ones who use surrogates? Also, I've read that the celebs who look pregnant aren't actually pregnant but using moon bumps, to make it look like they are carrying the child.

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Infant Programming

Tags: healing (3), Mengele, mind control (3), programming (3), ritual abuse (3),

SRA (2)

Infant Programming

Mengele's Research

Josef Mengele is considered "the father of modern programming" due to the information and methods that he developed during his infamous end-point experiments on infants, young children and adults inside the Nazi death camps.

Before Mengele, most serious programming was begun at the age of 18 months to two years old, since behaviorists believed that the infant brain was too immature to hold programming or make use of it before that age. Mengele proved with his well-kept records based upon unutterably cruel research done on infants that the most effective programming was done in infancy and in the womb; that infant programming automatically enters into the subconscious and deeper brain, and that the most effective time to create personality splits is during the first six weeks of life. He also proved that infants can see, understand and respond to programming cues and images at this time in life, and can be taught to organize the splits based upon these cues.

An infant can much more easily internalize an external object than an older child, since the infant is basically a "tabula rasa" (the normal early infant state), and the brain is at its peak ability to absorb and process information during the first days of life.

The information that Mengele obtained was combined with data from other behaviorists, including attachment theory, to create programming that is considered "unbreakable." After the second world war, Mengele was often flown to Europe to program infants. He left his personal stamp on many infants and young children programmed by during this time. He was also hired out at times (for an exorbitant fee) to other organizations, but his primary post-war work was continuing his research and programming international occultic agents from infancy.

Mengele ran an infamous (within the occultic world) research center ("the institute") where he employed the top trainers within the 12 societies, who continued his research under his (brutal) supervision on end point trauma (trauma that takes the subject to physical or psychological death) and other traumas, and the effect on the human psyche. The volumes and volumes of carefully documented research data are still held within occultic training libraries, and have been replicated and shared throughout the world. The research that he began is still ongoing, as the search for better, "unbreakable" methods of programming continues. One of the largest research centers for experimental programming is on the West Coast of the United States; the large research facility is underground, and is combined with sophisticated milab (military laboratory) research.

Infant Programming

When an infant is born within an international occultic group, it has already undergone significant programming within the womb. Immediately after conception and implantation of the genetically altered embryo (more on genetic research will be discussed later), the oracles place their hands on the womb of the expectant mother, to determine whether or not the embryo should be allowed to live. If yes, the embryo is dedicated to a demonic entity, and continues to grow.

By four months of gestation, early brain waves (delta waves) begin to appear in the fetal brain, and with it, some degree of consciousness. At this time, a primary trauma will often be intentionally engineered, to create the first split. Often, the mother and fetus will be injected in utero with an agent that causes extreme pain, but does not cause labor. The fetus experiences extreme terror, excruciating pain, and will hear the mother screaming "Get it out!" regarding the fetus that appears to be causing her the intense pain in her womb.

This is a primary rejection trauma, and the pain and rejection combined will cause a core personality split. This split is in a deep delta (unconscious) brain state, and the programming begins in earnest immediately afterwards. Headphones are placed on the womb, and for hours, the young fetal splits are exposed to recordings regarding their identity, their wants, their beliefs, and their role in the new world order. This programming occurs during the 16th week of gestation onwards, and the information in the recordings is recorded at the deepest unconscious levels before the infant is ever born.

Secondary, tertiary and other traumas will also occur within the womb, with spiritual ceremonies that dedicate these intra-utero splits to different demonic entities. Before the infant draws his or her first breath, they will have the foundational core splits, their beliefs and identities firmly in place.

These traumas can include the use of electromagnetic waves to cause extreme pain in the fetus; fetal surgery; breaking the arm of the fetus; electroshock, flatlining the mother (to punish the fetus, who is blamed for the mother's "death" and resultant spiritual pain/anxiety) and other traumas. The mother is carefully monitored with medical intervention to prevent abortion or premature labor, which is the body's natural response to these types of traumas.

The demonic is used to keep the splits separate, since in nature, the splits would try to rejoin automatically. The demonic creates a deep feeling of terror and re-experiencing of the primary traumas should the prenatal psyche attempt to join together.

Birth Trauma

Upon birth, an infant that is to be used by the group undergoes a very specific trauma. As soon as the infant is born, a group member takes the infant and begins to smother it to death. The infant is asked spiritually, "Do you want to live?" Behind the Father is

satan, and the infant is aware within their spirit that if they answer, "Yes" that satan will enter them. This being is hideous and terrifying, and it takes a very strong will to live to respond affirmatively. If the infant responds "No" they are smothered to death. If yes, they are allowed to breathe, and with their first cries in the physical world, satan attaches to the core.

Nannies

When infants are very young, there are caretakers that perform physical care for the infant. These "nannies" or surrogate mothers take care of several infants at a time. While caretaking, they give bottles, rock the infant, and sing songs to them. These songs always contain programming embedded within them; they are songs about various spiritual (demonic) entities and praise to them, or of the joy of the coming order, or other messages. The goal is for the infant to associate caretaking and the relief of physical distress or abandonment feelings with love and loyalty to the order and the beings described. This is a terrible manipulation of an infant's need to attach to a caregiver, since these early songs are also embedded within the subconscious of the infant.

Helping the survivor

Because the prenatal and birth traumas are so emotionally and spiritually devastating, they will often only come up fairly late in therapy if ever, after the survivor has received help for other later splits. These primary traumas cause intense feelings of grief, rejection and despair, and are often the prime traumas underlying suicide programming. The demonic terror that causes fear of coming together may affect all parts of the systems, causing a prime fear of remembering or coming together for all parts, at an unconscious level.

It takes an experienced prayer minister to help an individual through these types of trauma. The survivor will be understanding that their entire life, even in the womb, was planned and programmed out, and feel intense anger at the betrayal and manipulation it involves. They may direct this anger at God, wondering where He was when this happened; and they may wonder if any part of them was ever not "owned" by the group.

This is where scriptures regarding God's love for individuals both before and during their creation in the womb can help; as well as praying and asking the Lord to show the survivor what He thought of them at conception. This is needed truth, to counteract a lifetime of being told and believing lies such as that the survivor was always the "Order's", since they will have no memories before the prime traumas.

Because the programming and messages are implanted at such a very deep, unconscious level, it can also help to use a digital recorder, and record very specific scriptures and truths to counteract the lies (i.e. "reprogramming" with truth). It may take a significant amount of time to bring truth to these core beliefs, and is one reason that controllers at higher levels in the system may seem so "resistant" to truth: they may

have buried at the unconscious, fetal level, prime traumas and programming that counteract other truths brought in.

Some helpful scriptures can include:

Ps.139:13: "For you created my inmost being; you knit me together in my mother's womb."

This verse directly counteracts the lie that the cult "owned" the person from the beginning, and shows who truly gave them life and their individual characteristics, in spite of prenatal programming.

Psalm 51:6. "Yet you desired faithfulness even in the womb; you taught me wisdom in that secret place."

How does the Lord teach wisdom in the womb? Only He truly knows the answer. But He does minister even to the fetus in the womb, as is made clear in this verse. The programming messages are NOT the only things the fetus was aware of before birth.

Isaiah 44:2. "This is what the Lord says— he who made you, who formed you in the womb, and who will help you: Do not be afraid, Jacob, my servant, Jeshurun, whom I have chosen."

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 3:19 pm on August 2, 2018

Tags: human trafficking, mind control (97), programming (86), SRA (73)

Exposing the International Sex Trade

Trigger warning: graphic description of the international child and infant sex trafficking market

These are recovered memories shared by inside parts, and while I believe them to be true and accurate, others may consider this account fictional. I will let readers decide.

All international occultic societies engage in pedophilia and human trafficking to some degree. In this post, I will expose one of the biggest money-makers for the order I was raised in: the infant and child sex trade.

The center of the “industry” as it is known to brokers (those who buy and sell infants, children and teens for various uses) is in south Amsterdam, known to those in the industry as “sin city”. Sin city contains the brothels and sex houses known to the public, but it has a seamy underbelly that is less known: the trafficking in children and infants.

One of the families I was hosted with as a child was located in South Amsterdam for this very purpose. I was raised with my “Uncle Lou” and “Aunt Sally” there. They each had their idiosyncrasies: I remember that Aunt Sally constantly cleaned and scrubbed the house until it was spotlessly sterile, as if doing penance for her lifestyle. Uncle Lou, when angry with me, used to threaten to ship me to Eastern Russia, terrorizing me by telling me I would be raped to death, since I was a pretty child.

Uncle Lou was a broker in the sex industry, and as a child, he taught me everything about how it worked. I remember being taken in a truck to Eastern Europe (I was only 8 at the time), to “help” as the workers went to orphanages, and found infants and children deemed suitable. The workers dressed in nice Western suits, and let the orphanage directors know that the children would be placed in “loving families” in the West; they also gave a generous donation to the orphanage. I was cynically sure, even at that young age, that the directors of the orphanages suspected that these pretty children were not destined to be adopted out.

The infants were cared for in the truck by peasant women hired for this purpose, to give the infants bottles (with medication, to make them sleep more), to change them, and ensure that the cargo would make it to Amsterdam healthy. These women knew that they were to never talk about what they did, on threat of their entire families being killed. I helped give bottles to the babies, and held or comforted upset toddlers and children, as the truck was filled up during the long journey across Eastern Europe. Other times, the truck made the trip to China, or Russia, but the purpose was the same: to find as many beautiful children and infants as possible, to feed the appetites of the wealthy.

Once the truck was full, it would head back. The infants and children, by now drugged, slept quietly behind a special partition. The border guards were well paid to never inspect the cargo, and it made its way back to sin city. Once the truck came, it was

unloaded; the children were given shots, vitamins and inspected carefully. This was when the sorting occurred.

Some children (infants) were destined to undergo specialized sexual training before being placed on auction (twins were especially valued for this purpose, and got a higher price on the black market). Others, a bit older, were placed on a special diet for strength and health, and were destined to go to the special sex parties that the wealthy in Europe enjoyed; or for use in infant porn. The youngest children were often sent directly to a procureur (individual whose job was to procure children and infants for the wealthy), who then prepared them with perfumes, oil baths, etc. prior to a sex party. These children were considered “expendable”, and were often killed by the teens or adults who went to the party, once they were sexually abused. At times, the multiple rapes themselves killed the child; other times, the adults killed the child as part of their sexual perversion (e.g. as part of a “snuff” sequence).

I remember the first sex party that I attended, at age 2. My twin sister and I wore diamond dog collars, and nothing else, and the individual who took us in to the party wore a tuxedo (this was the father we loved). We both had special temporary tattoos on our backs and neck that identified us as being private property, and not to be killed (but this did not cause our anxiety to go down, as we watched child after child snuffed that night). Fortunately, in the morning, we were both still alive; the parties respected the special tattoos.

The purpose of being at the party? To observe the adults, and report any information possible on those who attended, to the Fathers who had sent us there for this purpose. Most adults in that time did not suspect that a young child could be used in this way, or knew that a two-year old can accurately report adult conversations and activities.

I had been to these parties for years, and knew the private practices of the Rothschilds, Battenbergs and others, which were quite perverse. I recalled at times fearing being suffocated due to an intoxicated adult passing out on top of me when I was very young; or fearing that the special temporary tattoos would accidentally get rubbed off during the night's activities. At age 8, I felt sorry for the infants and young children that the procureurs for these families and others grabbed, knowing all too well the fate that awaited them.

Once the shipment arrived, word went out, and the buyers for the larger private brothels would come. The Amsterdam child brokers have a list which is updated every month, with the current market price for infants, toddlers, children and preteens; these prices vary by race, training (e.g. whether the child can perform an unusual sexual feat, or has been specially “stretched” since birth to accommodate an adult penis, etc.), whether they are a twin, and other factors. The buyers and the brokers both know the going “list” price, which is set at the private coffeehouses where the brokers gather and discuss prices; I often served these brokers coffee and ran to get them cigars as a young child in my Dutch presentation. After a period of negotiation, the buyers for the brothels (some international) pay and take the children. Some shipments also contain children

earmarked for various occultic groups, for use in rituals or other events.

Some children go to the auction houses. The largest is located on the outskirts of Paris, and is a popular destination for the wealthy. After an extravagant dinner served at 11 pm, at which the wealthy wear designer originals and deck themselves with jewels, there is a brief entertainment (such as an orchestra, or singing, etc.) At 1 am, the auction starts, with children exhibited and bid upon. This goes on hour after hour, as the wealthy bid on the children that will accompany them to the next “sex party”, or on ones to be given as “gifts” to return a favor. Some are taken home that night; one that sadly they will likely not live through.

The “industry” brings in billions of dollars a year. An infant in the late 1960’s would sell for thousands of dollars; a child, from 1000 to 10,000 (for an especially pretty child or one with special training); they would certainly sell for more now. One truckload of children back then would bring in hundreds of thousands of dollars. The brokers keep careful track of the money earned, and have specialized accountants for this purpose.

One of my main jobs in my early teens was to help keep the books for some of the larger brokers. I did this for a reason unknown to these individuals: to ensure that the brokers were being “honest” and not embezzling, since the profits from the industry went to the V. The V. had numerous agents around the city who were well aware of how much money was being earned through sales to procurateurs, private brothels, auction houses and others. A strict accounting was done, because to the V., it was ultimately all about money; the children were not valued at all, but simply seen as a money-making commodity.

The top brokers are well aware of the oversight over the trade of an individual from the V., to whom they must pay a “tithe” or “tax” as it is sarcastically referred to. This individual has a huge mansion with walled gardens, and often puts on fabulous sex parties for private guests.

The amount of human pain, misery and death that this industry creates is terrible. The children are not commodities, and the auction houses are centers of corruption, lust and greed.

Earlier in my healing journey, I fantasized about burning down the auction house in Paris (when the children were all gone). I hated it and all it represented. As a teen, I was forced to be a procurateur for a time for the head of the German Illuminati, due to my connections to the industry. I hated having to look for children to feed the appetites of these individuals, and today am ashamed of what I did.

To cope with the shame and guilt, in my Dutch presentation, I had several addictions (sexual ones). At the time, the feeling was “since I must be part of this all, I may as well join in.” It took time and significant inside work to undo the addictions, since at one time, I was the individual who oversaw the “industry” in Amsterdam in the mansion, hosting the parties. I helped to funnel the money from south Amsterdam to others. I am truly

sorry for all that I did at this time in my life, and I pray that this terrible buying and selling of children will stop.

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Minhar's avatar

Minhar 11:18 pm on November 30, 2018

Svali I have read all your writings and really love your work. All of this is happening under our noses and we don't even know that which makes me quite sad. I'm a Muslim who lives in a Muslim country and here there's not much children selling or all that illuminati ritual stuff. It happens more in the west. It really scares me how much power these people have and it's looks almost impossible to defeat them. I pray everyday that one day all this would end. I really appreciate that you left the group and all the evil. I know God has forgiven you for all you did. I really like you and as you've left illuminati I want u to research about all religions and choose the best one. I want u to convert to Islam. We're not terrorists. The illuminati did 911 to create hatred between Muslims and other people. Before that we lived together peacefully. Islam is an upgraded version of Christianity and Judaism. If you converted to Christianity you can convert to Islam. Michael Jackson also converted to Islam but they killed him same with princess Diana. Everyone who wrote a book on 911 most were killed before it published. Please watch this YouTube channel dawahiseasy or dawah is easy. I swear that will help a lot trust me. Its just that i like you a lot and want you to go to heaven. Just research and it's your choice whether you wanna convert or not. Im not forcing. please reply cause I'll be waiting. Also i hope your living a happy life now after getting rid of that group 😊

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 11:02 pm on December 1, 2018

Dear Minhar,

Thank you for your kind wishes. I do hear that your faith is important to you, and I respect this. I personally have chosen my own faith because it has been a huge support in my own healing, and I am glad that yours helps you.

Liked by 1 person

Minhar's avatar

Minhar 11:01 pm on December 8, 2018

I'm only 14 years old and your like my mother. I really like you after reading all your articles and I understand that you wanna stick with the religion you started with. The thing is that all religions are from God and you can use any religion to heal yourself. God sent us to this world to find the true religion and worship him. It's our job to find the true one. Some years ago I started to notice that I had some doubts about my religion. I thought more like an atheist. I was really worried that because of my doubts I would be sent to hell. So I researched and I have no more doubts left. Through this researching I also researched other religions and trust me that made my belief stronger in my own. I'm just telling you to research and convert only if you think you should. I respect your faith as well and understand it's not easy to convert. Just research and if you think your good with your own faith than keep up with it. I give you all my wishes for a happy and a long life as your probably in your 60's now (which probably makes you more like my grandma instead of my mother lol)

Like

Zach's avatar

Zach 9:20 pm on January 6, 2020

Where does Jefferey Epstein and his associates/customers, like Bill Clinton, Prince Andrew and other prominent people and celebrities come into play with the Illuminati sex slave trade? I'm thinking he was a broker, who also transported children and elites on his private jet to his private island estate for sex parties. I'm also thinking he's either not really dead or didn't kill himself, but was probably an expendable fall guy. How and why did he even get exposed? I'm hoping it's because God is at work exposing some of this and bringing some justice. I'd appreciate any further insight you can give. Blessings in Christ.

Liked by 1 person

Zachary's avatar

Zachary 12:51 am on January 10, 2020

Where does Jeffrey Epstein factor into this? Do you believe he's a fall guy doing the bidding of people behind the scenes? Is he like a controlled demolition to put certain

blackmailed elites on notice that they too could also be thrown under the bus if they don't follow orders? Or is God at work to expose some of this evil?

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 7:36 pm on January 21, 2020

Based on what I have read about Epstein, it appears that he is doing the bidding of others. Usually, in a situation like his, the individual has offended others, who as you noted, use him as an example. Otherwise, the media would not have covered all of this, it would have been kept quiet.

Liked by 2 people

Pingback: Exposing the International Sex Trade – The justice league/ fighting for justice

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The Freedom Fighter's avatar

Hadassah 5:22 am on April 12, 2022

Svali, we so appreciate all you're teaching us. I imagine it is hard to write as it is hard to read sometimes. It hurts the soul to know what Jesus' "little ones" are enduring, and it hurts to know what you've been through. We do grieve with you, Sister. But I read the hard stuff for the sake of the children, to educate myself so we will know how to be aware and fight this evil. I pray the Lord bless you and keep you safe. Much love to you.

Like

Coriander's avatar

Coriander 3:17 am on January 23, 2023

" I pray that this terrible buying and selling of children will stop."

You can't be serious. You of all people should know that much much much more than prayer will be needed to stop an operation of this scale.

Like

The Freedom Fighter's avatar

Hadassah 6:03 am on July 23, 2023

Coriander, you bring up a point and it is a question I'd like to ask Svali, and it's a question I ask myself all the time.... Can we stop this evil? What's it going to take? A united civilian army? Where do we cut off the head of the snake? Is it the Jesuits? The Vatican? The Rothschilds? Or to Svali and other survivors and whistleblowers... Do you think the only hope is Jesus' return and the evil far exceeds us being able to stop it now?

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 11:46 pm on August 7, 2023

Hadassah, these are great questions. I believe the answer is reformation, through revival, which is coming. This will be a move of God where many will understand that the kingdom of (the true) God is so much greater than anything that these people are trying to do; this is the real answer.

Liked by 1 person

Zarbis's avatar

Zarbis 5:14 pm on August 17, 2023

Dear svali, thank you so much for your courage and strength. Your work is so important. What do you think of the "Q" movement ? Is it a psy- op? It contains a lot of truth about occult families etc.

"This will be a move of God where many will understand that the kingdom of (the true) God is so much greater than anything that these people are trying to do; this is the real answer."

– So true, I love it.

I pray for you.

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 9:09 pm on August 17, 2023

Dear Zarbis,

I myself do not agree with the "Q" movement. While there is some exposure, I also believe that many of the people in it that provide information are currently mind controlled, and the movement seems to me to be based on rumors that often do not come true. I do believe that many who read their things are sincere people wanting to get an "inside look" at things, but I myself do not trust it.

Like

Laurence Fouqueray Benhamed's avatar

Laurence Fouqueray Benhamed 7:07 am on November 3, 2023

Beaucoup de personnes sont maintenant au courant des tortures, viols, meurtres des enfants lors de rituels sataniques ou snuff movies.

Satan donne du pouvoir à ses adeptes par le sacrifice rituel. L'inverse de la messe catholique où le Seigneur Jésus renouvelle son sacrifice. Il est la seule victimes, Celui qui nous sauve.

Like

Victoria Mortis's avatar

restitsa 4:06 pm on March 20, 2024

Thank you for sharing with us.

I wrote about Russia being Hivites project since 1812 year when they made global catastrophe.

I was trained as MK DELTA soldier. I was born and bred for that purpose.

Falcon district (Район Сокольники):

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sokolniki_District

Hospital № 33– Stromynka (RUS Стромьнка)⁷

Elk Iseland national park continues to metrocity district

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Metrogorodok_District

Russian ruling family is Merovignians

Two members replaced my mother and aunt

Hivite friends were friends replacers

Russian Airborn bases

Like

Hidden in Christ's avatar

Hidden in Christ 12:44 am on July 21, 2025

I can't imagine your pain Svali. I love the way you are humble and point to Jesus. That is how we heal others. I will Lift you up as I learn To pray in Jesus only. Being hidden in Christ is a whole new way of life for me. It is how God will help us cleanse this world and bring it under the domain of King Jesus.

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Book Info

Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 6:18 pm on August 17, 2021

Tags: [mind control \(97 \)](#), [new world order](#), [occult \(26 \)](#), [programming \(86 \)](#), [ritual abuse \(93 \)](#), [Vatican \(12 \)](#)

Vatican Book Part 1

Six years ago, I wrote a book about the Vatican for therapists, and have only shared it privately until now, except for 1 excerpt in a blog post awhile back. Over the next few weeks and months, I will be posting the book here online. I believe that in this time, this information needs to be known in order to help others. This is the preface and first two parts. Please be aware that the information in this could be extremely triggering for survivors. It also contains Christian content.

The Vatican and the New World Order: Methods, Purpose and Overcoming Their Agenda

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The Vatican and the New World Order: Methods, Purpose and Overcoming Their Agenda

This book is an overview of the Vatican and its military/black ops arm, the Jesuits, and how they work, by a survivor of Jesuit training. It is meant to be helpful to therapists who work with dissociative individuals, since many of the methods used by the Jesuits are used by all of the international occultic societies in the world to some degree. Please take note that this is not a complete description of the programming or belief systems of the Jesuit order. It is an overview of several aspects of Jesuit programming and teachings.

My prayer is that as difficult as this material may be to read, that it will help educate those who help survivors break free of occultic abuse as to the nature of the programming that their clients may have undergone, and the spiritual underpinnings of this programming.

I. Who are the Jesuits?

The Jesuits, or the Society of Jesus, is the “black ops” and military arm of the Vatican. The Vatican is the wealthiest business entity on earth, and is wholly dedicated to bringing in the New World Order, and its coming leader, known in former years as “he who is to come,” and since 2000 as “he who has come” (the individual called the “antichrist” in the Bible).

This book is in no way a reflection upon most Catholics, who have no idea of what the top leadership of their church believes or practices in private. The public face the Vatican shows, and the private, hidden face that very few know about, are quite different.

Jesuit History

While today, the Jesuits attempt to publicly portray themselves as benevolent, their roots go back to the beginning of the Christian church. The first gnostics attempted to corrupt the teachings of the church in the first century, and taught the first theories of “ascensionism” and “descensionism” (which the Jesuits still teach today).

By the third century, the Christian church had grown at what to the early Roman pagans seemed an alarming rate. The pagan leaders, advised by their oracles, came up with a plan to corrupt and destroy the church from the inside. Christianity was declared the “state religion,” the persecutions stopped, and the move began to mainstream it into the paganistic beliefs of the Roman Empire.

At the same time, a secret cabal of leaders within the early leadership arose. Their goals were to gain political and financial control of the church and to promote their doctrines, which included many of the early gnostic beliefs.

The ideas of penance, self-flagellation, and “salvation by works,” took root. As the centuries passed, the divide between early biblical Christianity, and the actual occultic practices of the leadership hierarchy grew greater. Indulgences (buying “forgiveness”), confession to a priest, and the angling for political power at the highest level of the Roman hierarchy became more pronounced.

By the early middle ages, powerful Italian families such as the Medicis and the Borgias began using methods such as poisoning and assassinations, and spying upon enemies, to consolidate their power and gain election to the papacy.

The term “Vatican spy” was born during this period. The monarchs of Europe were well aware that the Pope in Rome had agents in their courts who spied upon them and reported their activities to the Vatican – including whether the required tithe monies were being sent to Rome. These Vatican spies and agents became consolidated under the military power of the Roman Catholic Church: the Jesuit Society. This Society was responsible for the establishment of the opium trade between China and Europe, among other less than savory acts.

During the late middle ages, the Jesuits began sending “tutors” to instruct the monarchs of Europe in Latin, mathematics and higher learning. They were considered the finest instructors in the world, and this gave them access to the children of the monarchy and wealthy during the 1500s and 1600s, where they could accomplish their real agenda: putting these royal children under their sway through secret occultic training. This is one reason why all the royal families of Europe became heavily involved in the occult and in serving the Vatican through membership in at least one of the twelve secret societies, such as the Illuminati and the Knights Templar.

The Jesuit Society is extremely hierarchical, and military. They are headed by a man known as the “Black Pope,” or Superior General, and this man is the REAL leader of the Vatican. He is feared by all within its corridors, and is at the center of a web of intrigue, vice and power that is difficult for many to comprehend.

Directly beneath him are three generals, known as the “First General,” “Second General” and “Third General.” These are part of a council of twelve top generals in the order. They are quite proud of the fact that they are the actual physical generals of satan’s army on earth, and each commands thousands of troops throughout the world ready to do battle for the one they honor: satan himself, and his seed. These generals believe they have been directly commissioned by satan himself.

II. What does the Jesuit Order Believe?

The Jesuits are occultists of the highest level (mages). Each member has been dedicated to satan from birth, and trained in occultism from infancy on. The Jesuit monasteries are used as training grounds for the young Jesuits, who are brought in at birth. Those who survive the rigors of the first months of infancy (when “weeding out” is

done, and only one in ten infants survives) undergo extensive training in all the occultic arts, and in all of the intrigues and deceptive practices that the Jesuit Order is infamous for.

The Jesuits believe the oldest lie man has believed since the Garden of Eden: they believe in the ability of man to ascend and to achieve “god” status through acts of devotion and service to “gods”, specifically, what they call the gods of the Pantheon that rules over Gaia (earth dimension). Failure to obey the Directives of the Order, or disobedience to this pantheon, results in descending into hell in their belief system. They believe that ascending is the act of overcoming the flesh and any human feelings and emotions; it is the act of moving to a higher spiritual plane where feelings and needs are left behind.

This is often accomplished through the act of physical dying and resuscitation (this will be discussed more later). The process of undergoing repeated deaths during their training as mages is supposed to help a Jesuit overcome the fear of death, and promote the ability to travel through the dimensions.

The Jesuits believe in numerous dimensions (13), just as most deep occultists do. These dimensions reflect the spiritual travels outlined in Greek mythology, which are actually records of spiritual travels, such as the Iliad. The beings who inhabit these dimensions are considered “enlightened” and the goal of dimensional travel is to achieve enlightenment, to shed mortality, and to ascend. These travels are quite painful and dangerous, and the Jesuits celebrate those who are able to travel to the highest levels and become an “ascended master.”

AntiChristian, Anti-Semitic

An important aspect of the Jesuit belief system is their utter hatred of Christianity and the Jewish race. Their beliefs are in direct opposition to the commands of God as outlined in the Bible, and they directly teach their followers from infancy on to hate and fear the Christian God, Jesus, and Scripture, and to hate the Jewish race. Their hatred is so great, that the Vatican helped fund the nazi cause behind the scenes, and actively supported Hitler during the Second World War, until public opinion caused them to do so secretly. They funded Mengele’s experiments in the concentration camps (this will be discussed in more detail later in this book) and created the “Vatican ratline” that helped Mengele and other infamous nazi war criminals to escape to Argentina and other countries.

Satan’s Throne

The Vatican was built over the original spiritual center for early Rome, a cave that was inhabited by the beings “Roma” and “Vatus” who gave it its name (these were later changed to Romulus and Remus). While there are several public levels to the Vatican, there are also several levels beneath the ground that the public is completely unaware of, where spiritual ceremonies are conducted. These ceremonies revolve around the

worship of the four entities that the Fathers venerate:

Althea (the “tree of life” which also gave the name “Aborae de Vitae” to the primary Jesuit training monastery north of Rome), and who also represents “The Spirit”;
The Beast, whose room and alter are five levels below ground, hewn out of stone and where sacrifices occur both on the alter and in the cave-like room beneath the alter;
Satan: Satan’s Throne is a magnificent room that sits at the lowest level.
“He who has come” (Satan’s physical Son)

Satan’s Throne

The stories at the Vatican say that it took over forty years of work by several crews of workmen to hew out Satan’s throne, which is a large room, and to polish the bare rock into a room of great beauty. Trompe d’leoil paintings of windows adorn the walls, lit by recessed lights; and the smooth, marble-like floor is covered with designs painted in gold and black ebony. The long hall has a long red carpet that leads up to a raised dais, and on this dais is a huge throne, one that would require a giant to fill: Satan’s throne. After it was built, the work crews were all killed, to prevent their leaking the secret of what lies beneath the upper levels of the Vatican.

Satan’s Throne is the spiritual center of the Vatican, the “heart” of its activities.

On specified days, a long red carpet is strewn with ground shards of glass, or nails, and when the doors are opened, the hall is lined with Jesuit Fathers on both sides, who consider it an honor to be present. Petitioners then arrive, and must crawl on their hands and knees over the glass in order to kneel at the throne. Inhabiting it is a huge shadowy being whose ring the petitioner kisses, then arises when told and asked their request.

If their request is considered favorable, it is granted, but always at a huge price. The death of an enemy may be given, but the petitioner must first offer a huge sacrifice, and undergo enormous pain. Information regarding future events; or the secret machinations or plots of others may be provided, but there is always a price.

At times, those coming to the throne come there for judgment. They have been found to be traitors to the Fathers or the coming order, or to have wandered from “the path of obedience” because Satan is the worst legalist on earth, and punishes heavily any who even think disloyal or disobedient thoughts towards him and his cause. The judgments may vary from an extremely painful and expensive penance, to actual death, which is executed within the throne room.

Sacrifices within the throne room are frequent, bloody and dramatic. This is an integral part of the Jesuit worship system, because at its heart, the Roman establishment is occultic.

Satan’s Son

For years the Jesuits called the expected leader “he who is to come,” “the anointed one,” and considered him the bringer of the New Order they have longed for over the centuries. The Jesuits specifically had an antichrist breeding program, in which they took young women who were mated to satan himself in order to carry his child. The fetuses were spontaneously aborted in most cases; or else killed the mother prior to birth.

In 2000, an infant was born, and the word was out: “he who is to come” had arrived, and is being carefully raised and tutored by the Jesuit Fathers at the Vatican.

While he is still a child, he is extremely physically beautiful, and filled with evil. At this time, he sits on satan’s throne, and makes judgments, since he is his direct seed, or so the Jesuit Fathers believe. Because of their deception, the Jesuits completely discount the Christian God, or the fact that in His Word He states His complete knowledge of these activities and plots. Psalm 2 shows that the LORD knows all about the plots and machinations going on in Rome, and the worldwide influence they hold over world leaders. It is interesting to see that the LORD finds these plots laughable, because His power is so much greater. Unfortunately, this fact does not deter the ongoing planning and deception that occurs in the Vatican.

Helping the Survivor

A Jesuit is an individual who has been deeply steeped in the darkest levels of occultism since infancy; and they will have made direct vows to Satan and/or the antichrist to serve in their armies. In order to heal, these vows and covenants (made to the death) must be broken and the demonic entities within that represent them expelled.

Every Jesuit will have representation of the Tree of Life, The Beast, and Satan within their systems, and a large system dedicated to the New World Order. They will have been assigned a leadership role within the NWO, and may find it difficult to give this up, since this role gave meaning to their (extremely) painful childhood.

The core beliefs will be based upon Order Directives; the Jesuit survivor will believe that any transgression must be painfully punished, in order to prevent the systems from “descending into hell.” These beliefs will need to be addressed again and again, since they run throughout every system, all the way to the unconscious and core level. Controllers in one system may decide to give up this belief, but at the next level in, it must be addressed again.

Until these beliefs are addressed at core level, the systems will attempt to continue contact (to prevent going to “hell”); or the survivor will be heavily punished within, and will suffer greatly. This and other topics will be addressed in more detail later in this book.

It can help to see that the Vatican, and its antichrist system, are already known to the

LORD, who will overthrow it. In Revelations 17,:1-6, there is a perfect description of Rome:

Then one of the seven angels who had the seven bowls came and talked with me, saying to me,["Come, I will show you the judgment of the great harlot who sits on many waters, 2 with whom the kings of the earth committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth were made drunk with the wine of her fornication."

3 So he carried me away in the Spirit into the wilderness. And I saw a woman sitting on a scarlet beast which was full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns. 4 The woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet, and adorned with gold and precious stones and pearls, having in her hand a golden cup full of abominations and the filthiness of her fornication.[b] 5 And on her forehead a name was written:

MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT,
THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS
AND OF THE ABOMINATIONS
OF THE EARTH.

6 I saw the woman, drunk with the blood of the saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. And when I saw her, I marveled with great amazement.

The Meaning of the Woman and the Beast

7 But the angel said to me, "Why did you marvel? I will tell you the mystery of the woman and of the beast that carries her, which has the seven heads and the ten horns.

8 The beast that you saw was, and is not, and will ascend out of the bottomless pit and go to perdition. And those who dwell on the earth will marvel, whose names are not written in the Book of Life from the foundation of the world, when they see the beast that was, and is not, and yet is.[c]

9 "Here is the mind which has wisdom: The seven heads are seven mountains on which the woman sits..

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AB 11:57 am on August 18, 2021

Thank you xx

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Soldier of God's avatar

Soldier of God 7:13 pm on January 10, 2025

It's disappointing that you nowhere mention the real reason the Jesuit order was founded: to counter the reformation and bring back protestants to Rome.

Also, I can't find the mentioning of the founder Loyola, a member of the Alumbrados (Spanis Illuminati), backed up by the black nobility, particularly the Borgias.

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 3:29 pm on August 30, 2021

Tags: healing (62), Jesuit (18), mind control (97), occult (26), ritual abuse (93), Vatican (12)

III. How are the Jesuits financed?

The Jesuit Order is financed through the offices of the Vatican, the wealthiest organization on earth. Most people have no idea of the vast wealth that this epicenter of the Roman Catholic Church holds. The Vatican Library alone holds books that are priceless, many of which have never been publicly catalogued for security reasons (the Vatican has private, highly secure records of their assets such as these. The assets reported publicly are only a tiny fraction of this organization's true wealth which is greater than the finances of all the world's billionaires combined).

Beneath the Vatican Library are secret vaults with treasures such as priceless art confiscated during the crusades and the World Wars (the Vatican shared the treasures confiscated from wealthy Jewish families with the Nazis, for instance). There are vaults dedicated to holding jewel-encrusted icons, gems, and priceless artifacts from the beginning of time, because the Vatican has a huge collector of ancient statuary and jewelry. Cups, jewels and golden idols from Mesopotamia and Babylon share space with treasures from the reigns of the Pharaohs (many of the earliest raids on the tombs of the pharaohs by Egyptians years before archeologists began exploration caused the empty tombs that were often found; these artifacts were often sold to wealthy Vatican representatives over the years who were highly interested in collecting them for spiritual as well as investment purposes).

Wealth and treasures from every great civilization are stored in these secret, highly secure vaults that only the privileged few are allowed to know even exist, much less to enter. The physical wealth these represent could buy the world's greatest corporations several times over, but this is not where the day-to-day income comes into the Vatican. Instead, there are other, darker sources.

Sex Trafficking

The Jesuits oversee the worldwide center for infant and child sex trafficking, which is located in South Amsterdam in the Netherlands. South Amsterdam, known as "sin city" to pedophiles and decadents in Europe, is where the largest brokers in the sex industry live. These brokers regularly send out agents throughout the world, targeting China (where female infants are often given to them free), Asia, Malaysia, the Ukraine, and Euro-Russia.

A common misconception is that sex slaves are mostly female. In Amsterdam, both male and female infants and children are equally bought and sold, since pedophiles unfortunately seek both. The agents bring in literal truckloads of infants they have gathered by going to poor families or orphanages. These nicely dressed, wealthy, friendly westerners promise placement in good homes and a better life through adoption

for the infants, and will often give good donations to the orphanages that provide “pretty children” and infants on a regular basis.

The trucks of infants and young children cross national lines through routes that have been bought, with guards sympathetic (and well-paid). The infants are cared for by women who give them drugged bottles to keep them quiet during the journey. These women are told to never disclose what they are doing, under pain of their entire families being killed.

Once in Amsterdam, the brokers come and inspect the infants and children. They then place bids on them (based upon the infamous “broker’s list” which lists the current black market value of these children as if they were commodities). The brokers are purchasing infants and children for the large, wealthy exclusive brothels, which are often franchises that they work for, and for the private auction houses, the largest of which is located in a suburb of Paris, France.

It is a common sight for those ‘in the know’ in South Amsterdam to see the sex trade brokers gathered at their favorite (and very private) coffeehouse in the morning, discussing the ups and downs of “the trade” and their evaluation of the latest ‘shipment.’

During these coffee discussions, they will also whisper about another pet peeve: the fees that must be paid “upstream” to the representatives of the person who oversees the entire sex industry in South Amsterdam: the Jesuit Father over Amsterdam. His offices are located in a palatial private mansion with walled gardens, where he also lives. This man is kept well-informed through his various agents of exactly how much money each broker has brought in during the week, and of how much they owe him (and the Vatican) for the privilege of operating in a city that looks the other way at its most infamous income source.

Failure to pay this “tithe” once can result in a warning; twice, in the death of the broker. Few are foolish enough to even think of trying to cheat the Father over Amsterdam of his dues. This man has agents throughout Amsterdam, in sources that the brokers would never suspect, who regularly check their books and report income, and any discrepancies.

The sex trade in Amsterdam brings in billions of dollars each year. This is because of the high price placed on infants and on children with “specialized training” in sexual skills. These children are often auctioned at the highly exclusive auction houses of Europe, where they are purchased by procurateurs who work for the wealthy families of Europe.

There are auction houses in Brussels, Belgium; Berlin, Germany; Amsterdam, Geneva, Moscow, and other locations. But the largest is located in Paris. Located in a large mansion, the evening begins with members of the wealthiest families in Europe and their consorts gathering for a gourmet dinner at 10 pm. At midnight, the auctions begin, starting with preteen children who often have specialized sexual skills. Twins are

especially prized. As the night goes on, the children get younger and younger, until by 4 am the infants are auctioned. The procurateurs purchase these children for use by their wealthy clients during private parties (which the children rarely survive). The clients come to oversee these purchases, and also for amusement, since many enjoy watching the auction process.

Some infants are kept in Amsterdam, which is known for the availability of children of every age. Many people are aware that in Amsterdam, the prostitutes dress up and sit in the windows to advertise their availability. What is less publicly known is that in the early morning hours, some of these window displays used to include a woman holding an infant. To the unknowing, this is a touching display of maternal care. But the residents of South Amsterdam knew that this is actually a signal that this house offers infants and small children to its customers.

Assassinations

There is a huge, ongoing worldwide market for the use of agents with specialized training in quietly and anonymously killing targets, without leaving any trace evidence (or, with skill in leaving a false trail). Premiums are paid for those who can take out political figures, and especially targets with bodyguards and those who utilize high security measures.

By far the most sought-after assassins have MI6 (military intelligence level six) training. The Jesuits have each of their agents go through MI6 training and hire them out to other organizations or individuals for fees. The contracts are actually brokered through third parties, and the contractor has no idea that the agent they have hired works for the Vatican. This often serves Vatican purposes; the agent earns them top dollar, but they also gather important intelligence at the same time about the operations and goals of other organizations, governments or individuals when their agent returns home and discloses to them.

Since the 1300s, when the Borgia family regularly poisoned their enemies in order to gain political and spiritual power in Rome, the Vatican has also conducted its own assassinations. These are never traced back to Rome, unless they want a message sent to the survivors. Many times, the assassinations are not simply conducted physically; their agents are also skilled in theta, or spiritual, assassination techniques (this will be discussed further in the spiritual programming section of this book).

Intelligence

One of the most valuable commodities in the world is information, especially about an organization's competitors and enemies. Good intel about certain organizations or individuals can be extremely difficult to obtain, and those that can provide it can ask and be paid top dollar.

The Jesuits use their vast network of worldwide operatives with specialized training to

obtain this information. The term “Vatican Spy” became infamous during the middle ages, when the monarchs of Europe became aware that there were secret agents unknown to them reporting their most hidden activities to Rome. This spy network has only grown since then, and the Vatican relies on the intelligence they provide for its own protection and planning, as well as to help further their goals. If they believe that intel will help their cause, they will arrange for it to come to the attention of the individual or organization they want it to – for a hefty fee, of course.

This intel will never appear to come from Rome. Roman agents never appear to work for Rome, but instead for other organizations or causes. The purchaser may believe that they are gathering intel from a valued Arabic contact, from an Israeli sympathizer, from a Russian mercenary, or a Templar Knight in Canada. They will not suspect the Jesuits, because their agents are always programmed to have several layers of unbreakable covers

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book part 4

Trigger Warning: Please be aware that this information was meant to help therapists understand programming by a large occultic organization, and could be very triggering for survivors.

IV. Programming Methods

In this section, I will discuss some of the methodologies that the Jesuits use to train and program the members of their order. This information not only discloses how their work is done; it is also the “master template” that the 12 secret societies that serve the Vatican also use within their organizations (with modifications). These organizations include Illuminati, Knights Templar, Knights of Malta, Opus Dei, Magnificat, Trinity, Order of the Golden Dawn, Rosicrucians and others.

This is by no means comprehensive, and instead, is simply a short overview. Also, programming methods are always being updated, and new experimental programs

developed, so that any book on programming will be outdated within weeks of its writing. But the principles remain the same over time, even if some of the methods change.

Mengele

Josef Mengele is considered “the father of modern programming” due to the information and methods that he developed during his infamous end-point experiments on infants, young children and adults inside the Nazi death camps. These experiments were funded in part by the Vatican, as well as other organizations, because they were highly interested in improving their methodologies.

Before Mengele, most serious programming was begun between birth to two years old (the age at which programming was initiated varied between groups), since behaviorists believed that the infant brain was too immature to hold much programming. Mengele proved with his well-kept records based upon unutterably cruel research done on infants that the most effective programming was done prenatally; that prenatal programming automatically enters into the subconscious and deeper brain, and that the most effective time to create the core personality splits is during the first five months of life after conception. He also proved that fetuses can see, understand and respond to programming cues and images at this time in life, and can be taught to organize the splits based upon these cues.

A fetus and an infant can much more easily internalize an external object than an older child, since the fetal brain has no external world to contradict what it is told; and the infant brain is at its peak ability to absorb and process information during the first days of life.

The information that Mengele obtained was combined with data from other behaviorists, including attachment theory, to create programming that is considered “unbreakable.” After the second world war, Mengele was often flown to Europe to program Jesuit infants. He worked for the Vatican, and left his personal stamp on many infants and young children programmed by them. He was also hired out at times (for an exorbitant fee) to other organizations, but his primary post-war work was continuing his research and programming Jesuit infants.

Mengele ran an infamous (within the occultic world) research center (“the institute”) where he employed the top trainers within the 12 societies, who continued his research under his (brutal) supervision on end point trauma (trauma that takes the subject to physical or psychological death) and other traumas, and the effect on the human psyche. The volumes and volumes of carefully documented research data from that time are still held within the Vatican vaults, and have been replicated and shared throughout the world. The research that he began is still ongoing, as the search for better, “unbreakable” methods of programming continues. One of the larger research centers for experimental programming is on the West Coast of the United States; the large research facility is underground, and is combined with sophisticated milab (military

laboratory) research. Another is in East Berlin; and another is in Prague in Europe, and yet another one exists in Rome.

In the following sections, I have divided up the programming methodologies used by the Jesuits into age categories, since different ages are considered “prime times” for the installation of different programs. But all foundational spiritual and other programs are created during the first few months of life in fetuses unfortunate enough to be selected by the Jesuits.

A. Infant Programming

When a Jesuit infant is born, it has already undergone significant programming within the womb. Immediately after conception and implantation of the genetically altered embryo (more on genetic research will be discussed later). Soon after conception, the occultic oracles place their hands on the womb of the expectant mother, to determine whether or not the embryo should be allowed to live. If yes, the embryo is dedicated to a demonic entity, and continues to grow.

By four months of gestation, early brain waves (delta waves) begin to appear in the fetal brain, and with it, some degree of consciousness. At this time, a primary trauma will often be intentionally engineered, to create one of the first splits (others will have been created even earlier). Often, the mother and fetus will be injected in utero with an agent that causes extreme pain, but does not cause labor. The fetus experiences extreme terror, excruciating pain, and will hear the mother screaming “Get it out!” regarding the fetus that appears to be causing her the intense pain in her womb.

This is a primary rejection trauma, and the pain and rejection combined will cause a core personality split. This split is in a deep delta (unconscious) brain state, and the programming begins in earnest immediately afterwards. Headphones are placed on the womb, and for hours, the young fetal splits are exposed to recordings regarding their identity, their wants, their beliefs, and their role in the new world order. This programming occurs during the 16th week of gestation onwards, and the information in the recordings is recorded at the deepest unconscious levels before the infant is ever born.

Secondary, tertiary and other traumas will also occur within the womb, with spiritual ceremonies that dedicate these intra-utero splits to different demonic entities. Before the infant draws his or her first breath, they will have the foundational core splits, their beliefs and identities firmly in place.

These traumas can include the use of electromagnetic waves to cause extreme pain in the fetus; fetal surgery; breaking the arm of the fetus; electroshock, flatlining the mother (to punish the fetus, who is blamed for the mother’s “death” and resultant spiritual pain/anxiety) and other traumas. The mother is carefully monitored with sophisticated, high-tech medical intervention to prevent abortion or premature labor, which is the body’s natural response to these types of traumas.

The demonic is used to keep the splits in the fetus separate, since in nature, the splits would try to rejoin automatically. The demonic creates a deep feeling of terror and re-experiencing of the primary traumas should the prenatal psyche attempt to join together.

To enable the fetus to survive such traumas and become dissociative (rather than give up and die), immediately after primary rejection traumas and other traumas, the programmers will offer love and care to the fetus in order to create a deep bond with the programmer (s). This is done by speaking kindly to the fetus and birthmother, soothing them and meeting their needs, with phrases such as “I love you” etc. being used to create attachments. These deep bonds must be addressed for healing.

Birth Trauma

Upon birth, an infant that is to be used by the Jesuits undergoes a very specific trauma. As soon as the infant is born, a Jesuit Father takes the infant and begins to smother it to death. The infant is asked spiritually, “Do you want to live?” Behind the Father is satan, and the infant is aware within their spirit that if they answer, “Yes” that satan will enter them. This being is hideous and terrifying, and it takes a very strong will to live to respond affirmatively. If the infant responds “No” they are smothered to death. If yes, they are allowed to breathe, and with their first cries in the physical world, satan attaches to the core.

The birth mother will be killed at the point of birth, and the newborn will be shown the body (which has been split open from the birth canal upwards) and is told “this is your fault” to create extreme guilt in the infant, and this is an underlying foundation for later guilt-based programming.

Nannies

When infants are very young, there are caretakers that perform physical care for the infant. These “nannies” or surrogate mothers take care of several infants at a time. While caretaking, they give bottles, rock the infant, and sing songs to them. These songs always contain programming embedded within them; they are songs about various spiritual (demonic) entities and praise to them, or of the joy of the coming order, or other messages. The goal is for the infant to associate caretaking and the relief of physical distress or abandonment feelings with love and loyalty to the order and the beings described. This is a terrible manipulation of an infant’s need to attach to a caregiver, since these early songs are also embedded within the subconscious of the infant.

Helping the survivor

Because the prenatal and birth traumas are so emotionally and spiritually devastating, they will often only come up fairly late in therapy if ever, after the survivor has received

help for other later splits. These primary traumas cause intense feelings of grief, rejection and despair, and are often the prime traumas underlying suicide programming. The demonic terror that causes fear of coming together may affect all parts of the systems, causing a prime fear of remembering or coming together for all parts, at an unconscious level.

It takes an experienced therapist to help an individual through these types of trauma. The survivor will be understanding that their entire life, even in the womb, was planned and programmed out, and feel intense anger at the betrayal and manipulation it involves. They may direct this anger at God, wondering where He was when this happened; and they may wonder if any part of them was ever not “owned” by the group.

This is where scriptures regarding God’s love for individuals both before and during their creation in the womb can help; as well as praying and asking the Lord to show the survivor what He thought of them at conception. This is needed truth, to counteract a lifetime of being told and believing lies such as that the survivor was always the “Jesuit’s”, since they will have no memories before the prime traumas.

Because the programming and messages are implanted at such a very deep, unconscious level, it can also help to use a digital recorder, and record very specific scriptures and truths to counteract the lies (i.e. “reprogramming” with truth). It may take a significant amount of time to bring truth to these core beliefs, and is one reason that controllers at higher levels in the system may seem so “resistant” to truth: they may have buried at the unconscious, fetal level, prime traumas and programming that counteract other truths brought in.

Some helpful scriptures can include:

Ps.139:13: “For you created my inmost being; you knit me together in my mother’s womb.”

This verse directly counteracts the lie that the cult “owned” the person from the beginning, and shows who truly gave them life and their individual characteristics, in spite of prenatal programming.

Psalms 51:6. “Yet you desired faithfulness even in the womb; you taught me wisdom in that secret place.”

How does the Lord teach wisdom in the womb? Only He truly knows the answer. But He does minister even to the fetus in the womb, as is made clear in this verse. The programming messages are NOT the only things the fetus was aware of before birth.

Isaiah 44:2. “This is what the Lord says— he who made you, who formed you in the womb, and who will help you: Do not be afraid, Jacob, my servant, Jeshurun, whom I have chosen.”

How wonderful for the survivor to know that they were loving formed in the womb by the LORD, and that He chose them before birth, regardless of what the oracles said.

Isaiah 49:1. "Listen to me, you islands; hear this, you distant nations: Before I was born the Lord called me; from my mother's womb he has spoken my name."

Not only did the Lord call the survivor to know and serve Him from the womb, He even spoke their (real, not cult) name. He spoke the name of their future destiny, and no amount of programming can undo this.

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[Early Splitting](#)

The first weeks of life for an infant born to the Jesuits are very busy and extremely painful. This is when the first splits are split again, and templates for systems are created and organized. Spiritual programming is also conducted in a more methodical method.

The first organization and traumas occur with “white room” and “black room” training. The infant undergoes traumas which include: being quickly lowered while the head is supported (to make the infant feel as if they are falling and initiate the startle reflex); peeling of skin with sharp knives from the sole of the feet, the backs of the legs, the backs of the arms, and the back (infants heal very quickly, with minimal scarring, since only the very top layer of skin is peeled off); digital rape; electroshock; near-drowning in a tub of water; partial suffocation; burning with fire on digits and the soles of the feet. These are called “prime traumas” and become the foundational physical traumas for the systems being created.

Along with the physical trauma is severe spiritual trauma. Rituals are conducted, and demons are attached to the splits being created, to cause the splits to remain apart (the brain will normally try to rapidly re-attach splits during infancy unless demonic barriers are put in place). The impartation is often done through the laying on of hands of the Father or programmer on the infant’s head and/or belly.

The initial, primary programming, occurs either in a white room, where the programmers, walls, clothing and lights are all white (this would occur for the presentation or cover programming), or in an all-black room where the only light comes from a black, or ultraviolet, light, if any. This is where theta (spiritual) programming and the programming of the true deeper (back) layers occurs.

One reason that the initial theta, or spiritual, programming occurs in an all-black room is not only for mental organization, but to also decrease the amount of interaction with the physical world via sight and the senses that will occur within these parts being created. Many of these parts are created literally in darkness, and have never seen daylight throughout their lives until healing occurs.

The primary core splits, and the master controllers are always created first. These will take on the roles and names of spiritual entities, since a Jesuit system is first and primarily spiritual, designed to serve satan, the antichrist, and the beast (father, son and spirit). All three will be represented in these first splits along with other deities.

The presentations are also created, and dedicated to deities with roles of amnesia; in fact, the presentation undergoes as much or more programming than any other parts in Jesuit systems, which tends to surprise survivors. who may have believed that these systems “didn’t go through bad things.” They have, and their traumas are among the worst, which is why presenter programming is often the last to heal in many systems.

These traumas fuel the deep amnesia that is always present in Jesuit systems: there are always huge barriers placed between the presentations (“hosts”), the cover programming, the Vatican programming, and the New World Order programming.

Buffers

In these sophisticated systems, buffers will be created between the front and back with one sole purpose: to hide the extent of the programming, by “buffering” the feelings between front and back, and maintaining emotional and memory distance between the two. The buffers will always be very void of feeling, and extremely traumatized, since they “hide the back” and help make the programming “undetectable” to the world, and the survivor.

Brain Wave Programming, Early Theta and Spiritual Training

The Jesuits utilize the fact that when a person’s brain waves are in theta state, they are the most open to the spiritual realm. This is why much of their spiritual training is conducted when the individual is in theta state.

Early Brain Wave Programming

The infant is taught to stay in theta state by attaching electrodes to their head that pick

up brain waves and show them on a monitor. When the infant personality that is being trained is in theta state, the infant is heavily praised. If the personality “bounces” out of theta state, as is normal, the infant is heavily shocked. Eventually, the personalities created learn to stay permanently in theta state (this same training method is also used for the personalities in other brain wave states, to teach them to stay in the desired brain wave state).

To the left above is a graph of brain wave states (the major ones except epsilon are shown). Gamma is the highest brain wave state, and will occur when a person is in a highly excited or nervous state. This is where loyalty programming and sabotage scripts will later be programmed in, since the high anxiety in this state will trigger calling the police, accuse the helper of kidnapping, or other self-sabotage, if someone tries to help the survivor.

Beta state is a normal alert state, and this is where military systems and those that need a normal alert state will be created. Alpha is more relaxed, and accessing systems and presentations will be created in this state. Delta is the deepest brain state, and will hold semi-unconscious and even unconscious beliefs; delta programming will be discussed in more detail later in this book.

Theta Training

Once they can stay in theta state, the early spiritual training begins. The thetas are kept in a blackened room, and the people who interact with them appear shadowy. Actors dressed as demons will come into the room, and “chain” the infant to them. The actors demonstrate to the infant how demons act, growling, snarling and torturing them in various ways. At the same time, the infant is told that THEY are the demon. This is how demonic punishers and controllers are created in the first weeks of life.

The Jesuits understand that an infant must be shown an external reality in order to internalize it. The infant must internalize in order to establish the programming that the Jesuits desire for later control.

The theta state parts in the infants are left in darkened cribs and are given objects such as decapitated heads to play with; or demonic toys such as fetishes. The infant’s fingers are placed around the neck of a kitten, and when they squeeze, as babies will, they are highly praised. The infant has no idea of what they are doing at this stage, but the foundation for later assassination training is being put in place.

Demons come into the room, and talk and play with the infant’s theta parts. This is their first bonding, with these creatures that appear horrific.

Gradually, the infant is taught to call on the demonic for theta capabilities. The Jesuit Father will throw a ball at the infant to hit it, and encourage the baby to spiritually throw the ball back at them (they are too young to have the physical coordination to do so, but can easily do this demonically). Throwing a ball demonically is demonstrated, and the baby is hit again and again, until in anger and frustration, they are able to loft the ball

back at the person hitting them. This is heavily praised, since the infant is using spiritual power to accomplish what it cannot physically, and using its hurt and rage at being abused and turning it to hurt another back. This is the early foundation for later theta capabilities.

The infants are taken to rituals, where they watch sacrifices performed, their infant seats propped amidst the fires. They are also taken to re-enactments of “hell” where demons dance and torture victims, and the first subconscious images of hell and the need to punish even the slightest disobedience are ingrained. The infants undergo extensive torture from demons, to teach them in these first weeks of life to fear “descending” and “going to hell” above any other punishment.

White Room Programming

In the white room, the other controllers are being created as well. Men and women dressed as members of the Greek Pantheon (for the white/Illuminati or Beast-Loyal systems), the Roman Pantheon (for the Black, or Vatican/Satan-Loyal systems), and the Ancient Pantheon (for the grey, or New World Order/Antichrist-Loyal systems) visit the infant, introduce themselves, explain who they are, and create a spiritual tie to these parts. They literally take cords (white, black, and grey) and tie themselves physically to the infant for hours; they also force the infant to undergo rituals dedicating these parts to the demons. The infant also watches videos, virtual reality programs, and holograms in which these ‘gods and goddesses’ of the Pantheons talk to them, and explain that they also are a god or goddess.

This basic programming all takes place in the first three months of life, and is continued for years afterwards.

Mentors are also bonded to the young theta splits. These are individuals with strong theta skills in place as well (otherwise, they would be maimed by the infant who has not learned to “focus” or control their developing skills). These mentors will “rescue” the young theta splits from death during setups time and again, to teach them to trust the mentor with their life. This is important for later theta spiritual programming, where the young child will travel demonically through the dimensions and must follow their mentor, or risk death.

The mentoring relationship creates a deep “mother-daughter” or “father-daughter” bond at the deepest spiritual levels, and is the only semblance of a “mother” relationship that a young child is allowed to have in the Jesuit order. All other mother figures in their life are purposely extremely abandoning and emotionally unavailable, to force the child to trust their spiritual mentor (often viewed as a “cult mother”) as their true “mother bond.” Healing for the survivor will include grieving the extremely distorted attachment bonds that were allowed, as well as remembering the terrible abandonment by maternal figures during infancy.

The survivor may also have to work through the grieving that occurs when they

remember that as an older teen or adult, they mentored spiritual (and/or) biological children of their own. These love bonds are real, and very deep, and are held unconsciously. These bonds are often manipulated in attempts to “draw” the person back to the group, since the survivor may be completely unaware of their emotional and spiritual attachment to a person they mentored, until the parts that bonded choose to bring this knowledge to conscious awareness.

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Exposing the Vatican: Part 5

Survival of the Fittest

Mengele was a firm believer in the “survival of the fittest” and during the 1940s,1950s and 1960s infants trained by him and the Jesuits underwent terrible trials to determine which infants would live, and which would die. This helped them determine not only which were the strongest infants, but also which ones had the strongest will to live, a requirement for the terrible programming that Jesuit children undergo.

As soon as the infants can crawl (around 3 months of age in these highly intelligent infants), the first survival trial is conducted. Dozens of infants are placed in a room, with a barrier in front of them. In the center of a large room are three bottles of milk. The

babies are hungry and thirsty, since they have not been fed for a day.

The barrier is raised, and the infants literally race by crawling to the center of the room. The strongest crawl over others and push the smaller or weaker ones aside. The first ones there get the bottles, and must keep it and drink it while other infants are trying to grab it away.

The three that “win” get to drink the bottle, and then watch the systematic slaughter of the infants that did not get a bottle, because the losers were deemed “inferior.” This installs a terrible survival guilt at a very early age; the infant wants to eat, and to live, but is shown that their living means that others must die in this setup.

The message that only the strong are allowed to live is ingrained very deeply through this and similar experiments. After several trials, the Jesuits have created their first classes, or groups. Jesuit children are raised in classes of twelve at a time, and these infants will become closer than any physical brothers during their childhood, in part because of their ability to survive and trauma bond with one another.

This is one reason that the survivor will fear and despise weakness in themselves and others. To them, weakness has always meant death.

Early Attachment Bonding and Utter Darkness

The basis of obedience within the Jesuits is formed upon two primary forms of programming: the avoidance of pain (the pain of “descending” and thus going to “hell”), or operant conditioning; and the formation of extremely deep attachments to primary figures. Their belief is that the combination of these two create “unbreakable” programming, and the truth is that very few Jesuits ever truly do leave the order. The attachment bonding described here, in earliest infancy, makes it extremely difficult to do so.

When the infant is only a few weeks old, it is placed in a completely darkened room, with no noise or stimulus of any kind, and abandoned. This abandonment, which lasts for several days, is extremely traumatizing to the infant. At first, the infant cries in a normal manner (distress), which then turns to anger as the abandonment continues. Eventually, the infant becomes exhausted, sleeps for longer and longer intervals, and stops crying; instead, it whimpers as utter despair begins to hit.

The infant is psychologically unable to cope with impending death, as its body and psyche begins shutting down in the early stages of dying. The infant comes to the realization that no one will ever come and rescue them, and they will die in complete and terrible darkness.

In complete despair, the infant is dying, when a soft light enters the room. A Jesuit Father comes in, carrying a warm bottle; behind him is Theo (their name for the “benevolent” manifestation of Satan). With kind words, the Father picks the infant up,

soothes him/her and gives a life-sustaining bottle. The infant is insanely grateful for this deliverance from “utter darkness” (the deepest level of “Jesuit hell” for the worst deeds, such as treachery and betrayal of the order). As the baby takes the bottle and is comforted, they bond completely to the Father, and to the being (Theo) who is superimposed upon the Father. The Father begins programming that they “owe their life” to him, that he “rescued them from utter darkness” for a “special purpose”, that the infant is to “live and not die.” Trauma bonding at a deep level occurs, and the Father appears like a god to the infant, and in fact, will hold the “theo” (God) position inside.

This bond will be built upon and layered upon over and over as the years go on. The infant will NOT be allowed to truly attach to ANYONE ELSE for the rest of their life. All other caretakers and friends in the early years will either be killed or appear to be killed, or terribly betray the infant/toddler/child to teach them that there is only one who can be trusted: the Father the infant formed a primary bond to, and the spirit “Theo.” This is the core level of Jesuit bonding, and is by far the most difficult programming to break.

The infant will later “see” the nannies that cared for him/her killed, or will even be asked to “kill” them or agree to their being killed, by the Father they bonded to, to prevent the Father being killed (in terrible setups where the infant must choose which lives and which “dies”). These setups also test the strength of the infant’s loyalty bond, which must be deep and unbreakable for successful later programming to occur. From the first days of life, the Jesuits begin installing utter and complete loyalty to them, represented by the primary Father the infant bonded with; and later, by three others they will also be allowed to attach to.

The primary mentor will always be a Jesuit Father that the infant (who is kept very young in the system) loves above any other, as described in the cruel abandonment scenario. The Father-mentee relationship is the deepest of all, as the Jesuit Father mentors others and molds them into his image. He will hold a “theo” or god place within the system, and this bond will be the hardest to break, since it represents the deepest attachment of the core to a human being.

The purpose of this mentoring is to draw the infant into a relationship with “Theo” (satan’s benevolent personification) from its first days on earth. The Father will bond the infant to himself, and in doing so, bond the infant to the spiritual theo as well.

Helping the Survivor

The survivor of Jesuit programming has extremely disorganized attachment due to the fact that they have attached to satan himself (Theo) as well as their primary Father (referred to as “Father Theo”). There is no less reliable being in creation to attach to, yet this was the infant’s only choice during early childhood if they were to survive. If given another option, the infant would have rejected bonding to satan.

The early trauma is so severe, that it can take months or even years to grieve for the manipulation and “detach” from these primary figures. It takes intense prayer, and a

deep desire by the survivor, to break free of this programming that pivots upon the Jesuit's demonic use of infant attachment. The only real answer is for the survivor to choose to renounce the bonds to satan and the primary Jesuit Father, and to bond with Yeshua. During the interval, they will also need to bond at least temporarily with a caring figure who can represent the love of God to their systems, since these infants have never experienced this.

The older parts, once they become Christians, can help "reparent" the infants, helping them to understand that the Christian God truly does love them, and can keep them safe. Realizing at a deep level that Yeshua paid the full price for sins on the cross, and that their systems will not "descend" into hell and utter darkness, and realizing that the internal representations are based upon setups and manipulation, can help break the hold of this early attachment.

The survivor will experience attachment pain at the core level when these early setups and betrayals are remembered. They may feel infant terror at the thought of utter darkness. It is important to bind the demonic, and to prevent it from enhancing these memories, or the fear. They will often feel suicidal as the core despair, and the memory of the pain and betrayals comes up.

The survivor will test the love and caring of those they bond with outside of the Jesuit Order again and again. This is because they feel a huge "push pull" inside, and swing between craving love and nurturing, and wanting to distance themselves from any loving attention, which feels terrifying. Healing of this type of early wound is a process, and cannot be rushed, or the survivor will attempt to cope alone – and fall prey to reaccessing – since these infantile needs are used to push recontact programming.

Helpful Scriptures

Ps. 27:10. "When my father and my mother forsake me, Then the LORD will take care of me." This can help with the deep core attachment pain, to understand that the Lord loves the survivor, even when it seems that no one else ever has. It can be extremely difficult for the survivor to come to the terrible realization that they had NO real father or mother; only manipulative, abusive Jesuit Fathers and programmers during infancy. The comfort that can only come from knowing that the Lord truly loves the survivor, and cares for them, can help.

Ps. 71:6. "By You I have been upheld from birth; You are He who took me out of my mother's womb. My praise shall be continually of You.: This verse counteracts again the lie that the Jesuit Father and satan "let them live" and instead shows the truth that the Lord is the one who gives life at birth.

The following scripture shows the spiritual condition that the motherless and fatherless Jesuit survivor find themselves in, and how the Lord responded to them. It answers how the Lord responds to this deep abandonment pain: It also shows why the survivor was able to survive the horrors of childhood and how it is possible for the survivor of this type of abuse to come to know the Lord:

Ezekial 14:4-16

4 As for your nativity, on the day you were born your navel cord was not cut, nor were you washed in water to cleanse you; you were not rubbed with salt nor wrapped in swaddling cloths. 5 No eye pitied you, to do any of these things for you, to have compassion on you; but you were thrown out into the open field, when you yourself were loathed on the day you were born.

6 "And when I passed by you and saw you struggling in your own blood, I said to you in your blood, 'Live!' Yes, I said to you in your blood, 'Live!' 7 I made you thrive like a plant in the field; and you grew, matured, and became very beautiful. Your breasts were formed, your hair grew, but you were naked and bare.

8 "When I passed by you again and looked upon you, indeed your time was the time of love; so I spread My wing over you and covered your nakedness. Yes, I swore an oath to you and entered into a covenant with you, and you became Mine," says the Lord GOD.

9 "Then I washed you in water; yes, I thoroughly washed off your blood, and I anointed you with oil. 10 I clothed you in embroidered cloth and gave you sandals of badger skin; I clothed you with fine linen and covered you with silk. 11 I adorned you with ornaments, put bracelets on your wrists, and a chain on your neck. 12 And I put a jewel in your nose, earrings in your ears, and a beautiful crown on your head. 13 Thus you were adorned with gold and silver, and your clothing was of fine linen, silk, and embroidered cloth. You ate pastry of fine flour, honey, and oil. You were exceedingly beautiful, and succeeded to royalty. 14 Your fame went out among the nations because of your beauty, for it was perfect through My splendor which I had bestowed on you," says the Lord GOD.

This wonderful verse also shows the destiny of the survivor called out from this fatherless and motherless upbringing and training: to be wholly the Lord's and to be clothed with His splendor, and become a testimony to His goodness.

B. Early System Organization

During infancy, the master and system controllers are created, along with the parts and roles within these systems. The Jesuits program three main levels into their systems: a white, or cover layer. This will appear to be Illuminati, Templar Knight, Opus Dei, or another occultic group, and is complete, even to the "core" for this level, which is a false core meant to mislead anyone who attempts to break into the system without authorization.

This cover layer is there for a reason. The Jesuits often have their agents highly placed within the occultic organizations they oversee, and they don't want the organizations to realize that the individual is not an actual member. The system is created to look completely like the system of someone raised and programmed by the organization. The agent is actually there to review and report on the activities of the group's leadership to the Vatican.

There is another reason for this cover programming. Jesuit agents often spend time in Israel and other countries doing intelligence work; if picked up by the Mossad (Israeli intelligence) or Spetz (Russian intelligence), and interrogated (tortured), the other

organization will believe that the agent works for one of these groups, and have no idea that they actually work for the Vatican.

Jesuits who leave will always remember their white, or “cover” programming first and believe this is all there is inside. The other layers are much more loyal and difficult to uncover.

Beneath the white level is the black, or Vatican level of programming. This is where controllers and parts loyal to the Vatican, the Jesuits, and to Satan reside. High priests and priestesses that were involved in Vatican ceremonies will be part of the black theta system, just as high priests and priestesses loyal to the Illuminati (or other group)) and its deities will reside in the white theta system.

Beneath the white and black levels is the silver-grey, or new world order (antichrist) level. These systems have been created to serve the antichrist, and the NWO, are given specific roles, and are controllers for the two other levels. The grey level controllers and parts have always undergone extensive death and resuscitations, since this level is composed of “ascended masters” who have overcome their fear of death, and in fact, many of these parts live in a near-death, ecstatic and numb state of being. The Phoenix is the sign of an ascended master who has overcome death and risen again.

The infant is taught to organize their system along brain wave states, and to respond to cues. The earliest cues include golden whistles that play different notes worn by the Fathers, to summon specific parts; colors (the infant is taught to crawl to a green light when a gamma controller is out; to a blue light when a beta controller is out, a white light when an alpha controller is out, etc.).

Tones are also used extensively in early master programming. The top master controllers are each assigned a tone, to correspond with a brain wave state: the highest tone represents gamma, next highest, beta; next highest, alpha, then epsilon, then theta, and finally, the lowest, delta. Hearing the tone pulls the controllers for that system forward (the infant is taught with shocks and trauma combined with rewards to respond immediately).

Master controllers for a system are programmed to respond to the entire continuum, and internally, can “sing” the tones and hear back the response tones for their systems, for very rapid and unconscious feedback loops and triggers. Jesuits always have perfect pitch because of this extensive use of tones and harmonics combined with the early songs used in programming, and have perfect auditory recall.

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Naomi's avatar

Naomi 12:44 am on October 11, 2021

For info (No need to publish my comment) :

The reference is Ezekial 16:4-14 and not Ezekial 14:4-16...

God bless you

Nao

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Pingback: Halloween 2021 | cathy fox blog on child abuse

T.'s avatar

T. 12:58 pm on December 12, 2021

"God" doesn't love me or you. I'm not supposed to say that, but the one you call "God" has imprisoned us (bloodline families) here and we are at war with him. You don't see the whole picture.

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T. 1:01 pm on December 12, 2021

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 5:38 pm on October 25, 2021

Tags: healing (62), Jesuit (18), Mengele (3), mind control (97), programming (86), ritual abuse (93), Vatican (12)

Exposing the Vatican: Part 6

trigger warning: explicit discussion of programming, traumas and negative spirituality

Q'Ballah Programming

Mengele always installed the Q'Ballah in those he worked with, and he installed it into Jesuit systems as well. Althea, or the "Tree of Life" is the basis, with the three cords (white, black, grey) roots demonically entwined and going back to the systems described above. There is a primary death trauma for each of the core controllers for each of these roots.

An important part of q'ballah (black Kabbalah) programming is the creation of demonic portals. These are installed at points known as the sephiroth in the body and above it (see illustration below).

There will be death rituals, and demonic entities attached to each of these points, which become a portal or opening for demonic travel and communication. Tiferet represents

the core, sits above the umbilicus, and is the portal for satan himself. This is the first, or prime trauma, and this ritual involves the newborn or fetal umbilicus being burned with a hot needle as the infant is put to death, then resuscitated.

Each portal (sephiroth) is installed via death trauma, and will have a portal guardian who is an ascended master from the grey (celestial) system sitting above it, who is both human and demonic. The guardians will have been heavily programmed to misrepresent their true names, due to the need for cover programming described above. These guardians supposedly “protect” the body and systems from “intrusion” by beings in the dimensions; but in reality, they are open doors to the demonic and must be closed through spiritual warfare (giving up of the demons) and by these ascended guardians accepting Yeshua and giving up their former beliefs in demonic “protection.”

Helping the Survivor

The survivor will often initially be terrified at the thought of closing these portals when this comes up in therapy. This is because of extensive programming to believe that closing the portals will result in “death”, “insanity” or cruel punishment by internal or external masters. They will literally believe that their safety and survival depends upon keeping these portals open, and will question how to survive closing them.

There may be parts instructed to take the other parts into the dimensions and punish parts that try to close their portals, or break this programming. The survivor may even re-experience the death traumas and agony involved in the original creation of the portals. Once the portals are closed, the survivor will be amazed at the relief, and the fact that they are indeed alive and sane. The therapist will need to help counteract the programming with truth, and develop enough trust with the survivor that they are willing to give up this method of demonic interaction.

Once the portals are closed, the survivor may experience significant warfare in retaliation for doing so. This is a time for prayer and spending time with the Lord, and calling on Yeshua for protection.

The Q'Ballah will have an extensive internal reality attached to it, including magic numbers in rooms, and the white, black or silver cords from it running throughout the systems, from top to bottom, including within the rooms that the various controllers stay in. These cords represent the core traumas associated with the creation of each part of the “three rope” cord: infant death traumas and the beliefs associated with these traumas.

There will be an extensive internal reality for the systems and their controllers, with rooms, temples and other representations of the programming that they underwent when a very young child.

More About Mengele

Mengele himself, as discussed before, worked with Jesuit infants during the 1950s and early 1960s. He also bonded these infants to himself in a manner similar to that described above for attachment bonding. His bonding was nearly always installed in the white, or cover level, for Jesuit systems. This was primarily because the Fathers wanted his programming (assassin training in infancy and early childhood) installed, but wanted to reserve the core bonding for themselves, in order to maintain their secrets even from Mengele, whom they did not fully trust. Mengele also installed his own proprietary codes into areas of the systems that he wanted to reserve loyalty to himself within.

The Jesuits also wanted their top trainers trained by Mengele. This is one reason why those with top potential worked with him in his research laboratory, and continued the research after his death.

C. Toddler Training

By the time an infant is a year old, they will have several hundred personalities in place, which have already undergone extensive foundational mind control. Spiritual controllers will have already undergone extremely painful ceremonies, such as hot needles inserted into the umbilicus; or having a long sharp needle pierced through their chest, and being gripped and raised up ("satan's claw").

The controllers for the white spiritual systems will be in place, since the infant will have internalized these through virtual reality, holograms, and dramatic enactments of the "deities" by actors. The white spiritual systems include:

- Egyptian deities
- Babylonian deities
- Ancient (pre-Babylonian) deities
- Druidic deities

These are headed up by the white, or Greek, Pantheon of twelve deities. Each system will have specific traumas attached to it. For instance, Bel, the head of the Babylonian system, will undergo a ritual where he is pierced through with tiny golden needles throughout his body (Babylonian sun ritual). Astarte will have sexual rituals, and Ashtoth will have death rituals associated with him.

The black (Vatican) spiritual systems are also being organized and trained from 12 to 14 months after birth. These include the theta assassin systems headed by:

- Nemesis, who controls
- Phobos (theta fear and dream attacks);
- Thantos (theta death) and
- Chaos (theta insanity programming).

Extensive training is undergone, where the young child learns to control and read thoughts (Galileo training), and to attack others using the theta skills they are

developing. The foundations of early Mage training are also begun (mages are the highest level in the occultic world).

The “goddess of Death” and other demonic spirits will have temples and altars dedicated to them, where regular internal sacrifices are conducted. These re-enactments represent the external realities the toddler experienced.

The toddler will be taught to enjoy the experience of killing within certain parts, either through sexual stimulation, or direct brain stimulation (of the euphoria center) following obedience.

Controller Programming

The Jesuits use extensive setups to teach the internal controllers to do their jobs during this second year of life. Typical ones involve tying several young children with ropes (normally, six) to the waist of the toddler. She is told to “mind the children” and make them obey her. The setup will consist of having candy, or beautiful objects such as glass balls, in the middle of a room. The toddler is told that the children tied to her must NOT touch the objects in the middle of the room, or they and she will be punished.

The problem is that it is very difficult for a very young child to control others. The six children tied to her waist will try to yank her around, and grab at the objects or treats. Finally, in spite of her best efforts, she will tire, and one of the children will reach the table and grab a treat.

The child is instantly killed by a Jesuit Father waiting in the wings. The two-year old must now make the other, now quite obedient, children obey her, while dragging around the body of the dead child, a reminder to this young controller of what happens when she fails in her job.

By the end of the setup, which can last for several days, all of the children tied to the now very traumatized controller will have died (the result of disobedience and her failure to “mind the children” who in hunger will reach out and try to grab food and water, which are forbidden). The extremely traumatized controller will be very committed to exacting complete obedience to those under her, to prevent their experiencing a similar fate.

All of the controllers inside (dozens) will undergo this and other training. This creates an extremely controlled system, with the internal controllers believing that even slight disobedience will result in death or shattering. This belief is based upon numerous experiential setups when the child was less than 3 years old, and it will take time to work through the terrible grief of being unable to “save” the children in the controller’s care, and the rage that this type of manipulation creates in the survivor once they realize the truth.

Master-Slave Programming (ages 2 to 5)

There is a program to training obedience when a Jesuit child is very young. In this program, they are conditioned to be slaves, and obey their Masters, the Jesuit Fathers (who are all ascended masters). They address them as “Master” and “My Lord” and their day consists of menial labor as the Fathers order.

Typical tasks might include scrubbing the stone floors of the monastery on hands and knees while the Fathers taunt the “slave”; they may even urinate on the floor the child has just spent hours cleaning, and tell the child to clean it up again.

The acolyte will learn to cook; clean; do yard work, and will obey orders without question or thought, when asked to do tasks. This is considered an important part of the early training in obedience.

The spiritual parts (thetas) are taught to respond spiritually to summons from the Fathers – instantly. Any hesitation is immediately and terribly punished (such as being hung inside a dark well). The Fathers also have golden whistles that they wear around their necks; each child is assigned a set of notes, and must respond physically and/or spiritually immediately when their notes are played.

The child is inside the walls of the monastery these first few years of life. By age 24 months, the child goes to classes, where they learn not only languages (the Fathers speak Latin and Italian in daily life, and are all fluent in numerous other languages), but also oral history and the black arts as part of their mage training.

Internally, the survivor will have “masters” (controllers) and “slaves”; slave parts are taught to instantly obey masters.

Wolf and Sheep Training

During the second year of life (12 months to 24 months) it is important to the Jesuits that high barriers are placed between the “front” or presentations, and the “back” or loyal parts. One way this is accomplished is with “wolf” and “sheep” programming.

The back, or hidden, parts are taught that they are wolves. The Jesuit Fathers raise wolves for this purpose, and will take the young child and place them in a pen with a mother wolf and her cubs. The child will have been sprayed with wolf scent, and the mother will normally let the child join her cubs. The child is told that he or she is a wolf, and is treated exactly like one: the child nurses on the mother wolf; is fed with the cubs, and is taught to crawl on all fours, and even to growl like a wolf. They are taught that wolves are strong, cruel, fierce and protective, and that they must guard the “weaker” systems by doing the tasks that “sheep” cannot do.

Once this program is in place, the front systems undergo “sheep” training. They are placed with sheep, and eventually believe that they are lambs or sheep; eating with the sheep, sleeping curled up with the other lambs, and in every way being treated as if they are a sheep.

To place a barrier between the systems, the Fathers then cause the two systems to traumatize one another. The “wolves” are told to “attack” the sheep and to try to kill them. This causes the front to become angry and to distrust them. The wolves are also taught to hate “sheep” and believe they “stink” by having a slain lamb tied to their back for several days. The carcass becomes ridden with flies and stinks terribly; the body itches and the child becomes violently ill, and they are taught that this is the result of being close to a sheep. These parts cannot come close to front parts, that they believe are sheep, without smelling the rotten carcass that made them so ill as a very young child. This makes the back very unwilling to come near the front.

Other barriers between front and back are also installed during this second year. This includes a wall with gargoyles and demonic guardians that is erected between the front and back, which is overseen by Janus (the Roman deity with two faces). One face observes the “front” or presenting systems; the other, the back, or hidden systems. Certain parts can pass through the doors, but those without authorization are immediately torn by the demonic guardians placed between front and back. The demonic is allowed to pass freely between front and back.

In addition to these barriers, others are placed. One is an extensive “buffer” system. These have entrained neurolinguistic programming in place, and their role is to be emotionless and to stand between the front and the back, “buffering” the front from any knowledge of what the back is doing, and vice-versa. Their role is to prevent the two sides from actually meeting or communicating, and to keep the amnesia in place through constant ingrained “wipeout” programming.

This wipeout programming can consist of a combination of traumas that are re-experienced, such as internal shocks to the head, EHF and/or microwave bursts to the frontal lobes, or other similar traumas that were used to originally wipe out memories of assignments. If the survivor attempts to cross the barrier, they may experience flashing lights, blizzard, extreme headaches, eye pain, nausea, dark bursts within the deep brain, or other trauma that occurred when the barrier was originally put in.

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MKUltra Girl's avatar

MKUltra Girl 7:01 pm on October 25, 2021

Good Gaud. What you say resonates so strongly with me. I am reading *It is Not Impossible* right now.

And of course, I am not sure you know this, but my sister acted out the kill program in one of the earliest times for such things in our era, the early 80's. Piecing my personal story together is different because we were with our natal family the whole time. We didn't have host families and we are our parents' children. But I have evidence that my father was programmed by mengele in '49. In Quebec city in a catholic hospital run by nuns (Saint-Michel-Archange) after his "nervous breakdown" after attending 2 weeks in seminary school at St. Peter's seminary in London, ON.

I speculate that mengele tried to transfer or install his own consciousness into my father at that time. Reading one of Mengele's bogus biographies was like reading about my father. The same obsessions, likes and belief that university professors are the top of the professional heap. I believe Marshall McLuhan had something to do with my father's and maybe our training. We met him in our presentations a few times. One was in the back seat of our family sedan with Marshall McLuhan in 74 or 75 ish. I was doing a project on famous people and I picked him because my father was always talking about him. My father arranged the interview. MM was sitting beside me in the backseat btwn me and my brother and sister. My first question was, "Why are you famous?". He turned stone cold, a dark evil came over me. He said nothing. He stared straight ahead. I asked my dad for help and he just kinda laughed. That was the end of the interview. MM taught at St. Michael's college at U of Toronto, a Jesuit college. He was an awful person from what I remember.

Another odd thing about my dad was one of his pet projects- Laughter Centres. He used the Alfred E. Newman face from Mad Magazine to promote them. I now believe that Alfred E. Newman was modeled after my father. This is just another way they could exploit frequencies to enrich themselves through media and popular culture. (for me it is many of the celebs in our time and of course, EL from Stranger THings). This function of the cult is huge and all that popular culture ever was/is, IMO. Let no good psych patient go to waste. Mad Magazine (started in the auspicious year of '53).

My mother actually said she knew that Canada harboured nazis. And she NEVER said anything political or beyond the duties of wife and mother (programmed at the Allan in '58) to completely rid her of her highly skilled ability as a clothes designer and seamstress.

I do take some opposition with the manner of salvation you speak of through the protestant evangelical church but that is not important. We are both good with the one true God in our hearts.

Additionally, I have had a hell of a time with people I have trusted and shared with who started out as friends turning on me in the worst way. I am sure you understand, but even me sharing this little bit with you makes me wary. Some of the things I have stated here I have not stated publicly yet.

My father stayed in contact with priests his entire life and was obsessed with the Catholic church. He often spoke of the Jesuits. I believe that this happened to me and my sister and probably my brother. He drowned in a canoeing *accident* (and it was – I checked it out thoroughly) when he was 19. I believe one does not need more than the ill wind of these curses in our systems to blame for these tragedies. Which was to silence all of us. Especially me, since I am the only one left who has the ability to get to the bottom of this.

My mother's family in London ON are silent on all matters, so are the remnants of my dad's family in Windsor ON, but some distant older relatives on my dad's side have given me more information than both immediate sides combined. Suggestion is strong that both families are deeply occulted.

Thanks for your work. Without revealing the methods, I don't think the bottom or the top way out can truly be reached. Thanks for doing that. You were born to do that and that is a great great thing for all us vics of the jesuits.

Ellen Atkin Photography Resume Blog 604 259 9508 ellen@ellenatkin.com

On Mon, Oct 25, 2021 at 10:39 AM Svali Speaks Again wrote:

> svalispeaksagain posted: " trigger warning: explicit discussion of > programming, traumas and negative spirituality Q'Ballah Programming Mengele > always installed the Q'Ballah in those he worked with, and he installed it > into Jesuit systems as well. Althea, or the "Tree of " >

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fredurez29's avatar

fredurez29 2:29 pm on December 22, 2022

Hello, do you know how Jesuits were programmed before Mengele ? And do you think the 13 orders have always programmed their members since the ages ?

Also, do you think Illuminati children are systematically made by IVF ?

Have you seen other testimonies from Jesuit survivors ?

I also wonder if some of top members of the orders are not programmed like some survivors told us about the Queen Elizabeth, they tell she can live hundred years by replacing her body getting spiritually inside a children body, and putting away children's soul.

Also have you heard about a grey pope ?

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 10:20 pm on November 18, 2021

Tags: [dissociation \(49 \)](#), [Jesuit \(18 \)](#), [mind control \(97 \)](#), [programming \(86 \)](#), [ritual abuse \(93 \)](#), [SRA \(73 \)](#), [Vatican \(12 \)](#)

[Book Part 7](#)

Trigger warning: this post contains graphic descriptions of programming and methods

[Assassin Training \(ages 2-4\)](#)

The early assassin training is continued during the second year of life. The parts that will do physical assassinations are taught to wring the necks of kittens and other small

animals.

During the second half of this year the toddler will undergo the extremely cruel training to kill that Mengele developed. The child will be placed in a cage with other children the same age (there are thirteen cages in all, with six on the bottom, four in the middle, two above and one at the very top).

The children in the bottom six cages undergo terrible abuse. The children above urinate and defecate on them, since they are at the bottom. They are also painfully raped frequently, and are not given any food or water. It is a type of "hell" for a small child. Once a day the toddler is taken out, and a kitten is placed in front of them. Mengele then would give the order, "Papa says 'Kill'". They are expected to instantly snap the neck. If there is the slightest hesitation, or the child refuses, they are placed back in the bottom row of cages, where the terrible deprivation and abuse occur.

The next day, the child is given another chance. The children that survive learn to instantly and without thinking obey the order. If they do, then Mengele would hold the child in his lap; tell them what a good job they did, and give them a treat.

After two weeks, the child will be either on the top two rows, or dead. By then, Mengele would spend significant time praising the child, bonding with them, for doing such a "good job." The animals to be killed were placed in the center of a red circle, and they become bigger. Finally, a small infant is placed in the center of the red circle, the child is given a knife, and the command is given. If the child refuses, they are placed back in the bottom row of cages, and the training begins all over again until they obey or die.

This is a primary assassin code: "Papa says kill" and is used by all Jesuit Fathers and top trainers as well.

Traveling the Dimensions

As part of their mage training, the toddler is taught to begin to travel in the spiritual realm. Before age 24 months, they will have learned to travel to the First Dimension. Dimensional travel usually involves theta parts which have never had contact with the outside world other than during their first creation in a black room. These parts are taught to leave the body through the application of intense torture (electroshock, burning, skin peeling, cutting with razors, beating, flagellation, smothering, heart stoppage, freezing, burning or other types of trauma).

The First Dimension

Once the part can leave the body, they are accompanied by an older spiritual mentor, who travels with them to the first dimension. This dimension is described in the Alice in Wonderland books (Lewis Carroll was an infamous occultist, and his books actually describe the demonic realms). In the first dimension, plants and flowers talk, and the

young child is fascinated by the seeming beauty of the landscape at first glance. They are initially unaware of the dangers, but quickly learn: the flowers will try and grab the child and hold the child against their will; or will beat upon or even try to bite the child. Oversized bees and insects also come, and can cause great pain.

The child traveling will cry out for help, and will be “rescued” by their spiritual mentor, who will take them back to Gaia (the physical world we inhabit here; that is the name for this dimension).

The controllers for the First dimension are a large cat (the “Cheshire cat” in the Alice books); a large, demonic caterpillar that can sting with ferocity, and the white rabbit. These beings are actually demons that have been trapped in the dimension; they cannot leave it, but try to entice humans to visit them in order to ensnare their souls.

The Second Dimension

The second dimension is fire, and is inhabited by Vulcan. It is very hot, and the dimension is much like entering into an underworld with hot lava streams and fires. The child and their mentor travels, enduring being chased by fire lizards and other creatures, until they meet up with Vulcan.

Other Dimensions

The other dimensions include:

a dimension of extreme cold and ice, overseen by a demonic “ice queen”

a “reverse world” where everything is reversed, causing extreme disorientation

an underwater dimension overseen by Neptune

a dimension of extreme dark and nightmares, overseen by Charymedes (god of insanity and chaos) with harpies that chase the child and attempt to kill them:

a dimension (the 12th) of electricity charges, overseen by Electra

Each being that rules a dimension will always ask for a sacrifice of some kind from the child, in order for the child to be allowed to return to Gaia. At first, the sacrifices might be “the screams of someone being tortured” or for the child to undergo torture themselves. As the child goes to the higher dimensions, with worlds inhabited by beings such as Charymedes, the sacrifices become much more difficult, and can include betraying the person the child loves most, or killing someone the child cares for, including their spiritual mentor(s).

Traveling the dimensions is considered a primary part of mage training; a mage does not become an ascended master until they have traveled to the 12th dimension, or the 13th (travel to these dimensions involves being put to death for several minutes).

Helping the survivor

The early childhood traumas will be very difficult for the presentation to accept,

especially because of the deep denial and guilt that will be programmed in. If the survivor does begin to recover these memories, their punishment programming will immediately begin kicking in (see following section for further details).

Jesuits are always international, highly trained assassins and information gatherers, and the grieving will be tremendous. This is when they will need outside support, to vent the anger and grieving over the abuse and manipulations, and to hear that the Lord can forgive what they were forced to do from a very young age.

The survivor may cry out as Jeremiah did, “Why did I come forth from the womb to see labor and sorrow, That my days should be consumed with shame?:(Jer.20:18). It can help them to understand that the Lord really does understand their grieving and pain, that He took that on the cross for them, and paid the price for every death they were forced to participate in.

It can help the presentation to remind them that when they came to Jesus, while THEY were unaware of the back parts and their deeds, Jesus knew all along – and forgave them, too; that this information doesn’t surprise Him. His love doesn’t change just because the survivor remembers what they formerly didn’t.

As they attempt to break bonds with their early abusers, they will run headlong into feelings of abandonment and being alone, which are meant to prevent their fully leaving. Leaving will mean giving up all of their deepest unconscious relationships, the ones formed during these earliest (amnesic) years that have been wiped out from conscious memory.

It can help the survivor to understand that the Lord can fill their attachment pain, and stand in the place of father and mother to these young parts:

Ps.68:5. “A father of the fatherless, a defender of widows, is God in His holy habitation.”

Isaiah 66:13. “As one whom his mother comforts, So I will comfort you; And you shall be comforted in Jerusalem.”

It can be difficult for the presentation that came into therapy to realize that THEY are not the true “host” (which is placed behind an amnesic barrier). The real “host” the first three years of life will be Jesuit, will have a Jesuit name, and will carry the memories of the first three years that are wiped out when the child undergoes amnesia programming at age three prior to being placed within their host families.

The child at that age will have agreed willingly to forget the Fathers that they love in order to protect them; the presentation must be able to grieve this loss of their early childhood memories, and supported in dealing with the very painful betrayals and loyalty programming that will come up if the true host does ever present in therapy.

D. Punisher Training

An important part of a Jesuit system is the punishers. These punishers are modeled after people and spiritual beings the infant and child have seen portrayed by actors and in VR from earliest infancy. The beings (actors) come to the infant's crib, talk to him or her, and tie themselves to the infant with a slender cord, as they teach the infant how the being talks and acts. This becomes internalized, along with the demonic spirit they impart.

The head of the punishment systems for Jesuits are in several layers. In the false Christian layer, these will include a false Jesus (head punisher), a false God, and a false Holy spirit. These parts, who are actually saboteurs and punishers, explain why the presentation can be very "Christian" and yet not be actually listening to the Christian God; instead, their conscience, which is Jesuit-trained, will believe that they must obey "God" and they may be completely misled into actually obeying the group and its directives and feel extremely guilty and even think they will "go to hell" if they disobey.

They will not know that these are Jesuit directives, however; they will believe that "God" is "telling them to stay with their husband (handler)" or that they must "honor their Father and Mother (cult parents)", etc. They will feel very "Christian" and "peaceful" when they obey these directives, and feel guilt, confusion and anxiety when they disobey, until the programming is broken and they can differentiate between the Lord and the false god placed within.

Core Level punishers will include Vulcan and Prometheus, and the main reprogramming system will be named Saturn (due to the numerous rings and levels of the punishments).

Internal Hell Punishment

The foundation of a Jesuit punishment system will be the deeply ingrained belief, from the core outwards, that the systems must not be allowed to descend and thus enter into the punishments of "hell." Since earliest infancy, and deep into the subconscious and unconscious, this fear of descending (through disobedience to the order's directives, or to the pantheon) is inculcated. All core controllers for all systems will unconsciously believe that the punishments are "good" since they are keeping the systems and core from "going to hell" or descending into a mortal state. The pain of the programming (re-experiencing) is seen as "proof" that the systems are descending, since ascended systems "do not feel pain" in the programming scripts.

This will be translated in the presentation into a deep fear of angering God, and an unusual ability to "hear from the Lord" and "hear His direction" which is actually listening to the false god planted inside in order to prevent experiencing the excruciating pain that will result if they disobey. The presentation may experience severe guilt at the thought of the smallest infraction, or fear going to hell for even slight errors, due to the unconscious pain of this programming.

Vulcan

Vulcan is the primary core level punisher, and has an anvil that is used to literally pound the primary system core splits with (ensuring that the resulting pain and trauma go throughout the system being punished). If he fails in his duty, a large black bird swoops down on him, tearing out his liver and entrails and eats them. This is based upon primary infant traumas that involve the Jesuit Fathers bringing a bird into the infant's crib, and allowing its talons to tear at the infant. The traumatized infant retains this memory, which is built upon over the years.

Often this is reinforced with virtual reality, with a highly realistic predatory bird swooping down and piercing the bowels. Physical needles and knives are used for the initial traumatic pain, which is accessed and re-experienced over the years.

Vulcan is taught to punish the systems, and even the core, for severe disobedience and/or betrayal. The worst type of disobedience includes failure to maintain contact with the Fathers or their representatives, and trying to leave the Order. To the Jesuits, an individual attempting to leave is considered a traitor of the highest degree. They are actually considered "insane" since only insanity, to their thinking, could cause a person to take the path to descension, feeling the body and mortality, and giving up what they consider "godhood" and choosing to "go to hell." The members of the Order literally believe that the person choosing to leave is straight on the path to hell, and they will do anything to try and "save" them from this path.

This "salvation" can and will include extreme torture and reprogramming, in order to put the person "back on the right path." They believe that these measures are needed to bring the person to their "senses."

Helping the Survivor

The internal punishers and master controllers will also hold these beliefs, unless they can be reached and worked with. They will torture the person into literal insanity and/or death, believing that they are "helping" to "redeem" the "errant" person.

The hell punishers and system punishers themselves will be in agreement with the tortures, since as a child, they were taught to punish severely "traitors" and those who "disobeyed" with these same tortures. They internalized the beliefs of the Jesuit Fathers, and so were in agreement with inflicting this type of pain upon others, first externally, and then internally. They believe they are doing a "good" thing.

As the survivor remembers doing these things, they will feel immense guilt, and believe that they "deserve" these punishments because of what an "evil" person they are. They must be shown that Yeshua paid the full price for their sins, and that they and their systems can never do restitution for their deeds. This can help to break the cycle of guilt, penance and pain that has been set up since infancy.

Meditation on scriptures regarding forgiveness, the love of God, and listening to worship music that underscores the forgiving heart of God can be helpful in understanding this, since music can reach the “right brain” and bypass the faulty logic the Jesuits installed.

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Amie Martineau 8:47 pm on November 20, 2021

This is so hard for me to wrap my head around. I can't imagine any therapist that has had training in order to help people with programming like this? And also, how many people if you could guess I've had this sort of programming? I would think this sort of programming would be reserved for people that are going to be placed in political power or high corporate power?

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svalispeaksagain 7:57 pm on November 22, 2021

There are very few therapists that I know of who try to help with this type of thing; and most of the journey is often the survivor's. I can only speak about those in the order I was born in; most in this order go through this. In the 12 occultic societies, the programming is a bit different.

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have had this sort of programming not I've had...lol sorry

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Thanks for the testimony.

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[Prometheus](#)

Under Vulcan is Prometheus, the main white system (presentations) controller punisher. His punishments include fire, burning, and intense pain, depending upon the traumas the person has undergone. During the early years, the Jesuits will incorporate primary punishment traumas that include:

- Flagellation with a whip that has attached sharp rocks and razors
- Burning at a stake
- Having feet and legs chewed on by rats
- Being stung by a swarm of angry bees (the child is given anti-venom before and after to prevent death)
- Infants being dropped, and startled into a mechanical panic reaction
- Being attacked by birds and wolves
- Demonic attacks
- Rapes with steel instruments
- Shocks throughout the body
- Death and near-death experiences
- Paralysis and being tortured while unable to move
- Drowning and smothering

There are others; these are just a few representative traumas. The death experiences can be accessed and used to make the individual believe that they are dying as a result of disobedience; the heart may even stop beating for intervals that range from skipped beats to no beat for up to a minute. Breathing may also stop when the individual attempts to break core level punishment programming, since the ultimate punishment is physical death, and this is deliberately installed by the Jesuit Fathers as a “fail safe” if all other protocols fail.

Saturn

Saturn will be the primary reprogramming system, and is responsible for reprogramming the systems nightly with the traumas described above. Horrific reprogramming traumas will be instilled, first physically and later using virtual reality. Small core-level infants will be dropped, pounded, shocked, raped, burned, cut, eaten on by rats, blinded by needles, suffocated and otherwise traumatized during the reprogramming.

Jesuit systems reprogram constantly, with the reprogramming sequences changing every two hours throughout the day. This ensures that all systems are reprogrammed daily.

E. Jesuit Master Controllers

The primary master controllers for a Jesuit system will reflect the primary spiritual relationships in the child's life.

Althea (the Tree of Life)

These will include the "unholy trinity" of the Father (Satan), the Son (the antichrist and the beast) and the Spirit (Althea, the tree of life). The Fathers worship all three. In fact, the Arbor de Vitae monastery just north of Rome (the primary Jesuit monastery) is believed to be the dwelling place of Althea, the tree of life. This wicked creature lives in the basement of the monastery, and the young children (and adults) will often hear her moaning at night to be fed. And they do feed her, at regular intervals, with sacrifices of every human variety.

The Jesuit children are taught from infancy to participate in these rituals; as infants, the Fathers place their hands over a baby's, and teach them to make the sacrifice. As the child gets older, they must take a more active role, or suffer severe punishment by Althea (which appears at times like a huge willow whose branches "whip" the child terribly).

No Jesuit child ever wants to be called down for a spiritual whipping of this manner, and so they quickly learn how to feed the tree very efficiently. After a ritual, the tree will be quiet for days or weeks, but will always begin moaning again to be fed. The child grows up knowing that in order for there to be peace, they must give this entity what it asks for. The child will have been dedicated to Althea, will have a representation of her in their system, and must dismantle it, kick out the spiritual entity, and heal the human part.

Helping the Survivor

When the tree of life is pulled out, the three roots (white, black and silver gray) must also be rooted out, since these represent early infant demonic traumas used in installing the roots of the tree of life and the q'ballah internally. This takes extensive prayer, seeking the Lord, and asking the Holy Spirit to help the survivor overcome the fear of uprooting these demonic strongholds.

The tree of life will often have grown to a large tree with 1,000 points of life, each representing a life taken (including those of infants), and the demonic that entered as a result, during the installation of the tree. These lives must be grieved for; the murders repented of, and forgiveness received, to break the hold of the tree of life on the survivor's mind.

Some survivors will also have a mirror images of the tree of life, or a “tree of death” internally, that again is based upon the ritual murder of young infants, with the roots attached to the heart of the survivor (they are wrapped around the heart, and the survivor may believe that they will die if the tree is taken out).

The survivor will need to realize that the Lord is able to undo even this type of programming; can overcome the fear of uprooting the demonic. It can help the survivor if they are reminded that the fear they feel is the fear that the demonic feels at losing its “home” inside, and that they will actually feel more peace once the tree is rooted out. They can pray and ask the Lord to uproot it for them; this may be seen visually inside as Jesus reaching in and pulling it out, or as an increased peace as the rituals are repented of, and the person exercises authority.

The relief may be dramatic, or occur over several weeks. But the survivor will have more internal peace and healing once they choose to get rid of this voracious entity, and allow the Holy Spirit to fill them instead.

The Beast

The Beast has a room and a lair in the Vatican dedicated to him. This room supposedly dates from early Roman times, when sacrifices were conducted in the original cave located there that the Vatican was built over. This angry and vindictive spirit makes its presence known, and is eagerly sought out by the Fathers, since they believe he gives great power over enemies. The young child will be placed during the second year of life in a dark, cave-like lair underneath the altar in the Beast’s room. They will spend 24 hours in this lair, where the Beast visits with the child, makes suggestions, and eventually has the child give in to its requests (to kill another child put in with them).

This is extremely traumatizing to the young child, who feels intense guilt. The child will have internalized the Beast (see the above discussion on programming methods used). This internal Beast only knows and understands killing and destroying, and spiritual warfare and deliverance must be done to free the human part trapped by the spiritual part. The Beast also gives energy to the punishment systems described previously, and will demand absolute obedience to it and the Pantheon, until the individual learns their authority in Yeshua, and is able to break free.

Satan

Many times, it can take years of dedicated work to go beneath the tree and beast layers, and reach the true system master controller: Satan. From pre-birth and birth dedication, this is the being the Jesuits truly serve, in both his incarnations: as satan (cruel, vicious, demanding, destructive and lying) and Theo (kind, benevolent, manipulative, charming). The child will have been bonded to both, as described previously.

Satan's Throne

During the toddler years, at times the child will be physically placed on satan's throne. When supplicants crawl up the hall on ground glass, or nails, or hot rocks, satan will be sitting on the throne next to the child. He will ask the child what kind of judgment should be made; or what price should be paid for a request, and the child will answer. If satan is pleased with the answer, he and the child will simultaneously make the pronouncement. If the child is too kind-hearted, they will be punished severely until they learn the types of judgment that are acceptable.

This internalizes the satan identity for the core master controller, since the adults treat the child on satan's throne as if he/she were satan himself, in every way. The child is actually temporarily possessed, in that part, by satan during the ceremonies and judgments. The evil behavior convinces the survivor that he/she is evil and anchors the belief in the part that they are actually satan.

Helping the survivor

In later years, the adult will have to overcome very difficult memories of the lives taken or asked for when in that role, and the cruel decisions made. They will need to repent of these deeds, and ask the Lord for forgiveness (which He offers freely). It can help to remind the survivor that the Lord knew all about their past, even when they didn't; that He is not surprised or repulsed by them or their past. When they came to Jesus, He knew all about each act they committed, and forgave them.

They will also need emotional support to process the pain of these memories, and to be treated as loveable, in spite of the horrific acts that they committed. This is a challenge, since many Christians want to "turn away" from those with a past such as this. But the survivor is looking to their therapist or support person to demonstrate the love of Christ to systems that may have no idea of what true Christianity is.

Once they "get it" and realize they are forgiven, these parts will quickly give up their old jobs and choose freedom, if they believe they have the physical safety to support healing.

Demonic Chess

The Jesuit Fathers are accomplished "chess masters." The term comes from the original, demonic origin of chess, which was first used by the ancient Babylonians, then the Egyptians, then passed down through the centuries. The original form of chess is considered an important part of mage training.

During the game, the young child is taught to first control the easier, white pieces, which are made of stone. During the game, the pieces come demonically alive, and they will try to turn on and attack the child. At first, the toddler needs the help of their spiritual mentor (the Father) to control the pieces and to prevent being bitten and wounded

terribly. As the child gets older, and stronger in the occult, they are eventually able to demonically control and move the pieces on the board. They also learn to move and control the much more difficult black pieces in the same manner.

The winner of the game is allowed to ask the board for the answer to a question. If white wins, the answer will be written in black on the king's square; if black wins, the answer is written in shining silver on the black king's square. The monarchs of Europe often played this form of chess in order to get answers as to which battle strategy would be best to use, or to get "inside" information on their enemies. A true "chess master" is actually an ascended master who is able to win frequently at this form of chess.

The occultic form of chess is one reason why there is a chessboard in the Alice in Wonderland books; the game is actually based on a demonic game being played.

Torture Training

The Jesuits are considered the "best" (or, worst would be a better adjective) torturers in the world. They were the ones who conducted the Inquisition (Torquemada was an infamous "interrogator") and they refined the art of torture throughout the centuries. All Jesuits undergo training from infancy on in how to torture and interrogate others.

The lower levels of all Jesuit monasteries, and the Vatican, contain rooms that are literal dungeons, with torture instruments that range from medieval (such as racks, water wheels – a favorite of the Fathers), pincers, and iron maidens, as well as every variety of whip (including those with small stones and razors attached), to more modern equipment.

The Jesuits are infamous for their ability to keep individuals they wish to make examples of alive for weeks while undergoing torture such as having the skin peeled off and reattached; having digits removed, blinding the victim with hot pokers, needles or other instruments; doing "dental work" without anesthesia; electroshock, paralysis and suffocation, burning digits and working inwards, and other methods. They have very sophisticated medical equipment on hand, and will insert I.V.s and use other methods to prevent dehydration; and will give a variety of medications to either enhance and prolong pain, or to resuscitate the victim.

The toddler is forced to learn to do all of these things, and others. If they hesitate or refuse, the toddler is tortured in the same way they were asked to torture another, until under great pain, they finally agree. The victims they learn on are often homeless adults at first, or traitors; the child is taught that these tortures are what happen to those who betray the Order, or try to leave it.

A favorite form of torture at the monasteries is actual crucifixions; the "traitors" are nailed to crosses, and slowly suffocate and dehydrate over a period of three to four days. The Jesuit classes are marched by at intervals to watch the result; the individuals always lose their bodily control during the first day, and their minds by the second. It is a

terrible sight to see the incoherent screams and begging for mercy by the last day or two, and it makes an unforgettable impression on the young Jesuits in training. They rapidly decide that being a “traitor” is something that they never want to experience.

The toddler is at first awkward with knives, but during early childhood, with instruction by the Jesuit Fathers, they become quite skilled at using a knife for torture and/or slaughter. Important rituals are “practiced” ahead of time to ensure that the children are all able to fulfill their roles without hesitation and perform perfectly. The slightest error is not tolerated in these settings.

F. Anti-Christian Programming

The Jesuit Fathers create innumerable setups to ensure that the young child will learn to hate and fear the real Jesus of Christianity. These setups can include the following:

- The child runs away when very young, because the gates to the monastery are “miraculously” left open. Eager to escape their torture and abuse, they run down the road. There is a house to the right, and in front is a kindly, smiling figure in a white robe who introduces himself as “Jesus.” He invites the child in for a meal and “safety” from the “bad Fathers.” The child accepts the invitation and once inside the house, is locked in and terribly sexually abused and tortured for several days. The child finally “finds” an opportunity to escape and is found by a Father as they run back to the monastery, which is better than what they experienced in the “Mansion with many rooms” that the false “Jesus” lives in.
- When a bit older, the child may be taken to a monastery near the coast of Ireland, where there are numerous caves. While there, they meet a shepherd in a white robe with a flock of sheep; the shepherd has a staff, and introduces himself to the child as Jesus. Others with him are the disciples. “Jesus” ties the child to himself with a rope, and takes the child into different caves, where sexual abuse occurs. The false Jesus and disciples also practice bestiality, torture the child, hit the child with the shepherd’s staff, all the while reciting scriptures about the “Good shepherd and His sheep,” “Let the little children come unto me” (when sexual abuse occurs), “My sheep hear my voice,” (the child is beaten), and other shepherd scriptures, from the “rod and staff comfort me,” to “entering the gate.”
- Theta, or dark spiritual parts, are taught that “Jesus smells.” At some point, the child is taken to the shore of the ocean, where there is a boat filled with very rotten fish. A false “Jesus” who smells like the fish, and his “disciples” grab the child and take them retching out onto the water in the boat, declaring that they are “fishers of men” and will make the child one as well. In the ocean is a rotting corpse which they “fish out.” The memory of the smell will make these parts of the child feel ill for days, and they come to equate Jesus and Christians with this smell. When they come out, they cannot come near the Christian presenters without smelling this foul smell, until the memory is worked through.

- Numerous “Witch Trials” are set up starting during the toddler years, when spiritual parts are brought before a jury of “Christians” who condemn them for witchcraft, and consign them to death by burning at the stake. A Jesuit Father “rescues” the young witch or mage from “death” and the part is left with a deep hatred for Christians.

- Spiritual parts go before a false representation of “God” on his “throne” where they are judged and sent to “hell”. Again, this reinforces hatred for the Christian God in the darker spiritual parts. In these scenarios, “satan” will come and rescue the child from “hell.”

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Amie Martineau's avatar

Amie Martineau 4:09 am on December 27, 2021

Since you yourself were a Jesuit for a time then you probably have seen Althea the tree? And when talking about the beast on the throne, isn't satan a spirit only? you talk as if anyone could just walk into this room and see Satan sitting on the throne... Are these illusions that the children are seeing? this is pretty insane for me to believe... Can we not have a first hand account from you yourself who was in fact a Jesuit? And every jesuit who is an actual Jesuit has undergone this kind of programming/training? I'm trying to understand and I'm trying to not disbelieve you but a tree in some old churches basement that gets daily sacrifices to eat... Who people have heard moaning... Yet has never been talked about or discovered is very hard to believe... And I guess I don't understand the need for all this graphic detail in programming when 99% of the population has never even and will never even undergo something such as this... What is the point in all this over the top detail when you've never even detailed your own childhood abuse and when I say detail I mean extreme detail you have not gone into any of that in anything that you have ever written... Brice Taylor a.k.a. Susan Ford has Cathy Phillips went into great detail about her abuse when she was a child... I just feel like you've written about this for so long and you say you are a born-again Christian so why wouldn't you start writing about Jesus and the love he has and the promise he has because I feel like writing these things about the illuminati just distracts, confuses and takes away from the real reason mankind is on this earth.. I just feel like you have a written and rewritten the same things over and over again and I also feel like you don't have a lot of time left on this earth so what difference does it make? why not spread the

gospel instead of spreading things that a lot of people will never believe anyway? I feel like you don't want to back(or have been silent by your choice) other survivors who have written books.. you may have mentioned survivors in articles that you've written but I feel you never back any of them or give a so-called "shout out" in believing anything these other survivors have said... Now maybe your training and your programming was different but when I wrote you an email a year or so ago telling you that I discovered this "svali is a fraud" website(with quite an abundance of information) you didn't want to defend anything or prove anything and you may not think you need to but some people might and you have put yourself out there for so long some of us may think you owe a little bit of that defending to us... And every time you write something new on your blog it's never never never about the goodness and the truth and the love of Jesus Christ I mean I would think you would WANT to give him a little bit more credit because of where you are today because if it wasn't for him you wouldn't be where you are today according to you? Yet you never speak of him and we are not to be ashamed not that I'm saying you are ashamed but we're to talk of him encourage one another through the gospel and be the salt of the earth which I feel like you have not been doing at all... You have expressed your faith but that's it and I'm becoming profoundly disillusioned and heartbroken from you because every now and then when I go to your blog I would just like to see something positive and uplifting about the Lord who saved your life but it's nothing but torture and programming and bullshit and some stupid tree that's alive in some old town Rome church basement I'm sorry and please forgive me for my harsh criticism but I just think in this day and age we are to be witnessing to the lost souls of this world not rehashing accounts of torture and mind control constantly because that I feel takes away from the importance of who God is and the importance of what our job is as born-again Christian to witness to the lost souls because in the end it's not gonna matter about some tree in the basement that's evil

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Victoria Mortis's avatar

restitsa 8:14 am on January 22, 2022

Trigger Warning! Many Mk Ultra victims come to Russia to their deaths because Russia openly ruled by satanists. Please share this warning — many people believe their corrupted media and come there and be killed.

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Rita's avatar

Rita 1:29 pm on January 24, 2022

Svali dearest. Please know that you are much loved. With all my heart I know you are much loved. I know this because I know I am much loved too. I know I did nothing to earn or deserve that love. It is the mercy and grace of almighty God that brings us out of darkness and into the light. THANK YOU for sharing what you share. It will help people

like me, help others. The battle is for the soul. Truth and light are our shield and buckler. THANK YOU for sharing your truth. God loves when we share the truth– He blesses this. Stay safe my beloved sister. ~Rita

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Tags: [Israel \(2 \)](#), [mind control \(97 \)](#), [ritual abuse \(93 \)](#), [SRA \(73 \)](#), [Vatican \(12 \)](#)

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[Anti-Semitic Training](#)

The Vatican hates the Jewish race, and trains its agents to hate it as well. The earliest

anti-semitic training includes the young toddler being beaten or raped by “Jews” (these are setups to create a deep unconscious hatred). Later, prisoner and guard scenarios, and re-enactment of nazi death camps are done. Throughout these portrayals, being a guard is “good” and comes with privileges and lack of abuse (but the guards must be abusers), while being a prisoner, or “Jew” is considered “bad” and the signal to abuse the prisoner ferociously. Those who show mercy in any form are tortured themselves, and forced to play the role of Jew.

Anti-Israeli Intelligence

The Vatican also plays a very active role in anti-Israeli intelligence, which will be discussed later. During infancy, a cover identity for these agents must be created, and they are placed for a period of time in a kibbutz, as an “orphan.” The orphan will always have a distant family member who at some point takes responsibility for the child (such as an aunt). But there will be a record of the child being placed in the kibbutz for official purposes.

The child’s “aunt” or “relative” will be a programmer who helps the child learn Israeli culture and to assimilate. They will travel frequently out of the country during the child’s early years, due to the relative’s role as a “consultant” on business travels. In reality, the child will be taken back to the monastery between these visits to Israel which are for the sole purpose of creating their later cover identity as a Sabra.

Sexual Training

The infant raised by the Jesuits never knows life without sexual abuse. The Fathers are pedophiles of the worst kind, and they continuously abuse the infants in their care, in part to create spiritual ties, but other times simply to fulfill their lusts.

During toddlerhood, the child will undergo specific sexual training, by specialists in this area, to help them “work” the parties of the wealthy and depraved. These very wealthy individuals have specialized sexual preferences, and prefer toddlers and young child who can perform them, including ménage a trois or quatre, and other acts. Because infants and young children are often “snuffed out” at these parties, the child is given a large, easily recognizable tattoo to save their life (the sign basically is a “do not kill” one, that lets the wealthy partiers know that the child belongs to a powerful patron who is simply lending him or her out for the night).

During these drunken orgies, the child is also quietly gathering information that the wealthy and powerful in Europe or other countries carelessly let drop during the party. Few members of the wealthiest families in the world realize that the children serving their sexual needs at these parties are actually trained agents whose real goal is to discover weaknesses that can be used by the Vatican to gain control of them; or to discover the real thoughts and motives of those who already serve them.

Helping the Survivor

Early in therapy, the survivor will appear to have no problem with prayer, talking to the Lord, and quickly hearing His voice; they may even appear to have strong prophetic gifts since these were heavily utilized by the cult (in divination and oracle roles). But as they begin to realize and undo the punisher and anti-Christian programming, they will begin to understand the amount of deception and listening to false spirits that they did, all the while believing they were praying to the Lord.

This can cause deep spiritual anguish, and the survivor may even fear praying for a period, seeking to address their prayers only to the “correct” deity and fearing they are instead talking to the “wrong one.” They may address this problem by using a pre-defined prayer, or a different name than they have for “God” and “Jesus” internally (the prayer in the Prayer Warrior book by CARE is a good one to help with this).

Eventually, as they recover the memories and undo the programming, they will understand that the LORD hears their heart’s cry to address only Him. They may for a period be less able to “hear” from Him than formerly, since they are choosing to give up all demonic and false feeds into their mind, and to only hear from the LORD. This is where discipleship by a mature Christian can help enormously. The more experienced Christian can help the survivor learn to discern what is truly the Lord’s voice, and what is programming or demonic.

This is why it is so important for the survivor to be well-grounded in scripture, and to be willing to search the scriptures for the truth, as well as discuss what falsehoods they were taught. Internal parts may come out initially very hostile towards God or Jesus, but this is simply because their last experience with who they believe they are was very traumatic, or they felt abandoned by God. Part of healing is working through the setups, and understanding that the God of the Bible is not at all like the actors and false representations the survivor was shown.

The survivor’s back parts will all have undergone extensive setups and “proofs” that God is “weaker” than Satan, so asking them initially to put their full trust in the LORD may seem foolish (or suicidal) to them. Gradually, with trust and the survivor watching the authority of true Christianity (and often testing it spiritually themselves through warfare), these parts will come to acknowledge that the LORD truly is the one true God, and will be willing to give up their demonic attachments and “helpers” (which are actually demonic parasites).

Once the survivor’s parts stop calling on the demonic, the LORD can actually allow them to experience the blessings of obedience as outlined in Deuteronomy 28:1-11.

“Now it shall come to pass, if you diligently obey the voice of the Lord your God, to observe carefully all His commandments which I command you today, that the Lord your God will set you high above all nations of the earth. 2 And all these blessings shall come upon you and overtake you, because you obey the voice of the Lord your God:

3 “Blessed shall you be in the city, and blessed shall you be in the country.

4 “Blessed shall be the fruit of your body, the produce of your ground and the increase of your herds, the increase of your cattle and the offspring of your flocks.

5 “Blessed shall be your basket and your kneading bowl.

6 “Blessed shall you be when you come in, and blessed shall you be when you go out.

7 “The Lord will cause your enemies who rise against you to be defeated before your face; they shall come out against you one way and flee before you seven ways.

8 “The Lord will command the blessing on you in your storehouses and in all to which you set your hand, and He will bless you in the land which the Lord your God is giving you.

9 “The Lord will establish you as a holy people to Himself, just as He has sworn to you, if you keep the commandments of the Lord your God and walk in His ways. 10 Then all peoples of the earth shall see that you are called by the name of the Lord, and they shall be afraid of you. 11 And the Lord will grant you plenty of goods, in the fruit of your body, in the increase of your livestock, and in the produce of your ground, in the land of which the Lord swore to your fathers to give you.”

These are wonderful blessings indeed, and as the survivor chooses to stop calling on the demonic, and breaks the rights given away to such beings in early childhood, they will begin to experience them to an increasing degree. Often, at first, the survivor will feel upset: they have given up everything to break free, they have left family, friends, loved ones, and are undergoing great suffering. They will wonder why; what they may not be aware of is that there may be spiritual parts that they are not yet co-conscious with who may be actually cursing or sabotaging the survivor and their helpers.

As time passes, if the survivor does not recontact and stays safe, these parts will stop doing their old jobs once they realize that they have a better option: to put their faith in Yeshua, and come under His protection and blessing.

G. Early Childhood Training (Ages 3 to 6)

Theta Training

By age three, a child raised by the Jesuits will have significant theta skills. The Jesuit Fathers will often “spiritually rape” the children by demonic help, causing the child to feel raped even though they were not physically touched (and the Father will feel great lust or pleasure in the practice).

In order to defend themselves, the child will also learn these skills and to “rape” others spiritually.

The children also learn to influence the thoughts of others, and it is not unusual to have a group of older children cause younger children to blurt out inappropriate remarks at meal times, using these skills (causing great laughter at the expense of the victimized child).

The children must also learn to defend themselves from the attacks of their peers; this is encouraged, since it causes the children to utilize their theta capabilities and strengthen them.

Leadership Training

By this time, certain children will also be placed as “class leaders” over their class of 12. This leadership is a difficult position to hold, since the other children, who will have been taught to be very competitive, will attempt to take over leadership by harming or even attempting to kill the class leader. Class leaders spend many wakeful nights due to their knowledge of the disgruntled feelings of the others they lead.

Presentation Training

At age three, the child will also be placed within several host families around the world, since the Jesuits are an international society. The child may grow up with anywhere from four to seven families in different countries, and will spend several weeks, or even a month or two each year, with each family during the next 20 years. School photos are taken, and a cover identity created in the countries which they anticipate the child will be working for them as they grow older into adulthood. The families will be given photos of the child (or a look-alike) in infancy for photo albums.

These host families will have programming to prevent the child and the host parents from bonding with each other, since the child must always maintain their primary bond with the Jesuit fathers. The true host and core will always only be allowed to bond with the Jesuits.

An example of host families could be one in Germany, one in France, one in Amsterdam, one in the United States, and even one in Israel. Since the Jesuits hate Israel, and a focus of their intelligence efforts is infiltration of Israeli national security, they will attempt as often as possible to place a child within Israel with a trainer who acts as their “aunt” or “uncle.” The child rotates between these host families and thus learns to rotate between presentations based upon their current living situation. The child has already learned to never speak any language but that of the host family (on pain of severe punishment), and has already undergone numerous experiences prior to going to a host family to teach them to not bond with anyone except the fathers.

Detachment Training

For example, at age two, the child will be allowed to interact with and bond with a loving

woman, who acts as a mother surrogate to the child who is hungry for nurturing by a woman. After several weeks of loving interactions, at some point, the woman will turn around and begin severely abusing the child, such as by pushing them down stairs, sexually abusing them, or other abuse, laughing at the child's display of pain at the emotional betrayal. The child must learn the lesson to never trust anyone, or to bond with anyone other than the fathers, or they will be killed.

The host families will also be programmed to reject the child, and/or abuse the child, to ensure that the child does not create a bond that is too strong. The primary Jesuit bond will always be an unconscious one, that the Christian and cult cover presentations are completely amnesic to: a primary Jesuit Father whom they love greatly, since this is the only person they were allowed to love during their early childhood.

MI6 Training

Once the host presentations are in place, the child (by age 3 ½) will undergo training at MI6. MI6 has a special area (known as "Colonel Green's House" after Colonel Green, the founder of MI6) where young children undergo specialized assassin and military training. Again, the child goes there with their class, and is assigned a number. Instead of being called by name, they will be called "42" or a similar number during training and learn to respond to this.

MI6 reserves the Green House for the Jesuits at specific times, and the trainers during this time are all Jesuit trainers that work for MI6. The child will perfect previous skills in using a gun; their delta computer system will be put into place, and their ability to classify intelligence, and store it based upon its classification will be perfected during this time. The ability to use a photographic visual and auditory memory, and download to handlers information obtained while on a mission, is also perfected.

They will perfect basic skills of all operatives, such as following a target, dropping a tail, and blending in inconspicuously in a group.

The terrible punishments used at MI6 (such as the room with walls that move inwards, or the multi-faceted crystal ball in a room with mirrors used when the child is drugged, or the specialized computer system that is used for delta installation) are all used on the child. By the time the child has completed the 3-month training course (which is updated as they grow older), they will have a firm base in military special operations. By age 12, the child will have developed enough skillsets that they will be classified as a military weapon.

Delta Computer Training

Delta training is extensive enough to give it special mention. During delta training, the child will be hooked up to a computer, which it will be taught to emulate while in delta state. The computer speaks with a synthetic, very robotic voice, and the child will do the same. The delta training will encompass high and low delta states, and the child will be

taught to classify all cognitive thoughts and experiences according to security levels. Low security levels can be retained as conscious thought; any information classified as mid to high security will be “access denied” to conscious presentation thought, and stored within the deeper delta states of the brain.

The delta computer system will have a ground zero state, with delta controllers and introjected trainers “manning” the computer systems. At ground zero, primary traumas and death state programming are installed, to prevent dismantling of the computer system and to keep the child invested in protecting high-security information.

Theta Controller Training

As the child reaches late preschool and early school age, they will undergo Galileo training (training in remote viewing, mind reading and thought influencing), in order to provide the Jesuits with access to buildings and conversations they would otherwise be unable to reach. During a mission, a child will be asked, for example, to go into an office building, and “read” classified or private documents during the night hours and then share what they have read with their handlers.

The child will also have the ability to introject themselves and images or thoughts into other people’s dream states. In fact, part of theta assassin training is learning to have the subject dream of their own death. The head theta controller (such as Nemesis) will oversee the others, including Phobos (fear); Thantos (death) and Chaos (insanity). Theta training is aimed at teaching the child to induce each of these states in others using demonic powers developed.

Theta Assassin Training

Jesuits very frequently induce death in those that cross them. If a child is sent on a mission, they will have sexual relations with the “mark.” At a later time (often days later), the child will be sent back spiritually with a mentor back to the mark, to cause their death while sleeping. This will often begin with a terrifying dream of the individual’s death, and many have literally died of fright due to these terrible dreams.

When the Black Pope is “retired” he is actually surrounded by a group of Jesuits, trained in this way, who kill him using theta powers. The new Black Pope always participates in this. Jesuit Fathers who are removed from a position due to betrayal (such as embezzling funds) will also be “retired” in this way.

The Black Pope in Rome has a theta guard composed of Jesuits who have completed their theta training (these guards can range in age from 12 years old to 32). The three guards sit in front of his office, as a warning to any intruders. They and other theta guards stationed throughout the Vatican give immediate notice if an outsider without authorization has entered the Vatican. This includes occultic practitioners who “fly” past the Vatican; these individuals are hunted down in the spirit by the theta guards, and first warned, and later even killed, for trespassing. In the occultic realm, the Vatican is

considered a true “no fly” zone for those who travel spiritually.

The Swiss Guard is composed of young Jesuits who have completed their military and theta training, and act as an additional layer of protection.

The newer generations of thetas have highly developed “kill” training in the spiritual realm developed from the first weeks of life in the womb on, and are often mentored by groups of very skilled theta trainers to prevent the children from turning on the trainers and killing them. These newer thetas have poorly developed presentations, and must often live very protected lives away from the public eye.

Secrecy/Amnesia Training

Some of the most important training the preschooler undergoes is secrecy training. The child has bonded heavily to and wants to protect the Jesuit fathers, and so they are told: “If you betray us, we could be killed. The only way to not betray us is to not remember.” The child willingly agrees to amnesia, in order to protect the people they love most.

In other secrecy setups, a child will complete a setup “mission” and later is asked if they remembered what happened. If the child answers “Yes” a gun is placed to their head, and they are told that if they remember, the Father must kill them. They are asked again if they remember (presenters are asked); until the child is either completely amnesic, or is killed (the Jesuits do not allow children who have any memory traces to live; the gun threat is very real).

Another setup is “remember the flowers”: the child is taken to a garden at the monastery where he/she has spent times chatting with their favorite Father in the past. There is a water pool in the middle of the garden, and during this setup, it is filled with corpses of children the same age as the young child (ages 2 or 3). The Father cuts a flower, gives it to the child and tells the child to “remember the flowers” (i.e. the dead children who remembered and told others).

There are many, many examples of such secrecy setups, from being buried alive for a day, and the child being told that they will be buried forever if they ever tell (the child is also forced to watch the burial of a child who “told” and several days later help exhume the corpse, as a visual reminder of what can happen); to being buried in a casket filled with bugs, a rotten corpse, or other objects.

The child may be placed in a box with bees that sting them (after going through several weeks of anti-venom therapy previously) as a reminder that “memories hurt.”

They are also forced to view the deaths of “traitors” who betrayed the fathers, including crucifixions (the class is marched every three hours past the three crosses for three days to watch the effect on the dying men); and the torture of others who remembered and “told.”

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Alice in Wonderland Programming

By age five, the child will be taken to a large estate in France for Alice in Wonderland programming. This is an elaborate setup, and occurs over the period of a week. The child enters through rooms that reinforce previous training (“control the children: is recorded and replayed, with pictures of dead children displayed on the walls of the room; mirrors, “remember the flowers” and other triggers). They then enter a “backward world” where everything is backwards (much like the third dimension; this prepares the child for this travel). Alice (representing the presentation main controller who is heavily demonized) guides the child through backwards houses, where people walk and talk backwards (a common cause of childhood dyslexia is the confusion this creates).

They are then taken to a setup street where things are not backwards, but “crooked” or off slightly, which is even more disorienting. The child must walk with Alice through houses where things are insanely wrong, where people talk nonsense, and the floors and roofs may be upside down, to teach the child not to trust reality.

Alice then brings the child at last to a place where they see the white rabbit, and follow him “down the hole” (representing amnesia) to a room where the presentation stays behind, watching a movie (screen memories); the back parts then take the child’s body through the rest of the setup. They enter a garden with animated/demonic flowers that at first talk kindly to the child, but later turn on the child and attack them. Wasps come and sting the child, and the large caterpillar (the guardian of the garden) tells the child what to do, and how to escape.

The child then enters a huge maze created from hedges. Soon, they are pursued by the

“Jabberwocky” (a demonic presence), and must rely upon their theta skills to run and escape, and even leave the body and fly away. The white rabbit and Alice lead the child to safety, but at times will try to “trick” the child until the child learns to rely on themselves instead of these capricious demonic “helpers.”

The child sleeps outdoors, trying to get out of the hedge, and runs across the queen of hearts and her court playing croquet (with the severed heads of human children used as the balls). The queen becomes very interested in using the child’s head (the child is constantly called “Alice” throughout the setup, to represent the presentations, since Alice in Wonderland is ultimately presentation programming to remain amnesic and rely on demonic help to do so).

The demonic “Alice” and cheshire cat help “rescue” the child, who then goes through the “valley of the shadow of death.” In the middle is a cottage; it is now nighttime, and the weary child knocks at the door, to be greeted by a kindly woman. The child is fed, sleeps, and is warned to avoid the Jabberwocky, which seeks to kill the child.

During the night, the kindly woman gets up. The child is awake, vomiting from the effects of a mild poison they were given in the food. The woman calls in her familiars (wolves) and tries to kill the child, who cries out for help to “Alice” and the “Cheshire Cat” to rescue her. A mage also comes and helps rescue the child, who continues the journey, meeting other characters. Finally, the child ends up at the palace of the Queen of Hearts, who demands a sacrifice (the child was already told that the last child to complete the Alice scenarios will be her sacrifice). The children who live watch the final child come in and be sacrificed in a ritual. This reminds them to never be slow or tardy when coming to a “party” (ritual). The “parties” in the Alice in Wonderland books are always referring to rituals.

Crazy Alice Programming

A subset of the Alice in Wonderland (presenter) programming is the “Crazy Alice” programming, which is meant to warn the Alice controller over the presentation to never allow memories to come up, or they will be labeled “insane” and extreme abuse will occur. This is often the root of insanity fears when a person first starts remembering their past.

In this setup (also in France), the child (now called “Alice”) is taken to a mental institution where the inmates are chained, and who rant, rave and curse at her. She is left there for days, with her only food being rancid water and rotten cabbage. The inmates hurl feces at her, verbally abuse her, and the custodians sexually abuse her while she is chained to the wall because of her “insanity” (remembering).

Because she is “sick”, and “mentally ill” Alice is taken regularly down to the basement for “treatment” which consists of electroshocks, drowning, and being held over a rat pit filled with hungry rats that are allowed to bite her feet and ankles. The child is told repeatedly that “remembering” or “telling” will have her labeled “crazy” and that she will

be taken to the institution, or one similar, for “treatment.” This is part of developing the presenter amnesia and vows to never remember (or seek treatment).

Wizard of Oz Programming

This programming is also often done first during the preschool years, when the child can most easily internalize the program. The dark core (“Dorothy”) is taken to another dimension, with her goal always to return to the Emerald City (representing ascension and the celestial paradise). The programming represents travel through the dimensions, the dangers involved, and the rewards for “ascending.”

The goal of Wizard of Oz programming is to remind the child that they must always contact, or return home; and to create great fear of remembering (or, they will be placed in a coma and never wake up, unlike Dorothy in Oz, who woke up from “death” only after “returning home.”

Fantasia Programming

Walt Disney was an avowed Illuminist, and his goal when creating Disney productions was to introduce the general public to the occult, especially young children, and to reinforce programming in those raised in the occult.

For instance, animals often “talk” in Disney films, and people can turn into animals, which are actually mage spells. The images are often dark and demonic in the animated movies, and have become increasingly so in recent years.

Disney’s favorite film was Fantasia, in which he took classical music that was used to program young children with, and developed highly occultic themes in the cartoons that accompany it. To the untrained eye, Fantasia seems a bit odd; but the individual in the occult understands that the themes of a mage in training (“the sorcerer’s assistant) who must turn to his more powerful mentor for help, and the Greek pantheon (in the famous rain sequence), mythology and even the depiction of an occultic ritual and then the famous strains of ave maria (a Jesuit programming tune) end the film.

Fantasia is blatant occultic imagery throughout, and was used extensively in the 1950s through 1970s to program individuals with. It was superseded in recent years by movies such as the Matrix, which depicts high-level programming, Labyrinth, and others.

Helping the Survivor

Because of the early and repeated childhood betrayals, and the fact that the true host and core and core splits will not present early in therapy, the survivor will be very untrusting, and unable to bond normally with, anyone who tries to help them. The most common presentation is “detached”, since the parts that can attach are hidden very deeply within and are reserved for the Jesuit Fathers only.

While the survivor will not at first present as “needy”, the attachment needs are still there, and will drive recontact programming unless the survivor can learn to form healthy, safe attachments. This will be the challenge for both the survivor, and their helpers, since the wounded, angry parts within will often test those they do bond with again and again, once they feel safe within the relationship.

Theta and spiritual attacks are difficult to bear for helpers, but the survivor will be completely unaware that they are occurring. Gently asking, or even confronting, the survivor with what is happening can help. They will need to learn to pray, and ask inside, to find out what is happening with the parts that they are not co-conscious with yet.

Once co-consciousness is established, and the parts come to Christ and the demonic is renounced, the warfare will usually diminish, much to the relief of the survivor and their helpers.

It will take all of the emotional resources the survivor has, as well as outside support, and a strong walk with Yeshua, to face the original attachment pains, that will go throughout early childhood, infancy and prenatally. This is when praying in the spirit, scripture study, journaling and talking with safe support can help tremendously as the survivor grieves the past, and begins to build a life based upon a new foundation.

Often, Jesuit survivors have never known, or have had very limited contact with, anyone outside of the cult setting until they make the choice to break free. They are literally surrounded from conception on by members of the Order, with their life’s work, friendships, host families and marriages all mapped out early on. Their close friends will all be members; their spouses are always members, since they arrange the marriages; and their families are also Jesuits or members of one of the 12 societies.

The jobs they have held will often be at “cult” corporations, with bosses and peers all members. Nothing in the survivor’s environment was “left to chance” which is why breaking free is truly a miracle. The person who helps the survivor will often be their first non-Jesuit friend, and it will take time for them to learn to interact in “normal” or non-cult ways.

They will grieve tremendously at giving up their relationships with friends, family, mentors and the Fathers, in spite of the abuse, since this is the only “love” they have ever experienced, and this “love” (trauma bonding) allowed them to psychologically survive childhood. As terrible as the Jesuit Fathers were, they were the only consistent emotional bonds the child was allowed, and so the bonding is strong indeed, as well as the desire to “protect” these loved ones through either loyalty, or amnesia, or both.

The survivor who fears facing their past is one who fears betraying those they love; they are often “held hostage” through the group’s control of or threatening to harm someone they love, whether a child, a mentee, a cult twin, or another relationship. To break free, the survivor must be shown, and truly believe, that only the LORD can rescue and keep

safe these loved ones.

They must also be willing to count the cost of getting out, which is very high: no contact at all with former family, friends or loved ones, since they will all have been programmed to access the survivor. Few are willing to pay this price for freedom, and it is often the unconscious (unknown) love bonds that draw the survivor back in.

It can help the survivor to understand the true cost of discipleship:

Luke 14:26

“If anyone comes to Me and does not hate his father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters, yes, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple.

Even more helpful is the LORD’s promise of blessing to those that do choose to pay this price:

Matt. 19:29

And everyone who has left houses or brothers or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or lands, for My name’s sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and inherit eternal life

It can help the survivor who grieves the loss of every love relationship they have ever known, to understand that by coming into God’s kingdom, they have actually gained a whole new, safe family:

Mark 3:34, 35

And He looked around in a circle at those who sat about Him, and said, “Here are My mother and My brothers. For whoever does the will of God is My brother and My sister and mother.”

It is a blessing to know that Yeshua calls the survivor who gets out His brother or sister; and to know that they inherit eternal life.

H. Middle Childhood: Ages 5 – 11

Mage Training

All Jesuits undergo mage training. Mages are considered the “top” of the occultic hierarchy, over witches, wizards and other levels of occultism. They are adept scholars, and study the ancient Babylonian manuscripts (which describe the first contacts between man and the “gods” or “ascended masters” which are actually demonic entities), as well as the Egyptian, Roman and druidic writings.

The oldest manuscripts are considered the most reliable. A young mage is forced to memorize the oral histories and spells contained in these texts. They learn to use books that demonically “come alive” and show scenes when certain spells are cast (much more entertaining than a normal picture book to a 5-year-old). With the help of a mentor, they learn the original names of the animals, in order to call them to themselves, practicing standing in the woods and calling rabbits, deer, birds and other normally shy creatures.

They learn to take the form of an animal, often a bird, or a predator such as a wolf. While this sounds impossible, mages do these things demonically. The focus of mage craft is power and control. The young mage learns to battle in power battles, with the help of demonic forces. While young, their spiritual shielding appears red; then they progress to green, then blue, and the most powerful mages have a bright blue-white emanation, signifying extreme demonic 'protection.' The child travels to the fourth dimension, which is filled with ziggurats, and engages in power battles at first beside their mentor (who protects them from being killed by malicious older mages), and then, as they grow in power, they learn to battle alone.

Mages often "pick battles" with other mages upon meeting them, to determine who is "stronger." There is a constant positioning for power among these occultists, who have extreme pride.

The mages also learn spells for creating a light; and later, spells and curses to cause illness, death, and the cloak of invisibility, among others. Early in their training, the Fathers help the young (3-year-old) mage conduct rituals and sacrifices; later in their training, the mage does their own, or orders others to conduct them, in order to gain power. The greater the sacrifice, the greater the power, according to mage thinking.

The highest level of mage is the ascended master. This is a mage who has undergone death themselves many times, willingly, in order to ascend to the highest dimension and "learn" from the other ascended masters. This is considered the highest level attainable in the occult world.

Coming of Age Ceremony

When a Jesuit is 12 years old, they undergo their coming of age ceremony, at which time they become a full Jesuit. This ceremony is held at the Vatican for the top classes, and is done every year, as new classes "graduate." The inner courts of the Vatican are cleared, and golden poles are erected throughout it. The public is not allowed near the Vatican for the week before or after this ceremony, and since there is always a "no fly" rule for aircraft at all times, the ceremony is highly secretive.

The first part involves going to Satan's Throne at the heart of the Vatican, giving a sacrifice on the black altar there, descending to Satan's throne in the spiritual realm, and being given a name by Satan himself.

A few days later, the other, more horrific ceremony occurs. Top leadership from all 12 occultic societies that serve the Vatican travel to Rome, and sit in the small coliseum in a designated area under their banner. There are banners representing the Order of the Knights Templar, The Order of the Knights of Malta, Opus Dei, Magnificat, The Order of the Rosy Cross, Trinity, the Illuminati, and the other occultic societies that are actually arms of the Vatican around the world. It is considered a great honor to be invited to this ceremony.

The Jesuit class comes out. On 1000 golden poles in the arena are tied infants, toddlers and young children, and one by one, the Jesuit trainees must slaughter them. Around the arena are golden bowls which they use to catch the blood from each victim, which is then offered to Satan. There are also golden bowls filled with wine, which the Jesuit trainees drink from when they are thirsty or emotionally overcome by the horror of what they are doing.

At the end of this ritual (called “the slaughter of the innocents”) the trainee is considered an ascended master and a full Jesuit father. From then on, they are referred to as “Father” by others, and they take off the brown robe of the acolyte and don the black robe of the full Jesuit. Due to the terrible nature of the ritual, some falter and cannot continue; they are killed by the other trainees as instructed. Most of these new Fathers undergo a period of collapse after the ceremony; they are never the same again.

This ritual is the culmination of a lifetime of training in how to slaughter others. By this time, the new Jesuit Father has slaughtered literally thousands over the course of their childhood, including assassinations and rituals participated in. The design of this type of bloodguiltiness is to create a type of insanity and the desire to never remember, which feeds the dissociation. The individual will experience a huge amount of guilt, and believe that God can never forgive them for the innocent lives they took.

Helping the Survivor

The ritual described above creates a demonic stronghold; the new Jesuit truly believes they are unforgiveable by the Christian God (after all, they took the lives of innocents), and so they embrace Satan himself, who welcomes them in this deed and even gives them honor and a high position in his army for doing it.

It takes considerable time, prayer and replacing these lies with scripture and truth to overcome the lifelong effects of participating in this ceremony. The Jesuit leaving the Order will need to hear, and believe, again and again that the Lord can forgive them for this bloodshed.

This is when sharing scriptures about forgiveness can be a lifeline, since the survivor may initially feel deep shame, and even suicidal, when the memory first comes. They may fear they are going insane (from the weight of the guilt), and will need significant emotional support to process this trauma.

This is not the time to emotionally abandon the survivor. If the therapist is going out of town, there needs to be accountability and prayer support present, and reassurance that they are forgiven (they will ask over and over again, “Can God really forgive THIS?” They will need to seek this answer from the Lord, and hear it from Him to truly believe the truth, but initially may need to hear that they are forgiven from a Christian who can represent the love of Jesus to them in the midst of their guilt and pain.

Over time, they will come to an understanding that they are forgiven, and will feel immense gratitude. It takes patience, but the Lord is faithful to show His mercy for those

that have survived this type of trauma – the trauma of inflicting death upon thousands.

Computer Training

The Vatican has trained its operatives since the early 1960s in the use of computers, and the equipment they have available is 50 years more advanced than that used by the general public. They have classrooms within the Vatican that the children go to for training in the different areas that they will be active in. This includes extensive training in all computer languages, and “hacker” training in order to get past firewalls and access information.

They are also trained in bookkeeping, accounting, and business systems, since the Vatican especially likes to keep itself informed about the financial operations of the organizations it works with, and who work for it. The child will spend many hours on a computer, and will learn every method of downloading and sending on information that is requested.

Political Training

By age 8, the child will undergo political and diplomacy training. The child will accompany their mentor to dinners hosted by powerful political figures, and they will later be asked information, such as “who was the most important person at the dinner? How do you tell? What was the most important information shared during the dinner? Why?”

The child is taught to be charming, and to engage in conversation individuals from any walk of life; and how to gather information without the person they are conversing with being aware of this fact. They are also taught how to “listen in” on other conversations while engaged in conversation themselves.

They may undergo specialized training for placement in a politically prominent position; or they may learn how to engage politically prominent individuals, get close to them, and fulfill their mission regarding them.

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Rita's avatar

Rita 5:36 pm on June 12, 2022

How many are in a typical graduating class of Mages? How long does the graduation ritual/ceremony typically take to complete?

Thanks for all that you share. Everywhere I go on the internet (in search of how to help survivors) EVERYONE is SO grateful that you share what you know. You are a wonderful, faithful servant of the Lamb of God. Also, I'm always relieved when you post something new, something that sounds like it's authentically you.

Regarding the issues of clones, and twinning, have you written anything about that? If not, would you consider it? I see influencers every day that no longer look like they did in the past, sound like the did in the past, or speak the same lines of reasoning and truth that they did in the past. I understand that all opposition is controlled but at the same time it seems like some people go off script, or off programming. Jordan Peterson is an example. He was a brilliant speaker, teaching independent critical thinking, and individual responsibility vs the hive mind. I don't think that was helping the New Age higher ups bring all people into submission. Peterson was truly helping millions of people, especially young people. Something has happened to him. I know he had a breakdown— but did he? Or did he go in and get cloned/ or tuned up? Perhaps this issue is unrelated to helping survivors, and is more oriented towards helping the general population that is so- so- so deceived. Perhaps I shouldn't be bring it up, but if anyone would know— you would.

I understand if you edit out any of this, or delete it completely. I appreciate you no matter your response, or non-response.

Thanks again for all you do. Much Love always.

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 10:44 pm on June 16, 2022

Hi, the mage training is only one of several subjects that children in the group I was in studied; they also studied many other things as well over the years. The training takes years. The graduation ceremony is over several days, since it also includes the other areas studied being celebrated within the group. A typical cohort is 12 in a class, with several classes graduating each year.

I have discussed clones and twins under the genetic labs, where they create clones and twins (same thing, basically, since it creates an infant with identical DNA). In the group I was in, we actually had triplet sets of one girl and two boys, or two girls and one boy. This allows the triplets to “fill in” for one another in their various presentations, and the bonds are very intense between them.

Like

Pingback: Satan controls the Vatican. – Brutal Proof

Corrie's avatar

Corrie 5:31 pm on January 5, 2025

Thanks Svali. From your experience, can a human being be as evil or even more evil than the demonic? I know anyone can get saved by the grace of God.

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 1:30 am on January 6, 2025

Corrie, I believe that humans can be influenced or pushed towards evil by the demonic; but I do not think they can be more evil than the demonic.

Like

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 7:56 pm on September 8, 2022

Tags: [Christian \(34 \)](#), [dissociation \(49 \)](#), [healing \(62 \)](#), [Jesuit \(18 \)](#), [mind control \(97 \)](#), [programming \(86 \)](#), [ritual abuse \(93 \)](#), [SRA \(73 \)](#), [Vatican \(12 \)](#)

[Vatican Book Part 11 \(final section\)](#)

Note: please be aware that this post mentions programming methods, and Christianity

Recontact Programming

The Jesuit Order has difficult recontact programming to break. This is why very few members of this organization attempt to leave. The recontact programming is based upon two main bases:

The use of infant attachment bonds, and the use of extreme (severe) pain and punishment methods should recontact fail. This is in addition to internal and external reprogramming if these first two fail.

Attachment and Loyalty Bonds

As mentioned previously, the Fathers bond the infant very early on, beginning in the womb when the birthmother rejects the fetus and the fetus comes to believe that the Fathers are the only source of love. This continues in infancy, with the infant being left in a completely dark room, and then “rescued” by the primary Father who gives the infant a bottle, among many other scenarios. The infant, over the course of the first year of life, bonds very heavily to their primary Father, and to Satan himself.

The child becomes extremely loyal to the Fathers, and it literally breaks their heart to think of being taken away. Numerous setups are done during early childhood, of the child being “kidnapped” and later “rescued” by the Fathers, and also of the child being taken away by “traitors” who torture and punish the child, who later escapes to the Fathers. These and dozens of other scenarios are used to reinforce the belief that the child can only be loved, and have their emotional needs met, by the Jesuit Fathers.

The Fathers are the only source of love and bonding the child is allowed to have, since throughout early childhood, all other bonds end up in either betrayal or death. The child

literally learns to trust no one other than the Fathers.

Hell Programming

As the child grows older, the recontact program is tied to the internal hell. Recontacting the Fathers is considered a Prime Directive for the system, and failure to comply results in the belief that the system will descend into hell.

The presentation will have no idea that this is occurring. They will feel restless, driven, or even hyperactive when the program is running, or may battle tremendous guilt and depression, without knowing why. The programs run unconsciously, and therefore are difficult to identify until enough healing has occurred that the survivor can work with different brain states inside.

Hell programming has nine levels (much like Dante's inferno). The first three levels will be on one level, the second three on a lower level, with three more at the lowest level, and beneath them all is the abyss (utter darkness). Each level of hell is tied to a prime trauma, as described above.

The first level of hell has individuals chained to poles; demons come and flagellate the victims with whips that have sharp rocks or points attached to them. Since infancy, the young child was taken to "hell" at night to "punish" them for "sins", and so they have extensively internalized this punishment system. The controllers/guardians for this level originally were punished, then learned to punish others, in this same way, including flogging children and adults to death. They will hold the belief that what they are doing is "right" and that sinners "deserve" punishment, until healing comes and the demonic attachments and rights are broken internally.

The second level of hell involves individuals being chained to stakes and burned alive. Charon is the controller/guardian over this level, and as described above, believe that what he is doing is "right" and that sinners "deserve death," until this part comes to Jesus and has healing. The presentation will undergo great grieving as these brutal punishers share their experiences, both as an infant, undergoing punishment, and later, as a punisher.

The third level of hell involves a chamber filled with bees that swarm upon individuals and sting them to death. Karydis is the controller for this level, and will have learned to take small children and adults to "hell" where they are swarmed and stung. The controller will have undergone this experience in infancy, first with painful bee stings; then in early childhood, being given anti-venom before being placed where bees would swarm and sting them. The child will have seen traitors tied to poles and stung to death, and will remember these traumatic memories. These memories are reinforced with virtual reality, which recreates the buzzing and the swarming and stinging.

The fourth level of hell involves rats that come and eat at the parts that are trapped there, tied to poles; or the rats will swarm around the parts and chew.

The fifth level of hell involves bugs that bite those within the chamber.

The other levels of hell include crushing, dropping and being torn apart demonically. The deepest level (just above the core) is the abyss, where utter darkness (the primal fear of abandonment described in infant programming) sits.

In addition to “hell,” leadership in the Jesuit Order is often also chained with what is known as “9 by 9” programming, or one of its variations, which is layered on top of the hell programming.

7 By 7 Programming

7 by 7 involves seven different types of internal pain being placed in through the use of tesla wave and microbursts, as well as ELF and EHF waves. The child is placed within a machine that reads their brainwave activity, creates a specific brain map, and begins entrainment of the brain (over several sessions lasting from 6 to 10 hours, normally, over a period of months with regular reinforcement over the years).

The machine plays harmonic tones that the child has been taught since infancy to “follow” and enter into different brain wave states. As it does so, in one sequence, the brain is taught to rapidly drop brain wave states from high gamma to low delta/death state in less than a second. This causes extreme pain, and even seizure activity. The drops are entrained in over a period of time, with intervals between drops that can last from 4 to 10 seconds, depending upon the person’s recovery rate and pain tolerance. The individual’s infants are put through this sequence, which creates a “startle” reaction and the resulting infant terror.

Another sequence entrained in is a constant oscillating wave form with high-frequency waves that causes headache, extreme heat, and alternating bursts of pain at the limbic level.

Another sequence uses tesla waves, which cause extreme pain throughout the entire nervous system, in synchronized bursts (the sensation is similar to being stung by bees in every nerve at one time).

Another sequence causes a crescendo and decrescendo pounding within the brain, caused by increased intracranial pressure and heating, due to entrainment where microwave bursts hit the brain stem (through the auditory canal).

Another causes the sensation of a hammer pounding within the brain, at 4 to 6 -second intervals (“Vulcan’s Hammer”).

Another sequence is intermittent death: the heart stops and restarts.

When the individual attempts to leave, and stops first physical and then spiritual contact

with the Fathers, these sequences are meant to cause the system to “implode” and cause either death or shattering of all systems. The longer the individual goes without contact, the higher the level of pain: there are seven different sequences, each with levels one through seven of pain (hence, the name, “seven by seven”). At peak, all seven programs are running at level seven, which normally results in the heart stopping, and/or core shattering.

The Jesuits consider this program completely unbreakable, since the suicide and psychosis rate for those who try to break it is extremely high. It takes a lengthy amount of time, safety, and significant support to break this, as well as extensive prayer, since the gradual buildup to core shatter level is meant to force the systems to recontact in order to avoid system death.

Experimental Programming

The Jesuits also engage in extensive experimental programming (Protocol I – V programs), which are used for expendable individuals. Protocol V is the classification for endpoint (physical or neurological death as the ultimate result) of the programs. They involve different forms of torture, and the use of new technologies to see the effects on individuals.

The West Coast of the United States has one of the largest experimental theta programming labs in the world; the other four are in Beijing, China (where infants are brought to the center by local contacts), in Russia, in the Ukraine and in East Berlin, Germany. There are other smaller centers that also perform experiments and collect data, including many universities and institutes around the world.

Helping the Survivor

Because of the high level of occultic training that Jesuits undergo, they will experience significant resistance at first from inside parts who feel that they underwent large amounts of pain and death in order to receive high status. These parts will resist giving up this identity, which gave meaning to their pain at the time they were programmed during early childhood, since this was the meaning assigned by their abusers to justify the abuse.

Other parts will resist change, or continue to contact, because they truly believe that by doing so, they are preventing the systems from being shattered, or from going to hell (descension) eternally. These beliefs will be held deep within, at the root of all system controllers, and unconsciously and subconsciously. The parts that hold these beliefs must be willing to come out, and examine the truth, and question what they were taught and programmed to believe. Unfortunately, doing so can cause the survivor to experience tremendous pain and internal pressure, not only from internal conflict and demonic, but from the terrible body memories programmed in to occur if the survivor tries to question old beliefs.

7 by 7 is one of the cruelest forms of programming ever invented. Those who undergo it experience intense, continuous pain until their unconscious mind and parts are able to give up all of the beliefs that drive the program, as well as giving up all spiritual attachments to the program. The top system and master controllers will all be tied to it, along with their infants, and all core splits. Parts are taught to believe that no one can survive trying to heal from this program.

Breaking it is miserable; and the best helps include prayer, emotional support, the use of medications or herbs that slow brain wave activity (since the pain comes from jumps in brainwave activity that are programmed in, or mini-seizures within the pain centers of the brain). The survivor will always battle suicide programming along with the pain, since core despair is also programmed in; they need to be told, and to believe, time and time again that they can break the program and survive.

V. The Goals of the Vatican: Alexis Paves the Way

The ultimate goal of the Vatican is to prepare the world for the advent of the antichrist, and to usher in the New World Order, which is greatly anticipated. To do so, they have created several mass mind control technologies, under the umbrella of Project Alexis.

Project Alexis

Project Alexis was conceived of in the 1940s, and the earliest forms of implementation in the 1950s were very experimental. It has three arms:

- Security;
- Finances,
- Behavior Modification.

Alexis actually means “without law” and the demonic principality which gave the information to the Jesuits on how to create this project is called Alexis (the spirit of lawlessness).

Security

The security branch of Alexis is involved in the identification of and tracking of every individual in the world. This has already been accomplished today by assigning a numerical code (government ID number or social security number) to individuals, and forbidding them to work for money without this identification number linked to a photo ID and fingerprints.

This branch also involves the development of technologies used to track individuals who might try to “disappear” or not participate in the NWO agenda. This includes the ability to identify and track all individuals through their use of phone (GPS), car (GPS) and online technologies (one reason all laptops today have a camera that can actually show images of the person on the computer and an internal GPS).

Collection and collation software has become extremely sophisticated, and can track within seconds the entering in of data associated with an individual. ATM card use is also used for tracking purposes. The monitoring of phone conversations, emails and all electronic/digital communications of individuals considered “security risks” or antithetic to the agenda of the NWO is routine at this point.

There is no privacy in today’s high-tech age, and this is on purpose. Microsoft Windows has background software that automatically collects data on users, integrates with Google and other search engines, and red flags any users with a “high risk” profile. All modern browsers and operating systems (including freeware) do the same. Encryption software does not work for a simple reason: any offered publicly has already had the master key bought by those who ultimately work for the Vatican.

HD television has collation software that also works in the background, and that can record conversations for individuals considered “high risk” and send it forward.

Financial

The financial branch of Alexis has been in effect since the early 1970s, and involves the digitalization of currency, and the campaign to encourage acceptance of first ATM and microcards, and soon, identification chips, for all monetary transactions. This is already nearly in place in Europe (the EEU), and the United States is expected to follow suit soon.

The Vatican founded the World Bank, and it will be the center for finances throughout the world in the future. It already controls currency exchange rates, and helps to determine the rate of inflation in many countries at this time.

Another aim of Alexis is to cause worldwide financial panic, due to severe monetary devaluation, governmental and bank bankruptcy, and extreme inflation. The World Bank will then “step in” to gain control of this financial crisis. It will appear to offer a “solution” to governments and their populations, when in reality, they will gain control of the worldwide currencies.

Mass Behavioral Modification

Another goal of Alexis is mass behavioral modification, in order to prepare the general public to accept the New World Order and its leader. This mass modification was originally conceived of in the 1940s, and crude forms were implemented in the 1950s with the advent of television watching by the general population. Basically, it consists of subliminal images that are displayed at a rate of .03 microseconds, at a rate of 1200 per minute.

The images contain graphics of sexual acts, violence, bestiality, demonic rituals, as well as acts of hatred and brutality directed towards Jews and Christians. Other graphics

espouse the coming world leader, and tell people to look forward to his coming. The main image in the graphics is that of Alexis, a composite woman formed by a team of behavioural scientists who studied what images are most pleasing to the most races. Alexis also has a voice, which is slowly being introduced in the background of many television and video shows. When she is finally openly revealed, she will be the “voice of the New World Order” and will appear to be familiar and loved by most, since she has been subliminally fed to the masses for years.

A hologram of Alexis will be used on television to calm people down, and tell them what to do when the NWO is revealed. Her voice tones were again developed by a team of behaviourists, who studied what type of voice appealed to the greatest number of people in all races and ages. Tapes (computerized) of the results have been made over the years. Alexis has already been giving subliminal and background commands to people for many years; they are just not consciously aware of this fact.

Alexis has been fed to the public via television, movies, video games, computer games and the Internet. If an individual watches any of these for more than a second, they will be automatically fed the subliminals. The subliminals tell people that “watching TV is relaxing,” “I need to go online, I enjoy it” and other messages to encourage time in these modes, and thus increase the programming. Even early childhood learning games, used in schools, have these subliminals embedded.

Themes of anarchy, rebellion, and violence are embedded in the Alexis modification. A feeling of impending doom and destruction (unless the world turns to the leader who will come and “save” them) is also embedded.

The Hollywood industry was created in order to also fulfill this agenda, and all major studios are funded by members of occultist groups. The top stars are all mind controlled, and the industry has the directive to encourage through the movies made, the acceptance of the NWO/occultist agenda.

VI. The Current State of the World (2017)

At this time, the New World Order is in place; it is simply not open. The detention camps and military are already in place, with detailed plans for each section of the world for the coming takeover. The New World Order is not a “future” event, but instead a present reality that is simply waiting for the signal to move into place.

Each country of the world, and continent, has Jesuit military commanders and generals assigned, who will give orders to their well-trained and disciplined armies (these armies train at night at most large military installations and in desert and remote regions throughout the world). The major occultic societies of the eastern and western world all have troops and generals ready to command their area of the nations the individuals are located in.

Crowd control technologies (based on tesla and EHF waves) are already in place. If

resistance occurs, these will be used; they can cause extreme pain, unconsciousness, or death within minutes.

Once the takeover is complete, resisters are to be placed inside designated detention camps for either “rehabilitation” or death if resistance is final. Leaders within the Vatican and other occultic armies will assume teaching positions, to help implement the NWO directives within the different nations, and to explain the policies and what they mean.

These liaison ambassadors are fluent in every language, and thus are well-equipped to gain the cooperation of the governments (which are already heavily infiltrated and expected to give in without any resistance). Paramilitary and other groups that might provide resistance have been carefully profiled and infiltrated for years.

The one nation that has tried to resist this infiltration is Israel which is why they engender special hostility. To say that the Vatican and its arms have tried to infiltrate the Mossad and Israeli government over the past 50 years would be an understatement; yet to date, the success rate has only been moderate compared to other nations.

The Vatican has entered into numerous highly secret agreements with the Arab nations over the years, in its desire to destroy Israel. For instance, the U.S. financial families were instructed by the Vatican to pour money into engineering and other resources years ago into developing the oil reserves of the Arab nations. Why? Because the Arabs, like the Vatican, hate Israel, and the Vatican wanted them to modernize and be able to fight the Israelis; plus, oil gives them a method of blackmailing governments which have become highly dependent upon petroleum prices as an index for inflation rates.

Oil really is “black gold” and currencies that are no longer backed by gold standards often float based upon current oil prices. Governments now measure their wealth in large part on their current petroleum reserves, needed to fuel industry, transportation and heating, among other uses. The country that cannot purchase oil will lose its industry; and alternative energy forms (especially renewable ones) have been blackballed for years, since the Vatican WANTS the world dependent upon Arabian oil supplies; this allows them to control policies and encourage anti-Israeli initiatives.

Oil funds have also purchased large amounts of arms for the Arab nations over the years. This was one reason for the influx of foreign geologists into the Sudan region years ago: to quickly develop the oil reserves in order to fund anti-Israeli wars. The Vatican secretly despises the Arabian nations, but they work with them because of their deep hatred for the Jewish race.

The Vatican is also extremely anti-Christian, regardless of the pronouncements of the newest (Jesuit) pope. At its heart, the Vatican is satanic, serves Satan, and wishes to destroy Christianity. While the presenters in its armies may be Christian, the programmed parts will all be loyal to Satan and the antichrist until healing occurs. The anti-christian agenda of the Vatican has been seeded worldwide, with increasing

numbers of laws designed to make biblical, authentic Christianity illegal. Within the next 15 years, it will be illegal (a "hate crime") to be a Christian, and many believers will be faced with possible imprisonment for their faith.

The best possible preparation for the unveiling of the new world order is a strong faith in and obedience to the Lord. The Lord has promised that He, not satan, is in control of world history. While the Vatican can attempt to implement its strategies, it will not win. Revelations makes it clear who the true "winner" in the battle for the minds and wills of mankind is: the Lord of Hosts, who will usher in His millennial kingdom.

There is no mind control technology on earth, that can erase the deep down knowledge of the truth. People can be lied to from conception on, but once the truth is known, most will embrace that truth. This is the basis of healing: replacing the lies with truth, and choosing to walk away from lies.

It is important that the Christian Church "wakes up" to the late hour that we are in. As mentioned previously, the NWO is not a theory, but is nearly ready to come forward publicly. This is a time for Christians to be on their knees, and ask the Lord for HIS strategy for dealing with these things, and for the Christian Churches and their members to be willing to help the flood of survivors who will be leaving occultic societies such as the Jesuits during this time of repentance before judgment.

If you help survivors, pray that others will be raised who have a similar heart; that eyes will be opened to the truth and the need. Pray that the Church will no longer turn away from or disbelieve/discredit survivors, but instead will war with them to break the power of the kingdom of darkness. This is one of the best possible ways of putting into practical action the heart of Yeshua for mankind: to deliver those who are oppressed, and set free those who are captive.

Currently, the Church is slumbering, and mainstream Christianity seems woefully unaware of the actual spiritual condition of our world today. We truly seem to be acting out the prediction of Yeshua, that in the last days, people will be "eating and drinking and giving away in marriage" and completely unaware that the forces of darkness are at work to draw mankind away from our only hope: Yeshua. My prayer is that the church will awaken to the truth, and take an active part in fighting against satan and his forces. This is intercession of the highest form, to work actively for the Kingdom of God and watch the enemy and his strongholds overthrown in the lives of individuals formerly chained to the occult.

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Amie Martineau's avatar

Amie Martineau 2:25 am on September 9, 2022

Is every Jesuit programmer? And how many children can one programmer have? It was very revealing what you said about the top Hollywood stars being mind controlled that's crazy to me... Just goes to show you how important idols are to people... I was wondering your thoughts on the Queen's passing today just out of curiosity?

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 4:44 pm on September 9, 2022

Amie:

All Jesuits have the ability to program others, as in any other large, organized international occult group. Programmers will often work with groups of children of various ages; this will vary with the programmer and their abilities, and the perceived needs of the order. A programmer may simultaneously be working with several infants, several toddlers, and a dozen young children of various ages, as well as several teens and adults. On the Queen: she was part of the British Illuminati, and I pray that it is true that she became a believer at some point. I knew her when I was younger, and she did things that were part of her role in the occult then, so I have mixed feelings on hearing about her passing

Liked by 1 person

shurtle's avatar

shurtle 6:26 pm on September 9, 2022

How do we pray to stop this? Do we pray against lawlessness? What can we do to stop this control over us? Get rid of all electronics? Unfortunately we can't do that now.

Everything is electronic mostly to accomplish anything. Please advise.

Liked by 1 person

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 11:21 pm on September 9, 2022

I believe we need to pray for worldwide revival and that God will change men's hearts. Ultimately history is in God's hands not Satan's and we can pray that God will raise up fearless overcomes and awaken the sleeping church to take authority

Liked by 1 person

Alphonse's avatar

Alphonse 3:19 am on September 10, 2022

Svali please keep praying for me.

Liked by 1 person

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 5:06 pm on September 10, 2022

I will be praying for you

Liked by 1 person

Alphonse's avatar

Alphonse 3:34 am on September 10, 2022

Anyone that reads this please pray for Natalie Portman, she has a great heart and deserves to be freed from this madness.

Like

Amie Martineau's avatar

Amie Martineau 9:18 pm on September 14, 2022

Can you elaborate at all about your time with Queen Elizabeth? And from what I've read all members of Royal families mind controlled? And also when it came out in the MSN about Queen Elizabeth being very acquainted with Jeffrey Epstein we certainly can't think that she did not know what was going on especially since her son was in the middle of it... Do you think the Maxwell/Epstein story goes a lot deeper? I'm surprised that the MSN would expose something like that... But maybe it's just the games that they play within the firm?

Liked by 1 person

fredurez29's avatar

fredurez29 11:31 am on September 23, 2022

Hi,

Do you know why every women in show business, celebrities, politics and models are transgenders and if they are under MK Ultra too ?

And if a fake female agent programmed marry to a normal politic, will their children be programmed too ?

For instance Marine Le Pen in France : she is a trans like her mother while her father is a Resistant against new world order and free massonery, he has been candidate 4 or 5 times for presidency. So I wonder if his daughter has been created in an occult centre, since her mother cannot have baby because she is a male

I guess you know about this subject, that every female stars have a male skull, so it means they have been transformed by an organisation

Thank you very much

Liked by 1 person

fredurez29's avatar

fredurez29 6:32 pm on September 23, 2022

Do the occult orders make transgenders programmed too ? Like models, singers, actresses

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 12:11 am on September 25, 2022

This is a topic that takes time to address and I plan to do so in a future post. The quick response is that there can be numerous causes of transgenderism ranging from genetic engineering for some to social pressure for others, to other causes.

Liked by 1 person

fredurez29's avatar

fredurez29 3:53 am on September 25, 2022

AWESOME, I can't wait to read you, this subject is so much important.

I also want to know if you have ever heard about such a CUBE computer that these groups could use for their technology, if yes, where is it ?

This is central and their weak point. Indeed their NWO will be essentially based on 5G, 6G, and crypto-currency, such as it's already done in China.

The Antichrist will rule the world through this technology.

That's why we are looking for their damned CUBE.

Like

Amber's avatar

Amber 3:31 am on October 5, 2022

Honestly I love that God has truly protected Israel even today... it proves He is loyal, even when people are not loyal to Him.

Like

kathi300's avatar

kathi300 1:49 pm on November 30, 2023

Hi Svali, I want to thank you so much for this book on Vatican . It was truly mind opening for me. I have read and heard many testimonies of survivors over may past years and your insight on monarch programming and Jesuit part of it is very important to

everyone who seeks truth. I love what you wrote in last paragraphs and I agree with every statements. So many churches are asleep and unaware it's unreal and painful at the same time. They have no clue what is happening in the darkness. I am so glad I've left churches yeas ago. I grow and discover so much while I'm on my own led by spirit of God

Liked by 1 person

kathi300's avatar

kathi300 2:52 pm on November 30, 2023

Hi Svali, i want to thank you so much for this book on Vatican and Jesuit Order. It was truly mind opening for me. I have read and heard many testimonies of survivors over many past years and your insight on programming and the jesuit part of it is very important to everyone who seeks the truth i think. I love what you wrote in last paragraphs and i agree with every statement. So many churches are asleep and unaware its unreal and painful at the same time, also frustrating. The have absolutely no idea what kind of darkness it coming (not going to even mention what they are doing in the darkness). But just like Jesus said all that they have done in the darkness will be exposed, and boy isn't that taking place right now. So many brave survivors coming into the light with their truth!. I Praise God for that and i am so thankful i left churches years ago. I grow and discover so much while i'm on my own led by the Spirit of God. I send many blessing your way, love and healing in Jesus name.

Like

Chris's avatar

Chris 9:50 pm on August 7, 2024

I agree that Jesuits are highly involved in programming.

Where you are wrong – quite wrong – is in the idea that the Church is not of God. It is. Next to Jesus on this earth was...Judas.

The presence of Judas does not take away from the Presence of the Lord. So it is with His Church. He is real and substantially Present in His Church. Don't let the Judas priests distract you from that.

All the best.

Like

kathi300's avatar

kathi300 9:42 am on August 22, 2024

Dear Chris, every church no matter what denomination that does not live according to the law of God (and i m not talking here about the ten commandments, or the Torah) is not the church that represents God. I highly recommend you get into Tim Jennings teachings as they will open your mind for how Gods reality operates and it will also

greatly challenge your mindset regarding the character and ways of Creator. As for current churches i see most of them are operating from a very wrong place and they misrepresent God in a major way. You will see that for yourself once you understand the law of liberty and how God set it up to operate . Blessings

Liked by 1 person

Chris's avatar

Chris 9:51 pm on August 7, 2024

The Jesuits have formed essentially a fifth column within the Church.

Like

Soldier of God's avatar

Soldier of God 12:33 am on August 26, 2024

How is Israel not infiltrated?

Literally, Zionism is based on luciferianism and freemasonry. The Israeli flag has a hexagram, the occultic seal of Solomon. The Rothschild family played a large role in its foundation and they financed the supreme court which has a pyramid on top of it and other Illuminist symbols.

Most Israelis are not of Abrahamite ancestry, and even if they were, God doesn't care about genetics according to the new testament at all.

Can you clarify?

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 10:08 pm on August 29, 2024

I believe that the creation of the state of Israel was a fulfillment of Biblical prophecy in which it states, "For I will restore them to their own land which I gave to their fathers" (Jer. 16:15). The early church fathers who were disciples of the apostles also prophesied about the destruction of Israel, the scattering of Israel, and then the re-gathering of Israel before the end times. Is it true that the Rothschilds played a part in the creation of Israel? Yes, because the occultists also believe that the antichrist will help rebuild the temple, re-institute sacrifices, and then will display himself there as God to be worshipped (what Daniel called "the abomination of desolation"). For this to happen, there has to be a temple – and a Jewish nation. I realize that a lot of Israelis are not Jews, but I believe that as a nation, I believe they fulfill the Biblical prophecy of the restoration of Israel, while having a diverse population. This is an area where a lot of questions can be raised – and yours are excellent. But ultimately, I also believe that Israel is, and always will be, God's chosen people, and so I feel compassion for the Jewish people who have sought sanctuary from persecution and sought a homeland in Israel, in spite of the machinations of others, unknown to many, behind the scenes. The gentiles truly are grafted in to the root, which is Israel, and I am grateful that my messiah came from Israel, and that God has allowed all of the nations to have the opportunity to receive salvation from the one known as "Yeshua HaMeshiach".

Like

Soldier of God's avatar

Soldier of God 1:59 pm on September 6, 2024

Hi Svali,

Thank you for the lengthy reply. Sorry, I've just seen it now, gmail hid it quite well.

Jer. 16:15 was actually already fulfilled after Daniel through the Persian king Cyrus.

Please check Pastor Wohlberg's, a former cultural "Jew", excellent biblical explanations:

He explains all which you mentioned in a very logical and Spirit led way.

What you described are actually Jesuit heresies which intentionally infiltrated protestant churches, so the Biblical understanding of the first reformers would be distorted.

I can also recommend Johnny Cirucci's articles / books concerning the infiltration of Jesuits in churches. Nathan Reynolds also recommends his books.

Like

Soldier of God's avatar

sensationallyglorious0e4b86b483 6:53 pm on August 26, 2024

How did Israel try to resist an infiltration?

Israel was founded by Masonic Zionists, the flag carries the seal of Solomon, an extremely occult symbol.

The British Rothschild family really initiated its foundation and even sponsored the Israeli supreme court which has a pyramid on top of the building and hosts other Illuminist symbolisms.

And as you mentioned somewhere else sparsely, the Knights of Jerusalem have their seat in Jerusalem.

Netanyahu is a Mason, etc.

Can you please clarify?

Like

Daniel's avatar

Daniel 12:12 am on October 23, 2024

All the religious factions are B.S., Jews, Christians, Muslims etc. It's all just a bunch of different tribes/gangs vying for territory. The game has just gotten more sophisticated over time.

Like

Corrie's avatar

Corrie 5:48 pm on January 12, 2025

Thanks for sharing your knowledge of future planned events. Not exiting times ahead if

you are a Christian like me though.

But it is better to know what is ahead of us if we know the power of prair. The bride will have to wake up like you said.

Like

space dude's avatar

space dude 3:12 pm on February 7, 2025

Hi Svali, this Project Alexis is linked to the Alexa from the Amazon in any way?

Like

svalispeaksagain's avatar

svalispeaksagain 5:51 pm on February 10, 2025

It is not Alexis, but it is part of the high-tech network that will deliver some of the things I mentioned.

Like

Pingback: Cabal Disinformation in Christian Doctrine – ChrisWingMaker

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Unknown's avatarsvalispeaksagain 11:10 pm on April 15, 2019

Tags: [dissociation \(49 \)](#), [mind control \(97 \)](#), [occult \(26 \)](#), [programming \(86 \)](#), [ritual abuse \(93 \)](#), [SRA \(73 \)](#)

Presenter Systems/Host Systems Programming

Note: this describes some aspects of how presentation programming is done in some groups; this will vary greatly between organizations. It is meant as an introduction to the topic, and is not a complete description of all methods used, or all programs installed.

The parts of an individual that often initially present in therapy or counseling have been variously labeled by therapists as the “presentation”, the “apparently normal part or ANP” or the “host”. These are the parts that were created (with extensive help, if mind control is involved) to cover the fact that the individual has experienced traumatic, chronic abuse throughout childhood. In this book, we will call them “presenters” or “host system”.

An individual with mind control will be unable to do their assigned jobs well if it is obvious that they are traumatized, programmed and dissociated. This is one reason that a presenter or host system will be programmed in starting in the prenatal stage of life, and will be continuously reprogrammed throughout life: the presenters hide the reality of the individual's real life history and skills not only from others, but from themselves. They are considered a “cover”, under which the individual can look and act like one person, and act “normal”. They are often considered the sheep that hide the “wolf” inside by groups that program them.

One myth is that the host, or presentation, has undergone less abuse than the other systems inside, and was split off to “protect” themselves from knowing how bad things were. This may be true for an individual who has not undergone mind control, in which case, the “core” and the “host” may be one and the same. But groups that use mind control will normally bury and hide the core behind layers of programming, and the parts that come out and live day to day life when outside of a cult facility may have undergone programming that is just as extensive, or even more so, than the assassins, warlocks and other parts that do not come out when interacting with non-cult members. The host or presentation in a mind controlled individual will often be one that has experienced some of the worst abuse within the system, and as a result, has made specific agreements to never disclose the abuse, and to perform in specific ways.

One example of this is programming of the presentation to embrace false, or “white” Christianity, instead of true Christianity. To prevent the individual from accepting true Christianity, the presentations may be put through various setups in which a false “Jesus” abuses them; where false church services are done, and the people in the setup all abuse the child while using typical Christian phrases such as “praise the Lord!” “Let me pray for you”, etc. In other setups, the false “Jesus” is very loving and kind, embraces the child, comforts the child, and makes the child promise to always follow him, and to never allow the “other” (the real) Jesus near. Because the child bonds to the false “loving” Jesus, they agree. Because this Jesus is loving and kind, the individual may believe that he is the “real” one, until work on the anti-christian and false Christian programming in the host system is done. This false Jesus is much harder to detect than the angry, punishing one, and the individual will need to pray for the true God to show the difference. The end result is a presentation entering counseling that looks and sounds Christian, but with belief in a God and Jesus who are either powerless to save and heal, or who oppose true Christianity.

The host/presentation system entering into therapy with a background of mind control will often have extensive programming to have doubt, unbelief and denial raise up if the individual begins to recover memories of their abuse or rewards by the group that programmed them. If a memory comes forward, the person may have parts programmed to doubt their validity, and to doubt whether they can ever heal, or that God can ever heal them. In another layer, denial may come forward, causing the survivor to say that the memories aren’t true, they are unbelievable, they must be made up, etc. The survivor will also deny God’s goodness, and will recover first memories that seem to confirm that God never showed up during their abuse; they will be programmed to deny and disbelieve the times that He did answer prayer.

There will often be parts in the presentation, connected to parts in every system, that also carry unbelief: even in the face of a miraculous answer to prayer, they will persist in having difficulty in believing that God answered them, or that He loves them. These parts have made prior agreements to always doubt, deny, or disbelieve the goodness and love of God, and the agreements and the traumas that caused the agreements to be made will need to be addressed.

The host system/ presentation is often one of the most cult loyal systems, due to its extensive programming. In order to do missions successfully, these parts must be able to switch in and out as needed to provide a cover. The amnesia to cult activity that survivors often report is due to an agreement by both the presenters and the parts that actively participate in rituals (which also include the presenters) to never remember and/or disclose this activity, not only to others, but to themselves. If a memory of participating in a ritual begins to come forward, the presentation will be programmed to deny what they are remembering, to disbelieve it, and to cast doubt on it. They may be flooded with “overwhelm”, crying and saying “I can’t stand to know this”, “this could never have happened to me”, “I will lose my faith if I believe this happened” and other reactions that prevent processing and healing of the traumas.